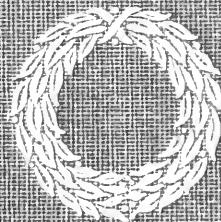


MEMOIRS OF THE
HARVARD DEAD
IN THE WAR AGAINST GERMANY



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MEMOIRS
OF THE HARVARD DEAD
IN THE WAR
AGAINST GERMANY

III

MEMOIRS
OF THE HARVARD DEAD
IN THE WAR
AGAINST GERMANY

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

VOLUME III



CAMBRIDGE
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
MCMXXII

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PRINTED AT THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U. S. A.

PREFACE

As in the two preceding volumes of this series, the memoirs are placed in the chronological sequence of the deaths of those who form their subjects. The second volume dealt with the Harvard participants in the war against Germany, fifty-one in number, who died within a year of the entrance of the United States into that war. In this volume another arbitrary period is fixed, and the seventy-five Harvard men who died between April 7 and August 4, 1918 — a memorable war anniversary — are commemorated.

This volume bears a further resemblance to its predecessors in that the memoirs vary considerably in length and fullness; and again this is due solely to the wide variation in the extent and character of the material which, with an equal expenditure of effort in all instances, I have been able to secure.

As the third volume comes to completion, and brings the total number of finished memoirs to one hundred and fifty-six I am confronted with the fact that nearly two hundred and twenty more remain to be written. I had hoped to carry the task single-handed to the end, for there is no work of commemoration in which one could engage with greater satisfaction. But in fairness both to Harvard and to its sons, the dead and the living, the work should be continued with more rapidity than a single biographer, with other demands upon his time, can possibly hope to achieve. Accordingly the authorities have sanctioned an

PREFACE

arrangement under which I am to be responsible for the two remaining volumes, as general editor, reserving for myself the writing of certain memoirs and distributing among several collaborators of special competence for the undertaking the preparation of others.

As Volumes I, II, and III have appeared, respectively, in 1920, 1921, and 1922, it is hoped that Volumes IV and V will appear, under this arrangement, in 1923 and 1924.

M. A. DEW. H.

BOSTON, *October, 1922.*

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MEMOIRS

*Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing moon.*

ALAN SEEGER



VICTOR RALEIGH CRAIGIE

GRADUATE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
1913-14

VICTOR RALEIGH CRAIGIE was born in Canada, May 22, 1892, the son of Captain Horace Walpole Craigie of the British Army and Elizabeth Craigie, both deceased. When he was not quite three years of age he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, of Boston. He received his education in England, at the Mount Hermon Preparatory School in western Massachusetts, at the Boston Y. M. C. A., and, for the academic year of 1913-14, at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, in which he was enrolled as a special student.

He had entered business with the Berkshire Life Insurance Company when the war broke out in Europe, and

VICTOR RALEIGH CRAIGIE

abandoned his desire to enlist in the Canadian Army only in compliance with the wishes of his adoptive mother. When the United States joined in the war he was a member of Troop A, First Squadron of Cavalry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, trained for a year in the M. V. M. Training School, and sought admission to the first Plattsburgh camp. For this he was found ineligible because he had not secured his final papers of American citizenship. In June, 1917, he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in Canada. His instruction in aviation followed at Toronto University, Camp Mohawk, Deseronto, Camp Borden, and later at Taliaferro Field, Fort Worth, Texas. Here he became the best machine gun shot in his division. Late in November, 1917, he was commissioned second lieutenant in Toronto, and on December 13 sailed for England.

A few extracts from his letters reveal his satisfaction in his work and the spirit in which it was done. From Deseronto he wrote, early in his training:

Well, dear mother, I have flown two hours and fifty minutes today, with ten landings. Quite a big day's work and a very tiring one. I have now concluded my elementary flying of five hours' solo and fifteen landings, without a break or repair to my machine — a good record. My commanding officer and instructors have expressed themselves proud of the results of their work.

CAMP BORDEN,
October 11.

Took a cross-country run to Toronto today, but returning got lost in the clouds. On reaching the aerodrome, long after dark, was greeted by the O. C. with "where the — have you been? I shall put you under arrest for taking the machine off all day." "Sir, I was lost, but have brought the aeroplane back

VICTOR RALEIGH CRAIGIE

safe and sound, besides making seven landings outside of the aerodrome." "Craigie, you have done — well, nine of the ten would have crashed five out of six times, if they had landed in open country as often as you have today, besides you have made one of the best landings ever pulled off in this aerodrome after dark. This will go down in the reports to be sent to England." This ends forty hours and thirty minutes without a crash.

November 17.

A few days ago the lieutenant with whom I did my first aerial gunnery, called me aside and placing both hands upon my shoulders and looking me straight in the face he said: "Craigie, I never realized what a good pilot you were until I had had several pilots up."

November 23.

At last our course is over. Brace yourself, dear mother, for the time for going overseas is near. I am only one of thousands that are on their way. We are no use here, let us keep the loathsome reptiles over there. I realize it will be hard for us both, but just think of the cause. I thank God that I have been accepted to take part in this damnable slaughter for future generations and the race.

January 18.

Dearest mother, certainly I forgive you for not allowing me to go sooner. I felt in my heart that it was my duty, and it has grieved me much that I was not one of the first to put on the harness in this great war for freedom and right. However, may God spare me to reach the German lines. They are quite near and yet so, so far. I know well that you miss me, but you also must be a soldier, good and true. The world needs the brave women to help in this struggle.

March 5.

I am happy in my work and the mission I have to fulfill, although I am having terrible luck just now. The scouts are much harder to fly than any other machine, therefore I must

VICTOR RALEIGH CRAIGIE

expect some difficulty. I believe, however, that I am well placed in the scouts. I enjoy aerial fighting, and stunts are second nature to me now.

March 11.

Well, Nate, old boy, every pilot has to have his first crash. That goes without saying, and is as true as Newton's law of gravity. God only knows when or where the second is likely to take place, but I have no fear of it.

His training in England took place at Stockbridge and at Langmere, near Chichester. There on April 7, 1918, he met his death through a collision of his machine, a one-man scout, with another machine bearing two lieutenants. All three were killed. Craigie was buried with full military honors at Chichester.

About a week before his death he had written home, March 30: "I am likely to be fighting the Huns before this letter reaches you, in fact I expect the call daily. They need all the pilots in this big battle now raging. I am real keen to get into the scrap and wonder what my first impressions of it all will be."

And to this he added: "May God bless and keep you safe, dear mother, and at the same time give you no fears for me."



ARTHUR HAROLD WEBBER

CLASS OF 1915

ARTHUR HAROLD WEBBER, son of the late Arthur Harrison Webber and Lucie Moore (Morrison) Webber, was born at Cadillac, Michigan, July 1, 1892. He was prepared for college at the Cadillac High School and Worcester Academy, Worcester, Massachusetts, and before coming to Harvard spent two years at Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan, where he acquitted himself well both in his studies and in student affairs. In 1912 he entered Harvard and three years later took his Bachelor of Arts degree with the Class of 1915. He was a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, and in 1914 held the office of treasurer in the Harvard chapter. A letter from Cambridge to his mother, written in his junior year, is full of

ARTHUR HAROLD WEBBER

appreciation of what he was learning from Dean Briggs. A portion of it may well be quoted, if only for the light it throws upon Webber himself:

For all his erudition he is never a positivist. I believe that I have learned something from that. When he deals with a subject that he feels someone might have had more experience with, he says what he believes, and then adds, "Now perhaps I am wrong. If so, I should like to be corrected." When he goes over your themes he takes the time to make witty, trenchant remarks on what you have said, as, for instance, when I wrote, "Doctors were born to make the simple complex," he wrote under this, "I thought philosophers had a monopoly on this." To return to the particular morning I had my conference with him — I shall try to sum up some of his comments. "Am I a black sheep?" I asked him, referring to my standing in the class. "Not at all," he answered. "You do your work. But you are not a clear, well-trained writer. At times, though, you write a line that is masterly, and then suddenly you plunge into writing that is evidently not the result of clear thinking. Apparently you have never been forced to write carefully. Your elemental work has been faulty. But your ideas are excellent, fully as good as anyone's in the class; seldom do you express them properly. Many times you are ingenious. Your play has been the most encouraging thing you have done yet. It's not unusual, but shows signs of promise." "Do you think," I asked anxiously, "there is ever a chance for me to become, not a genius or remarkable writer — I don't hope for that—but a creditable one?" "Mr. Webber," he replied, "that's a hard question to answer. We don't know who may turn out the best. One can't tell, but you are by no means hopeless."

I am not able to tell you the way he expressed what he said, and in these snatches of conversation there is n't anything that should make one optimistic. I don't think he wanted me to be. He said just enough to convince me that I had something to build on, knowing that what I had done up to the present time

ARTHUR HAROLD WEBBER

was not indicative of remarkable power. But he did arouse in me the fighting instinct and I went out of his office with a light heart.

In view of the interests which this letter reveals, it is not surprising to find in the First Report of Webber's class, published in May, 1916, that his address was given at the publishing office of Moffat, Yard and Company, in New York. In order to be nearer home he afterwards entered the office of H. W. Noble and Company, investment bankers in Detroit, and was associated with it when the United States entered the war. Within ten days of that time he enlisted at Detroit for training as an officer in the army, and in May was sent to the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. A letter to his mother from that place speaks of the spirit in which he took up his work as a soldier:

I did n't tell you, but when I came to the camp here I resolved that I would serve my country as I had never served myself, that I would not do anything that would stand in the way of my moral or physical well-being. I want you to know that I shall live just as clean and fine as I know how and fulfil your expectations of me. No nation bent on aggrandizement, proceeding without scruple and without justice can hope to whip a clean, noble-spirited United States, and I want my bit to be just as fine a "bit" as I can contribute.

Before Webber had completed his course at Fort Sheridan, there was a call for men in the aviation service. To this he responded, and secured a transfer from the Officers' Training Camp, enabling him to enlist at Columbus, Ohio, in the British Royal Air Force. After some training at Toronto with the 43d Wing of this force, he

ARTHUR HAROLD WEBBER

was sent to Fort Worth, Texas, where he qualified as a pilot, received his commission as second lieutenant, and was assigned to the 84th Aero Squadron, in the training of which Vernon Castle of the Royal Flying Corps met his death on February 25. Flying alone at Fort Worth on April 10, 1918, Webber's machine suddenly got out of control, and he was instantly killed in the resulting fall.

On the day before his death he had written his mother a letter which reached her the day after she received the telegram announcing his fatal accident. It contained the following passages:

I have just concluded a day of very satisfactory flying. I have put in fifty landings now, which is the completion of elementary solo work. My stunt consignment was forced landings. It often happens in flying that your engine gives out and you have to come down where you are. You have but a few minutes to choose your landing ground and must do some quick thinking and acting. I went up almost 2500 feet and shut off the throttle, beginning a spiral dive towards the earth.

Friday we shall be out of here, like the circuses, in the early morning with our tents packed up and our entire outfit on the way to Toronto. I believe Fort Worth will miss us, for the cadets and officers and mechanics have been most cordially received here and have made a multitude of friends, as the reporter would say.

After referring to recent losses among his comrades by death, he wrote:

These happenings, however, are as nothing to the future with dark war clouds hovering over us. There's only one philosophy to tide us over the fatalistic conclusion that God offers us the inevitable, and we must accept it graciously, though it clutches our hearts and robs us of that which we hold most dear.

ARTHUR HAROLD WEBBER

Webber's body was taken to Cadillac, Michigan, for burial. In evidence of the esteem in which he was held in his native place, fifty of the leading business men of the city met the train on which the body arrived at two o'clock in the morning, and accompanied it to his mother's house. On the day of his funeral the mayor issued the following proclamation:

As an expression of the sorrow that has come to our city and in recognition of our loss in the death of Harold Webber, our city's first soldier to give up his life in the war now in progress, I would respectfully ask that all places of business be closed up Tuesday afternoon from two to four o'clock, the hours of the funeral. I hope this mark of sympathy for those who are bereaved and this expression of our care for our country and its defenders will be generally observed.



FRANKLIN TEMPLE INGRAHAM

CLASS OF 1914

FRANKLIN TEMPLE INGRAHAM, born May 23, 1891, at Wellesley, Massachusetts, a son of Franklin Benton Ingraham and Elizabeth Temple (Webb) Ingraham of that town, a brother of Paul Webb Ingraham (Harvard, '17), "was one of those rare men" — in the words of a classmate — "who never made an enemy and whose friends were among the hundreds." Quite as much as the facts of his brief military record, the affection and respect that he won in all his relations, at school, in college, in business, in the army, should be chronicled in any account of his life.

His preparation for college was made at the Wellesley High School. Entering Harvard with the Class of 1914,

FRANKLIN TEMPLE INGRAHAM

he became a member of the University Mandolin, Dramatic, and Pi Eta Clubs. He greatly enjoyed his human contacts, and was expert and enthusiastic in the pursuit of many outdoor and indoor sports and games. While in college he joined Battery A, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, though for social rather than military considerations, as the war in Europe was not yet to be taken into account by undergraduates. On his graduation from Harvard he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where, from 1914 to 1916, he was a student of civil engineering.

It was at the end of this period that he had his first experience of military life, when Massachusetts troops were ordered to the Mexican border. His physique was always slender, and in his family it became a question whether this call to service in a subtropical climate was so imperative that he ought to respond to it. "I think I should go with the rest," he said, and adhered to this decision, with a clear recognition of its possible cost. He went and returned in good health — except for greatly reduced weight, which he never recovered — having greatly enjoyed his association with kindred spirits, and content that he had done his part.

Ingraham then entered the employ of the Roebling wire works at Trenton, New Jersey. Here he had won both confidence and promotion when the United States entered the war. The Roebling mills were making war material, and he might well have regarded himself as playing a useful part in this enterprise. On the contrary, he determined to enter the army, though his weight, far below the required minimum, rendered him ineligible.

FRANKLIN TEMPLE INGRAHAM

He successively sought to enter the Engineer Corps, the Ordnance Department, expressly for service abroad, and the Coast Artillery Corps, in which he passed an examination for a commission. Becoming impatient at the long delay in receiving a report upon this application, and heeding the appeal of aviation to his love of sports, he enlisted in September, 1917, as a private, first class, in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. Having passed successfully through the ground school training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he was detailed to Mineola, Long Island, whence he expected to be sent immediately overseas with his section for final instruction in aviation. Instead he received, on October 26, the delayed commission as provisional second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. Army. By this time he had gone so far in aviation that he would have preferred to remain in that branch of service, but on the advice of his commanding officer he accepted his commission and applied for transfer to the flying squadron. This was refused, and reluctantly but cheerfully he went, December 1, to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, for a new routine of military drill.

Here he made a new group of devoted and most congenial friends, and here he passed a trying winter in cold barracks — an experience which probably had a direct bearing upon his final illness. Near the end of his training course, he applied, with forty others, for aerial observation service in connection with the Coast Artillery, and was one of fifteen who passed the examination, the last of a series of hard physical tests in the army. On April 1, 1918, he obtained a ten days' leave of absence to visit his

FRANKLIN TEMPLE INGRAHAM

family before entering on the special aerial training for the work to which he aspired. He came home sick, and on April 11 died at Wellesley of pneumonia, with a smile and a cheerful word on his lips.

A multitude of friends and comrades in college, training camps, and business bore witness to their appreciation of his lovable characteristics and their gratitude for what his life had already achieved.



GUSTAV HERMANN KISSEL

CLASS OF 1917

GUSTAV HERMANN KISSEL was a son of Rudolph Hermann Kissel, senior member of the New York banking firm of Kissel, Kinnicutt and Company, and Caroline (Morgan) Kissel. He was born at Washington, D. C., March 3, 1895. Until he entered Milton Academy in 1909, his boyhood was spent in Washington and Morristown, New Jersey. At Milton he learned easily and stood high in his studies. For two years he was a member of the school hockey team, and in his last year was one of the four monitors chosen by his schoolmates. Entering Harvard with the Class of 1917, he continued his interest in hockey as a member of the freshman team, and was for three years a member of the second University team. He belonged

GUSTAV HERMANN KISSEL

also to the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Stylus, O. K., Hasty Pudding, and Spee Clubs, of the last of which he was vice-president. With many others of his class he left college in the spring of 1917, but his work as a student had been such that at the Commencement of 1918, shortly after his death, the degree of A.B. was awarded to him, *cum laude*.

On May 17, 1917, he enlisted as a private in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps in the United States Army. For eight weeks he studied aviation at the ground school of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and on July 17 sailed for France on the *Orduna*, with the first American aviation squadron to set out for the front. This was under the command of Kissel's brother-in-law, Captain James Ely Miller, who was killed in the following March in aerial combat. In the same squadron were Kissel's classmate, William Smith Ely, besides his younger Harvard contemporaries, Quentin Roosevelt, and Hamilton Coolidge, all to lose their lives as aviators.

Kissel spent August and September in Paris as a cadet in aviation, attached to the American Expeditionary Forces but unassigned. On September 27 he received his commission as first lieutenant, and proceeded immediately to England for aviation training at the Central Flying Station of Upavon, Wiltshire, and at Ayr, in Scotland. On December 3 he received his British wings. On March 18, 1918, he went to the front, attached to Squadron 43 of the British Royal Air Forces. In a letter of March 30 Kissel, after describing his life at Ayr, wrote:

I was then ordered overseas in active service with a British squadron and here I am in the midst of the "big noise." This

GUSTAV HERMANN KISSEL

is a great squadron and I am enjoying myself immensely. I won't cross the lines as a war pilot for a week or so, because I must first fly around and learn the country. We are billeted in the town, and I have a most comfortable and "honest-to-God" bed in an old French woman's house. The other officers seem to be fine fellows, and all in all, I could n't wish for a pleasanter way to meet the Hun, particularly as my work itself is bound to be most interesting and exciting.

It was for a Harvard friend and classmate, George C. Whiting, who had been in training with him at Ayr and afterwards was attached to the same British squadron in the field, to write after Kissel's death, of his qualities as an aviator:

At Ayr he won for himself the respect and admiration of the staff as the most brilliant flyer — English or American — that had ever gone through the school. He was without exception the most perfect "camel" pilot I have ever seen, and when he came to "43" he at once took the position of the squadron's best flyer. As you doubtless know, a pilot upon reaching a squadron in the field has about two weeks to get acclimated and familiar with the country before starting war flying. During this time your son had made a reputation for himself throughout the entire wing. It was generally predicted that he would surely be America's leading ace.

Less than a month after Kissel reached the front he fell, April 12, 1918, near Merville, France, in combat. On the following day Major C. C. Miles, commanding the 43d Squadron, wrote to Kissel's father:

I am very sorry indeed to have to inform you that your son was missing on 12/4. I have every hope that he is a prisoner and unhurt, particularly as he was an exceptionally fine pilot and would not easily be shot down by any Hun. He was last

GUSTAV HERMANN KISSEL

seen fighting an Albatross and was “all over” the Hun for manoeuvre. I am afraid that after this he must have got separated from the patrol and lost himself and been compelled to land behind the lines.

He is a very great loss to this squadron, as I am certain he would have done exceptionally fine work. He was a wonderful pilot—one of the finest natural pilots I have ever seen—and very keen indeed.

In greater detail his friend, Whiting, wrote nearly a year later:

I was with him on his first “show” and know as well as anyone how he was brought down, but I assure you that if Major Miles was vague in writing you he told you all we knew.

In a dog fight such as we were engaged in, things happen so quickly that one scarcely knows what is going on. On this particular occasion we were attacked by greatly superior numbers from above, and at the first burst two of our machines went down. One I saw falling past me in flames — the pilot evidently shot — and the other crashed on the ground. It was pure bad luck that your son was hit, as the Hun seldom makes a score on the first burst. Except at very close range an enemy machine is not generally regarded as dangerous.

Your son was naturally put in the best flight in the squadron and under a flight commander who was regarded as one of the best and most experienced in the R. A. F.

In the Triennial Report of the Class of 1917, Kissel’s classmate, Laurence M. Lombard, has written:

Those of us who knew Gustav well, who appreciated his steadfast character, and keen, alert intellect, are not surprised at his brilliant record in aviation. We knew his quiet, unassertive manner and cheerfulness would make friends for him wherever he went. To us these gratifying reports of his last few months are merely a confirmation of our belief.



ERNEST EDWARD WEIBEL

Ph.D. 1916

ERNEST EDWARD WEIBEL, [the inventor of "Captain Weibel's method" for locating enemy batteries, was a student at the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences for a single year, 1915-16, at the end of which he received the Harvard degree of Ph.D.

He was the son of Edward Albert Weibel and Annie Sabina (Holzapfel) Weibel, native Kansans, whose parents,

ERNEST EDWARD WEIBEL

respectively, were Swiss and German emigrants. He was born at Eudora, Kansas, August 5, 1889, and attended the grade and high schools at Colony, Kansas, graduating at the age of seventeen. He entered the University of Kansas in 1906, and graduated from its School of Engineering, with the degree of B.S., in 1911. His quickness in mastering his studies enabled him while in college to devote almost all of his time to the physics laboratory and the power plant of the local Edison Company. Before his graduation he also held a position for some time in the Bureau of Standards at Washington. He became a member of the honorary scientific fraternity, Sigma Psi. Tennis and music were his recreations, and there was hardly an instrument on which he could not play.

Immediately after leaving college he began his longer service at the National Bureau of Standards. This was interrupted by a year of study and teaching (1912-13) at Cornell and by that other year in Cambridge to which reference has been made. At Harvard he held a Whiting Fellowship in Physics, and on winning his Ph.D. degree returned again to the Bureau of Standards as assistant physicist. In this position he remained until, in December, 1917, he was commissioned captain, Engineer Corps, United States Army. At the Bureau of Standards he perfected several pieces of apparatus afterwards put into use, among them a device for detecting hydrogen gas in submarines. His work on the "range locator" began about July 15, 1917. Not until it was successfully tested did he receive his commission, and it was to put the apparatus into use as a protection of our troops from the enemy's gases that he was sent overseas.

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Early in February, 1918, he sailed for France, and was immediately attached to G-2 C, G.H.Q., A.E.F. Though technically and more specifically attached to Company B, 29th Engineers, he was trained, with all the other officers of the "Sound and Flash Ranging Service" of the American Army, with the British, and spent two weeks of instruction near the G.H.Q., B.E.F. This was followed by four weeks at a front line station, known as U-Sound Ranging Section, First Field Survey Company, British Royal Engineers.

On April 8, the section to which he was attached was heavily shelled, and all hands were forced to take refuge in a cellar. When they came up to clear away the damage a gas attack began, and so little was its severity realized that the whole section was seriously affected by it, and all the officers were casualties. Weibel was taken the next morning to the hospital, Number 6 Clearing Station, immediately contracted pneumonia, and died April 12. He was buried the next day in a British cemetery near Bethune, where, at the wishes of his parents, his body has remained. The Post of the American Legion at Colony, Kansas, bears his name.

"He was such a happy personality," writes his friend Thomas Amory Lee (Harvard, LL.B. '13), "with such keenness of intellect and so much cordiality that he won friends wherever he happened to be. A letter from Major Augustus Trowbridge, who had had Captain Weibel in his command, expressed his great personal appreciation of Weibel's ability and added that he quickly mastered the technique of his temporary profession, won the esteem

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of the British officers — and his charming personality evidently quite won their friendship.”

Apart from all his personal qualities, it was Captain Weibel’s peculiar good fortune to make, through his scientific attainments, a definite and valuable contribution to the conduct of the war from which his own service was so soon cut off.



ARTHUR BROADFIELD WARREN

CLASS OF 1915

ARTHUR BROADFIELD WARREN was born in Waban, Massachusetts, February 25, 1894, a son of Herbert Langford Warren and Catharine Clark (Reed) Warren. His father, who died in 1917, was the first dean of the Harvard School of Architecture, a scholar and humanist educated in England and Germany, who for twenty-five years made an

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important contribution to the work of the University as an agency of liberal education. His mother, who died late in 1920, was a daughter of the Reverend James Reed (Harvard, '55), of Boston, President of the New Church (Swedenborgian) Theological School of Cambridge from 1894 to 1908. His ancestry was American and English far back into the history both of his native land and of the mother country.

When he was about two years old his family moved to Cambridge, which was thenceforth his home. But for one year in Munich, Germany, where he was a student at Dr. Coit's School, he received his preparation for college in the Cambridge public schools. In 1911 he graduated from the Cambridge Latin School and entered Harvard. At his graduation with the Class of 1915 he received the degree of A.B. *magna cum laude*. In college he specialized in German, and in order to perfect himself in that language he spent the summer of 1914 in Germany as a special student at the University of Marburg. He returned to Harvard in the autumn after many interesting experiences in Germany during the first few weeks of the war. Government regulation had compelled him to leave the University, and he seized the opportunity to visit Frankfort and Berlin and other German cities before he was obliged to return to America. The atmosphere surrounding him through these early days of excitement made him temporarily pro-German; but his homeward journey was *via* England, and through what he learned there he became rather more rabidly anti-German than most of his countrymen.

During the academic year of 1915-16 he taught French and German at the Hallock School in Great Barrington,

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Massachusetts. In the autumn of 1916 he returned to Harvard to study for a master's degree in Romance Languages. At the same time he was receiving military instruction in the Harvard R. O. T. C., and in May, 1917, he left college to enter the first Plattsburg camp. At the 1917 Commencement the degree of A.M. was awarded to him. He meant to continue his studies after the war but was undecided whether to seek his Ph.D. at Harvard or abroad. His earlier wish had been to take it at a German university, but of course the war altered that.

At the end of the Plattsburg course he received his commission as second lieutenant in the infantry, and was assigned to Camp Devens. After a few days there he was ordered, September 10, 1917, to Company H, 167th U. S. Infantry, a regiment of the 42d ("Rainbow") Division. Formerly the 4th Alabama National Guard, it was now augmented to war strength by combination with portions of other regiments. With this company and regiment Warren served until his death.

The company was in training at Camp Mills, Mineola, Long Island, until November 5, 1917, when it left for Montreal. Arriving there early in the morning of November 6, it embarked on the *Ascania*, landed in Liverpool, and proceeded to Winchester, where it arrived December 1. A week later it embarked at Southampton for Havre, reaching there December 8 and going to Rest Camp Number 2. On December 11 it left the rest camp, in the famous "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8," arriving at St. Blin on the 13th. The men immediately began clearing mud from the streets and policing the untidy yards. Warren's knowledge of French made him particularly useful in that work and

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enabled him to obtain far better quarters for his platoon than the average.

They left St. Blin the day after Christmas and made a three days' march through a heavy snowstorm to Leffonds. Here the drill was more practical, and within sound of big guns in Alsace the men practised the manoeuvres they were later to use in action. On February 16, 1918, they left Leffonds for a town nearer the lines, getting into the trenches in March. At this stage of his career, while the official interpreter was absent, Warren took his place. His first experience in the trenches was on March 6, 1918, in a quiet part of the Lorraine sector. It was really more in the nature of training than fighting, although some casualties resulted from shell fire.

Early in April, while acting as officer in charge of the ammunition detail at night and in charge of his platoon during the daytime, Warren fell ill. After a few days of working in spite of his illness he was sent to the hospital at Baccarat where he died on April 15, 1918, of what proved to be an unusually malignant form of scarlet fever.

Such is the bare outline of his scholastic and military career. For the personal quality of the man himself the following passages from Warren's letters written under arms may well speak:

March 3, 1918.

Here I am sitting by a desk in a comfortable warm room with a nice cushy staff job. Yesterday I was appointed acting battalion adjutant to take the place for a few days of the regular adjutant, who is visiting the front. I have been sitting in the office all morning, sending out messages and memoranda by the

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orderlies and very much enjoying life, which is enlivened now and then by a rumble and roar from the big guns, reminding one that the Boche is still alive and kicking.

Another job has devolved upon me lately. The official interpreter is away, and I have been called upon to do my best, which still is pretty poor, with French officers and civilians. The difficulty of language causes innumerable misunderstandings, some of which I have had to straighten out, as well as interpreting when French officers blow in to give our officers some dope, to explain plans, etc. Yesterday, while I was busy at battalion headquarters, a French private came in and asked for an interpreter. No better man was available, so I stepped over to French headquarters (there is a French detachment in the same village) and found there an old French peasant, who claimed to have been maltreated by the American soldiers billeted in his barn.

It was only a misunderstanding arising out of the difference in language. The old Frenchman could not make them understand what he wanted, got violently excited apparently, as they always do, talked very fast and waved his arms about; and the Alabamans, a rough, quick-tempered lot, always spoiling for a fight, lost their tempers. It is hard enough for me to keep patient with these people when they get going, even though I understand them, for they would rather talk than eat, and never give you a chance to get in a word edgewise when you are doing your darnedest to help them. Of course, the soldiers had no business to rough him up the way they did, but that is the only way they know of settling difficulties. The French lieutenant with whom I talked is a prince of a fellow, and we succeeded in calming the old man with assurances that in the future the soldiers would show the proper respect due to his age, and observe his rights as a private citizen. We had no trouble between the French people and the soldiers in other towns, but these people are sick of having their barns and houses used as billets, and are harder to get on with.

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[*Undated.*]

Just a hasty pencilled line in the wee small hours of the morning. I am still very much alive, well and happy. I don't really think it is the happiness of self-sacrifice, as you say, but the happiness of human nature.

I have settled down to regular hours again but they are just the reverse of those to which I am accustomed. I sleep all day and am up all night. By that arrangement I get very little exercise, for most of the night I am sitting in a dugout. But for that matter, of course there is less opportunity for exercise in the trenches at all times than during the period of training: there is so little room to move about. I rather miss the bright sunshine which those who work in the daytime are enjoying, but the stars are very friendly companions. It is comforting to look at them and find the same stars that I used to see from the roof piazza of "The Ledges." Stars have more personality and individuality than the sun, anyway.

I think people at home get the idea that the trenches are perpetually a blazing hell, reeking with blood and horrible with martial sounds. I did not realize myself, till I got here, how much one sits around and watches, without doing anything.

We are sitting here, they are sitting there; we shell them once in a while, they shell us. We take a shot in the dark at a suspicious sound, they spatter some harmless machine gun bullets over our heads. Neither side accomplishes anything. The men are getting impatient. They want to go over and get them, and some day they are going to do it. They are in excellent spirits, absolutely without fear, and eager for action.

IN THE TRENCHES,
March 9, 1918.

I was up all last night as officer of the guard and I'm so sleepy now that I can scarcely hold my head up, but I think I can manage to send you some sort of a letter. Mail has been hitting me heavily lately, after a long interval of no news from home.

After a cold night we are having a beautiful spring day, with

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blue sky and bright sunshine, with just enough chill on the edge of the air to make it interesting and restful. The birds are tweeting away in the trees and but for the whirr of an aeroplane one would n't know there was a war going on. However, they are likely to throw a shell over here any moment; you never can tell when they'll start. Or perhaps a machine gun somewhere on the line will start its rat-tat-tat, like an automatic riveter on a New York skyscraper. *Bam!* there goes a solitary shell off to my right. I'll let the shrapnel punctuate this letter and write *bam* whenever one explodes. *Bam!* the blooming things are rather troublesome sometimes. Last night one destroyed 500 cigarettes that one of the men had just received from home, and cigarettes, you know, are a priceless possession, being necessary to a soldier's comfort and welfare and difficult to obtain.

One of the things that impresses me most about this trench warfare is the amount of ammunition they waste. Somebody gets tired of sitting around beside a lovely looking gun with nothing to do, hates to see the ammunition lying idle beside him, so he fires a few shots just for luck, without particularly seeing what he is shooting at. *Bam!* Of course they knock a little hole in the parapet once in a while — *bam!* — but it costs them a good deal to do it. I believe some one has figured it out that if one man had been killed by every grenade thrown in this war, there would be no one left alive in the world. From my experience so far I should say that life in the trenches is rather — *bam!* — dull and monotonous. So far, I have not found it all uncomfortable. The weather — *bam!* — conditions — *bam!* — have been good and my dugout is not a bad place to live, although it is rather crowded. *Bam!*

The French people are awfully unconcerned — *bam! bam!* — about the war. In the villages close behind the lines, they go about their work and lead their perfectly humdrum lives just exactly as if nothing were going on. When the French anti-aircraft guns begin — *bam!* — shelling a German plane, they rarely stop to look or perhaps merely glance up for a moment,

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shrug their shoulders, murmur "Boche," and go on piling manure by the front doorway, which is a principal occupation in every French household in the small villages of this particular "somewhere," at least.

I am very much interested in the newspapers that your mother occasionally sends me — *bam! bam! bam! bam!* — I read in one of them an article by Frank Simonds on the big German drive which all the military critics are expecting. *Bam! bam!* about nine times at an aeroplane! When you are on the line yourself, or close behind it, as I was when I received this particular *Herald* it is — *bam!* — unusually interesting to see where they think the big spring Boche drive is going to come. *Bam!* The pictures in the Sunday *Herald* — *bam!* — I am mighty glad to get too. *Bam!* People at home seem to know more about the war than I do, and American newspapers are much more interesting than the French. I could — *bam!* — tell you what is going on right where I am, but I hear nothing of the rest of the front.

March 19, 1918.

I enjoyed my stretch in the trenches very much. Fortune favored us with beautiful weather, which still continues, and when the ground is dry and the air balmy, war is not bad at all, even if a few machine gun bullets do sing past your ear once in a while, or an H. E. shell comes hurtling through the tree tops. The Boche proved himself a very poor shot, so far as I was concerned, and, except for one solitary fragment from a shell that burst in the air, which struck the ground within a few feet of me, he did n't come anywhere near me. An incident like that is so trifling as not really to be worth mentioning; for no one regards it as a narrow escape. It is astonishing how many shells explode near one and how many bullets one hears without being hit by anything.

We are now billeted again in one of the typical French villages of which I have now seen more than a few. The day we arrived was hot and glorious with blue sky and sunshine. The

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regimental band greeted us, as we marched into the village, with military marches and popular airs; and although we were all tired from our lack of sleep, and dirty from our stay in the dug-outs, we picked up our feet and held our heads erect when we heard the music. There is nothing like a good band, and we have a crackerjack, to restore our spirits and freshen exhausted bodies.

I am now back at my old game of making friends with the French peasants, and have already captured the heart of one little old woman, crooked and dried up, homely as a board fence, but cheerful and open-hearted. She seized upon me as soon as she found I could speak French, bids me an effusive, "*Bon jour, m'sieur,*" whenever I pass her house, and feeds me apples when no one else is looking. I imagine she does n't want it too generally known that she has a cellar full of most delicious apples.

The old "game of making friends" was to end all too soon.



WILLIAM WALLACE THAYER

CLASS OF 1916

WILLIAM WALLACE THAYER, a son of William Foote Thayer and Martha Horton (Sterns) Thayer, was born at Westfield, Massachusetts, June 25, 1895. When he was ten years old his parents moved to Somerville, Massachusetts, and there he graduated from the Latin High School in 1912. The minister of the church at Winter Hill with which his

WILLIAM WALLACE THAYER

family became closely associated, the Rev. Charles L. Noyes, has written of him:

He was the most promising youth of his generation among us — a very engaging, attractive, intelligent, capable personality, commanding respect as of one beyond his years. He was, though slight, promising to have the stature of a man above the average, and with a dignity of bearing which spoke a gift of leadership. This he showed among his contemporaries, always being the spokesman, initiator, leader in sports, organizations, debates, etc., among the young people. He early gave evidence of powers of expression, and public address. He was gaining in literary forms, and was thoughtful, serious, logical, and effective as a speaker. He was of a noble, generous, pure, and high-minded disposition and character, being an influence toward all that was honorable and excellent among his associates.

He entered Harvard College with the Class of 1916, of which he remained a member for only two years. Through that time he lived at home, and except for playing lacrosse in his freshman year, took but little part in undergraduate life outside the classrooms. At the end of his sophomore year he left Harvard and entered the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, Massachusetts. Here he joined the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, in which he was much beloved, and became a member of the college glee and mandolin clubs, an officer of his class, and the author of one of the college songs. The new conditions of his life provided opportunities, which he was quick to seize, for the exercise of leadership.

His degree at Amherst was awarded to him in June, 1917, though he had left the college in May of that year to enter the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. On August 15 he was commissioned second lieutenant of

WILLIAM WALLACE THAYER

infantry, and ordered to Camp Devens, where he was assigned to Company B, 301st Infantry, 76th Division. The strain and exposure of military duties proved too much for his physical endurance, and in December, stricken with tuberculosis, he left Devens for the home of his parents. Uncomplaining, cheerful, and courageous, he maintained a losing fight with his illness until April 19, 1919, when he died at Somerville. He was buried at Westfield, the place of his birth.

At the Harvard Commencement of 1920 his name was enrolled among those to whom the war degree of A.B. was awarded, as of the Class of 1916.



ARTHUR RUSSELL GAYLORD

LAW SCHOOL 1915-17

ARTHUR RUSSELL GAYLORD, born at Minneapolis, Minnesota, March 1, 1893, was a son of Edson S. Gaylord, a lawyer of that city, and Louise (March) Gaylord, and traced descent from William Gaylord, an early settler both of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and of Windsor, Connecticut. He attended the grade schools and the North

ARTHUR RUSSELL GAYLORD

High School of Minneapolis, from which he graduated in 1911. Four years later he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University of Minnesota, and proceeded at once, in the autumn of 1915, to the Harvard Law School. Here he was nearing the end of his second year of legal study when war was declared.

In May, 1917, he entered the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. On August 15 he was commissioned first lieutenant of infantry, and on September 12, ordered overseas as an observer, and for further instruction sailed from New York for France. Arriving there about October 1, he received his first foreign training at the Franco-American Infantry School at La Valbonne. On November 12 he was assigned to the 18th Infantry, First Division, and with this regiment continued his training at Houdelaincourt, Meuse.

Early in January, 1918, the regiment was transferred to the front trenches northwest of Toul. Here Gaylord participated in repelling enemy attacks on January 26 and March 1. For the unit of which he was a member there was no lack of vital service. Late in March he joined the Fifth Army in front of Amiens at Cantigny, and early in April was transferred to the Picardy front, near Mont-didier. Here at Villers-Tournelle, on April 28, Gaylord was killed in action.



FREDERICK ARTHUR KEEP

CLASS OF 1915

FREDERICK ARTHUR KEEP, born at Wollaston, Massachusetts, November 23, 1892, was the only son of Frederick Heber Keep and Alice Leavitt (Canney) Keep. He was prepared for college at the public schools of Milton, Massachusetts, the home of his parents, and at Milton Academy. Entering Harvard with the Class of 1915, he left college in January of his sophomore year,

FREDERICK ARTHUR KEEP

and became a reporter, first on the Springfield *Union*, then on the New Bedford *Standard*, and was afterwards a special correspondent of the Cleveland *News*. Returning to Cambridge in the autumn of 1916, he brought to his work the maturer point of view that resulted from his experience in journalism, and applied himself especially to studies in literature which might fortify his own equipment for writing. The death of his only sister in December of this year affected him deeply, and as war became more clearly inevitable the conflict of Keep's duties to his parents and to his country must have grown acute. Such college interests as his membership in the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity were soon swallowed up, as with so many other students in 1916-17, in the problem of his personal relation to the war. By April his mind seems to have been quite made up, for immediately upon the declaration of war by the United States he went to Washington and offered himself as a candidate for an aviator's commission. He was examined and told to hold himself in readiness for a call to be made as soon as the necessary equipment should be ready.

As a member of the Harvard R. O. T. C., he was one of the color-bearers at the review of the Harvard Regiment by Marshal Joffre in the Stadium in May, 1917. On May 13, 1917, he went to the first R. O. T. C. camp at Plattsburg, and received his commission as a second lieutenant of infantry on August 13. For a few days in August he was attached to the 304th Infantry at Camp Devens. On August 31 he was sent to Camp Borden, Ontario, for instruction in machine gunnery and military aeronautics with the Royal Flying Corps — one of the first ten officers

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chosen from various camps for this purpose. After further instruction in aeronautics at Toronto University and at Cadet Wing, Royal Flying Corps, Long Branch, Toronto, Ontario, the aviation ground school connected with the School of Military Aeronautics, he was ordered November 10, 1917, to Taliaferro Field, Fort Worth, Texas, where he was attached to the 28th Aero Squadron as a second lieutenant, S. R. C., A. S.

Here he stood always among the first to volunteer for hazardous duty, and won the commendation of his superior officers for his tireless enthusiasm and devotion to duty during the trying times when there were few to carry on the organization of this camp. On November 23 he met with serious injury in an airplane crash, and was sent to the base hospital at Fort Worth, suffering from a compound fracture of one of his legs and a broken hip. He was later transferred to the Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas. After a short leave of absence to his home, he reported for duty again on March 21, 1918, and was assigned to the 78th Aero Squadron at Taliaferro Field, the 28th, to which he was previously attached, having gone overseas in January.

On May 3, while in the air with a fellow-officer, his plane got into a tail-spin at 2000 feet, and he was unable to right it before crashing. The severe injuries he received proved fatal three days later. His body was taken to his home, and on May 10 received burial in Milton Cemetery with full military honors.

At the Harvard Commencement of 1920 the war degree of A.B. was awarded to Frederick Arthur Keep as a member of the Class of 1915.

FREDERICK ARTHUR KEEP

One of Keep's classmates speaks of him, in the Second Report of the Class of 1915, as "almost abnormally shy and sensitive," and armed, when in casual company, "with an aloof and half cynical manner." His friends recognized in him "high courage, dash, and fighting spirit"; but in the words of his class biographer, "only those who sat with him in his room in Wadsworth during some of the long spring evenings, or around the wood fire, in winter, really knew the man."



WILLIAM KEY BOND EMERSON, JR.

CLASS OF 1916

“EMERSON’s unselfishness was as natural and as unconscious as his breathing; to him it was the simplest thing in the world quietly to give his life that the world might be better.”

These are the terms in which Frederick Winsor (Harvard, ’93) spoke of William Key Bond Emerson, Jr., at a memorial service held at the Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts, immediately after his death. The young man who earned such praise was born in New York City, April 9, 1894, the eldest son of William Key Bond Emerson and Maria Holmes (Furman) Emerson. At Middlesex, from which he entered Harvard in the autumn of 1912, he was for six years a prominent and popular figure

WILLIAM KEY BOND EMERSON, JR.

in the life of the school. "During the first few years," it is recorded of him in "Middlesex School in the War," "he played on the lower football teams and rowed on the Sudbury crews, but in both his second and first class years he was a member of the first School team and crew. Interested in everything that was going on, Bill was always among the leaders in the School, and earned for himself a reputation as a hard worker and true sportsman. Whatever he did, he gave his best to, and it was this quality in him, perhaps, more than anything else that brought him always to the front."

In college he played on his sophomore and junior class football teams, and rowed on the victorious sophomore crew in 1914. In that year he was secretary of the *Crimson*. He belonged to the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Stylus, Signet, Hasty Pudding, and Spee Clubs. "His interest in his studies," in the words of the Class of 1916's *Memorial Report* (1920), "was intense, particularly in French and in literature. It was in the latter that he developed so strongly the ideals which led him to his long war record and to his glorious death."

That record began in the summer of his junior year, 1915, when he joined the American Field Service, went to France, and served with Section 9 of the ambulance corps in the Vosges. Of his work at that time the leader of the section afterwards wrote: "He was so straightforward and so true and such a gentleman through and through. He had a great sense of duty and loyalty, and was morally as well as physically courageous. He was always so eager to do more than his share that he was an inspiration to those about him; and ever cheerful, kind,

WILLIAM KEY BOND EMERSON, JR.

and thoughtful, he won the very deep affection and respect of everyone."

In January, 1916, Emerson returned to Harvard, and in the following June graduated with his class. While abroad he determined to study aeronautics, and for this purpose entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the autumn of 1916 after a term of special preparation at the summer school of Columbia University. But the call of active service was too strong for him, and in January, 1917, he left the Tech, reënlisted in the American Field Service, and returned to France. Here he was assigned at first to Section 13 attached to a French division taking part in the Champagne offensive; but he was soon transferred to his old section, Number 3, then engaged, as readers of the memoir of Henry Brewster Palmer, '10,¹ will remember, in service of intense activity on the Salonika front. Here Emerson acquitted himself with such credit that he won a citation for the *Croix de Guerre*, bestowed for conspicuous bravery while evacuating wounded under shell-fire near Monastir.

The time for which Emerson had impatiently waited was now come, and after the United States entered the war he wrote from Serbia, "Many less able-bodied men than I could fill my place here, and I feel very strongly that I should be fighting with our troops in France." To this end he left the Balkans, and, without returning to the United States, succeeded in France in obtaining a commission as second lieutenant, field artillery, in the army of his country. Assigned to the French Officers' Artillery School at Valdahon for instruction as an observer,

¹ See Vol. II, p. 171.

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he made an admirable record, described in "Middlesex School in the War" in the following terms:

Thanks to his perseverance and to his mathematical knowledge he graduated at the head of his class and was for a time made instructor at the school. His letters describing this were very characteristic, as he emphasized not the pride of accomplishment but his regret at the possibility of hurting other men who had gone through the class with him, and were now put under him for instruction. For the last week of his stay there, although he was one of the youngest men in the school, he was given entire charge of it, according to the report of one of his companions.

His training at Valdahon was completed in February, 1918. He was then assigned, for a brief period, to the 15th Field Artillery, U. S. A., afterwards to the 228th French Escadrille, for further aerial training, and finally, at the beginning of May, 1918, to the 12th Aero Squadron, U. S. A., then in the Toul sector. His work was that of an artillery observer. On one of his first flights over the lines, on May 14, the plane in which he and his pilot, Lieutenant C. M. Angell (Technology, '18), were flying was shot down, near Toul, and both men were killed. Another young Harvard officer, Kenneth Pickens Culbert, '17, attached to an aero squadron, and destined himself to fall just a week after Emerson, wrote to Professor Copeland on May 21st, two days before his own death: "Billy Emerson, '16, was the sixth [of a small club], but I regret to tell you that last taps were sounded for him last week. We do not know whether the antis got him, or whether it was a Boche plane. He went out on a *réglage* and was shot down in our lines. He was an honor

WILLIAM KEY BOND EMERSON, JR.

to Harvard, a gentleman and a soldier, and the first of our little club to gain the one glorious epitaph."

Emerson was buried in the American Cemetery at Vignot, in France. The aviation field at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, was named, in honor of this first American officer killed in action as an aerial observer, Emerson Field. With the final words about him in the Memorial Report of his class this memoir may most fitly end:

Those of us who had met Bill socially liked him, those of us who called him friend loved him. He was always unselfish; always cheerful; always upright. We never knew him to do a selfish act; we never saw him without a cheery grin; we never knew him to betray a confidence. He was always the same Bill. He was never wanting when we needed a friend, and he was always solidly behind us when we needed support in a right course.

We shall always hold his memory as a shining example of one who gave his all, unselfishly and willingly, to the glorious cause of liberty.



ROGER SHERMAN DIX, JR.

CLASS OF 1918

ROGER SHERMAN DIX, JR., a son of Roger Sherman Dix and Louise (Parish) Dix, of Boston and Greenbush, Massachusetts, was born in Boston, December 9, 1896. He was prepared for college at the Country Day School for Boys of Boston, Newton, Massachusetts, and entered Harvard with the class of 1918. There he was a member of the Country Day School Club and of Kappa Sigma. He also joined the Harvard Regiment, and attended two Plattsburg camps. At the end of his junior year he left college to enlist in the American Field Service and in July was attached to Section One near Verdun. This veteran section had seen hard service since January, 1915, and between July and October, 1917, the term of Dix's con-

ROGER SHERMAN DIX, JR.

nection with it, won an army citation with palm, "for its valiant conduct at Verdun in August, 1917, when everybody admired its audacity and zeal notwithstanding the continued bombardment of the roads by large asphyxiating shells; nor was there any interruption of its service, though suffering severe losses."¹ Both the dangers and humors of the time are recalled in the pages of William Yorke Stevenson's diary, "From Poilu to Yank."² Here may be found an amusing glimpse of Dix:

The latest method to rehabilitate *blessés*, particularly "*couchés*," is to be stopped by a cut road or smashed-up "*ravattement*" train while shells are coming in. Stout, Dix, Buell, and several others report remarkable resurrections. "*Couchés*" get out and run like deer; while "*assis*" make regular Annette Kellerman dives into "*abris*." Dix had to go up and down a line of dug-outs shouting: "*Ousong mes blessés! Ousong mes blessés!*" for half an hour the other night before he finally corralled them and proceeded on his way.

A little later, when the section was disbanded in October, Dix was among those named by Mr. Stevenson as under treatment at the Johns Hopkins Hospital nearby for injury from gassing. In November, however, he was ready to enlist in the United States Aviation Service, which he did. Through the lack of American planes he was obliged to remain inactive during the winter. In the spring, though wishing to be trained as a pilot, he was informed that he would be sent sooner to the front if he should take his training as an observer. Accordingly he

¹ *History of the American Ambulance Field Service in France*, Vol. I, p. 187.

² Houghton Mifflin Co. 1918.

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became one of twenty-five Americans to volunteer for instruction as bombing observers at the French Bombing School at Le Crotoy, Somme, in the expectation of reaching the front for the spring offensive. He received his commission as second lieutenant, May 12, 1918.

Three days later, his instruction completed, with credit for the highest marks in his class, the prospect of going to the front within a week clearly in view, he was flying at Le Crotoy with a French pilot when their plane collapsed at the height of about six hundred feet, and both Dix and the pilot were killed. A French flyer at the school summed up the tragedy as the tongue of the *mot juste* could best express it: "*Comme les autres fois, il était parti confiant, joyeux, et plein d'entrain. Hélas, la mort stupide s'est trouvé sur son chemin.*"

The twenty-four surviving members of Dix's class at the Bombing School signed their names on the day after his death to the following letter addressed to his father:

None of the twenty-four flying cadets of this detachment, of which your son, Roger S. Dix, was a member, has words to express to you how deeply we feel his loss to you, to us, and to the American Expeditionary Force. Cadet Dix was easily the most popular member of this detachment. He was a loyal, gallant soldier, an assiduous student, an excellent airman and a splendid companion. Every man counted him his friend and he had never failed us. His fearlessness, his coolness and his intrepidity had made it a foregone conclusion that his career in his chosen service would have been brilliantly distinguished, and his tragic death is a double loss to us and to the Army, because he was the possessor of such splendid qualities.

The undersigned, his comrades, feel, therefore, that it is no less than their duty to subscribe to this memorial and to express

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to you, sir, their heartfelt sympathy in your loss. We have lost a splendid comrade, the Expeditionary Force a fine soldier, and yourself a noble son.

At the same time First Lieutenant John L. Glover, in command of these men, wrote:

I wish also to sign my name to the above memorial and to tell you that, although your son had only been in my command for six weeks, in that short time I found him to be a most excellent soldier both on the ground and in the air. He was on his last training flight, and was to have received the highest honors of any of my command for his work here. He died while doing work in the air and while holding the position of the first in his class. More glory than this no man can claim for his son.



JAMES PALACHE

CLASS OF 1918

JAMES PALACHE was born in Berkeley, California, July 8, 1896. His father, Whitney Palache, a brother of Charles Palache, professor of mineralogy in Harvard University, was manager of the Pacific branch of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, and is now American manager of the Commercial Union Assurance Company of London.

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His grandfather, James Palache, a native of New York, sailed round the Horn in 1849, and lived thereafter in San Francisco and Berkeley. His mother, Belle White (Garber) Palache, was the eldest daughter of Judge John Garber, a native of Virginia, a judge of the Supreme Court of Nevada, a leading lawyer of San Francisco, appointed to the Canal Commission by President Roosevelt in 1904, but prevented by his health from accepting the appointment.

James Palache attended the Randolph School in Berkeley and the Thacher School in southern California; he entered Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, in 1913, and enrolled in the Class of 1918 at Harvard the following year. In childhood, in school, in college, in the Army, the affection of his friends always testified to the charm of his personality and character. At Harvard he was manager of the freshman baseball team, a member of the freshman and sophomore Finance Committee of his class and member of the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Speakers', Western, Staplers, Phoenix, and Hasty Pudding Clubs.

In the summer of 1916 he took military training at the camp at Plattsburg. In the spring of 1917 he joined the first R. O. T. C. at Harvard, and in May went to the first Plattsburg camp for officers. After finishing this course, he was commissioned a provisional second lieutenant in the Regular Army, and sailed for France January 15, 1918, where for two months he was under further training.

In March, 1918, after a visit to the French lines, he was assigned to Company E, 18th Infantry, First Division, as second lieutenant, and first commanded his platoon in the Cantigny sector. The new trenches assigned to this

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platoon were quickly and efficiently prepared. He took an active part in many *coups de main* and won great confidence from his men, who were devoted to his leadership, exercised on many occasions when there was no necessity for his personal participation, and when, ordinarily, a non-commissioned officer would have directed the men. Thus he was known as one of the most popular younger officers in the First Division.

On April 12, 1918, he wrote to his father, "I have a wonderful platoon, and need all my sense of balance to keep from showing my pride too much. To-day we were highly complimented by the captain and the Frenchmen who watched it work out. However, I have found this out — the men in the ranks are the most important ones, and what they do, or do not do, counts. To get them behind you, and working with you, is an officer's only job — once that is obtained, the rest is easy." In a later letter, he spoke of being "occupied with taking care of fifty odd men, just like children, but the biggest, healthiest, most lovable, and altogether most fascinating set of young fire-eaters you ever saw. I'm really having the time of my life. . . . I wrote about being in the trenches with the French. . . . I think they are the most wonderful people in the world. You have to be right with them in the French Army to appreciate what they are like, are doing, have done."

The 18th Infantry was relieved a few days before the American capture of Cantigny. Captain Campbell, of this regiment, has written in an official report:

Lieutenant Palache was seriously wounded by a high explosive shell on the night of May 14–15, 1918, during the relief of

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our company from its sector; Lieutenant Palache was directing the relief of his platoon at the time, and seeing that the relieving platoon was properly in place before leaving. It was while thus engaged that a high explosive shell struck within ten feet of him, killing three of the relieving platoon, and wounding himself and two of his men. He was struck in the side of the head by a piece of the shell, and at first the wound was not considered serious, although it rendered him unconscious. Everything possible was done for him on the spot. He was carried by his men and the writer, who loved him dearly, to the first aid station, and from that point he was taken by ambulance to the hospital. Lieutenant Palache was loved and respected by his men and brother officers, and stood equally high in the esteem of his company commander. His attention to duty was an object-lesson to those about him, and his bravery was proved again and again, and recognized by his colonel, who substantiated his recommendation by his company commander for the *Croix de Guerre*. His death was keenly felt by the entire command, as he was a splendid type of an American officer and gentleman. He was glorious in his death, as his last words before becoming unconscious were, "Sergeant, I want to march out at the head of my platoon."

His wound was received at Villers Tournelle, about a mile behind Cantigny, and he died in the hospital at Bonvillers on the evening of the day on which he was wounded, May 15, 1918. He was buried in the village churchyard at Bonvillers on May 16, 1918, in the cemetery for the American soldiers who fell at Cantigny.



WILLIAM NOEL HEWITT

CLASS OF 1914

WILLIAM NOEL HEWITT, younger son of the Rev. George Ross Hewitt (Harvard, '83) and the late Helen Louise (Fairchild) Hewitt, was born in West Springfield, Massachusetts, December 25, 1891. In 1894 he moved with his parents to Fitchburg, in 1899 to Lowell, and in 1902 to West Medway, Massachusetts, where he attended

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grammar school and graduated from the Medway High School in 1910 as valedictorian of his class. To make a more thorough preparation for entering college it had been planned that he should spend a year at Phillips Andover Academy, which his father had attended, but when he passed the entrance examinations for Harvard with his Medway High School class the extra year at Andover was given up, and he entered Harvard in the autumn of 1910.

As an undergraduate he specialized in music, and took his degree *cum laude* in 1914. He was an active member of the Musical Club of the University, to which he was elected in 1911. In his senior year he served as its librarian, and at the same time was business manager of the *Harvard Musical Review*. In February, 1914, he was elected an honorary member of the Pierian Sodality and became the conductor of its orchestra in the first of his two years of graduate study. He was also a member of the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity, and from the time of his graduation to the time of his enlistment occupied a room, when in Cambridge, in the house of the fraternity on Mount Auburn Street.

In February, 1916, he received the Harvard degree of A.M., for which, in addition to other required work, he composed a symphony that won high praise from his musical instructors and gave promise, as they said, of unique and original work in musical composition. But for the outbreak of the war in August, 1914, he would have gone to Paris in that year to study under Widor, the famous French organist and composer.

From the very beginning of the war he had taken a keen and absorbing interest in its progress. His sympathies

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were strongly with the Allies, and as our relations with Germany became more and more strained he declared it to be his purpose to render active service to his country if war with that power should be declared. With this possibility in view he spent the month of July, 1916, at the Plattsburg Training Camp. In the autumn of 1916 he accepted the position of organist and choirmaster in the Episcopal church of Wakefield, Massachusetts, where he remained until his enlistment. Immediately after the declaration of war he went to Mineola, Long Island, and, having passed the requisite tests for aviation, enlisted at Boston on June 2, 1917, in the Aviation Service. He was ordered at once to the State University at Columbus, Ohio, for ground training, and on August 1 to New York, whence he sailed overseas on August 18 with the "honor group" in which the high quality of his work at Columbus had given him a place. Arriving in England about September 1, he passed six weeks more of study in the principles of aviation at Oxford. Then for instruction in flying he was sent to France and spent the next four months at the Aviation Instruction School at Tours. After a brief furlough in the spring of 1918, he was assigned to the Third Aviation Instruction Centre at Issoudun, France, where he received his commission as first lieutenant, April 1, 1918. Just as his training was nearing completion, and he was ready and eager to be ordered to the front, he fell to his death in an airplane accident, May 18, 1918.

The last sentence in his last letter, written the day before his death, was this: "I am, as usual, healthily impatient." His impatience was not that of one who loved war, for he hated it and went into it only from a high

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sense of duty, and he was only eager to be done with training and sent to the front.

Of the manner of his death, and of the place he had made for himself, his commanding officer, Major Carl Spatz, wrote at once to Hewitt's father:

Lieutenant Hewitt was doing very good work on advanced types of machines, and was developing into an excellent pilot. On the morning of the 18th of May, 1918, he was ordered to make a flight as a part of his training, and was doing well, when in some unaccountable manner his plane got into a nose dive, and, before he could regain control, crashed to the earth. The accident occurred at about 10.30 in the morning, and was immediately reported, with the result that medical and mechanical aid were rushed to the scene. Your son was severely and fatally injured and was unconscious when the ambulance reached him. He was taken to the hospital at once, and despite the fact that he received the best of medical attention and comfort, he died at 3.55 P.M. the same day. His death was practically without pain, for he did not regain consciousness after the smash. At three o'clock the next afternoon Lieutenant Hewitt was buried, with full military honors, in the United States Army Cemetery at this Centre. . . .

He was a young man of exceptional qualifications, and above all was a good officer and a gentleman. He was greatly admired and loved by his brother officers, and his death came as a shock to all of us. You have every reason to be proud of your son and of his memory, for he was one of those heroes who cheerfully gave his all in his nation's service.

In October, 1920, the body of Lieutenant Hewitt was returned to the United States, and on Sunday, November 7, a funeral service was held at the Congregational Church in West Medway, of which he had been not only a member but, for several years, organist. At the burial at West

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Medway full military honors were paid to Hewitt's memory by the local post of the American Legion.

His unusual gifts as a musician, which he turned to excellent account even on the crossing to England, gave great pleasure to his hearers. He was withal a modest, unassuming young man, full of promise in all the personal and artistic relations of the life on which he had entered.



WILLIAM DENNISON LYON

CLASS OF 1916

THROUGH the text and the many pictures in the small privately printed volume which commemorates William Dennison Lyon, a short and happy life that gave much happiness to others is tellingly portrayed. From that volume the substance of the present memoir is directly drawn.

WILLIAM DENNISON LYON

His father was the Rev. William Henry Lyon, a graduate of Brown University in 1868, and of the Harvard Divinity School in 1873, for nearly twenty years before his death in 1915 minister of the First Parish (Unitarian) Church in Brookline, Massachusetts. His mother, Louise (Dennison) Lyon, is the youngest child of the late Eliphalet Whorf Dennison, founder of the Dennison Manufacturing Company. The only son of these parents, William Dennison Lyon, was born in Boston, February 17, 1894.

A love of the sea, first apparent in early childhood, led him through his young manhood to become an enthusiastic sailor of smaller and larger boats and afterwards to choose the Navy as the service in which he could most effectually do his part in the war. On the sea he found response to a poetic element in his own nature, an element expressing itself besides through the creation in his earliest years of imaginary playmates. When he grew a little older his imagination revealed itself in a form for which there are fewer precedents. Among the most private possessions of his boyhood was a manuscript "Book of Clubs." It appeared to be a list of many clubs, bearing such titles as "The Exactness Club," each with many members. On closer scrutiny the names of the members were found to be made up of the letters of his own name, so rearranged as, in one instance, to produce nineteen names in all. For this multiple personality he devised, and wrote, in the painstaking script of a boy, sets of rules for conduct. One of these codes read thus:— "No member of this club must do the following things: 1. No member must think of himself before he does any other person. 2. No member of this club must lose his temper. 3. No member shall

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in any way attempt to hurt another person's feelings. 4. No member shall talk loud or be boisterous in public places or elsewhere. 5. No member shall do another person any bodily harm or injury. 6. No member shall waste money or anything else belonging to himself or any other person. 7. When you strike, strike hard, but do not strike more often than is necessary. Be very good-natured, and never strike or harm a lady." When teaching and example can so affect a boy's voluntary, hidden plans for the ordering of his daily life, his education may be regarded as well begun.

Outwardly it proceeded at Volkmann's School in Boston, and at Harvard College, which he entered in the autumn of 1911 with the Class of 1915. He was a member of this class for two years, after which he was enrolled with the Class of 1916. He joined the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., and Hasty Pudding Clubs, and was one of those for whom the friendships of college life constituted an element of highest value. In his senior year the death of his father, with whom he stood in a relation of extraordinary sympathy, was followed by the necessity of his leaving college on account of the general impairment of his own health and strength. This was found due to a long-standing case of appendicitis, demanding an operation from which he did not recover in time to complete his college studies. His devotion to his mother and younger sisters had now become more than ever the object of his chief concern, and he felt that the time to establish himself in the world had arrived.

Wishing to stand on his own feet in this regard, he did not seek employment, which he might readily have found,

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in the business established by his grandfather, but went to Worcester, without credentials of any kind to secure a beginner's job in one of the manufacturing plants of that city. After several rejections and an acceptance which led to three weeks of work in a screw factory, where his eyes were taxed beyond their power of endurance, he was employed in a wire mill, first as a fellow laborer with a gang of Turks, then in charge of them. The young lover of nature, of music, of all beautiful things, and chiefly of his home, found no time or occasion for self-pity in these conditions, but worked hard, with unaffected enjoyment of his daily contacts and of that better understanding of the industrial worker which he was steadily acquiring.

To what ends all this experience would have led, it is idle to conjecture, for it had lasted only a few months when April, 1917, brought its challenge to Lyon, as to all his contemporaries. He wrote a friend asking advice, and confessing, "Somehow I have never quite taken in the importance of the situation until now. . . . I need a good hard shaking to wake me up, and the trouble is I realize I need it but cannot seem to get it or give it to myself." His duty to his mother, whose health was frail, entered gravely into his consideration. But it was not long before his course showed itself clear before him, and on May 1, 1917, having left the wire mill with the assurance of a place awaiting his return, he enlisted at Newport, Rhode Island, as boatswain's mate, first class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force.

Detailed at Newport first to shore duty and then to service on a little shore patrol boat, the *Lady Betty*, he not only made himself as useful as one with his amateur nautical

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training could, but applied himself hard to preparing himself for the examinations leading to an ensign's commission. There were times of discouragement, when his thoughts turned to aviation as a more active branch of service and at one of these times he wrote a friend: "Things look dead ahead here, and I and my friends would, I am sure, rather have me really dead doing a man's job than dead but alive." Nevertheless he stuck to his naval studies, and in September took his examinations with success. Early in October he visited home, placed his commission as provisional ensign in his mother's hands, and apropos of his new uniform, wrote to one of his sisters at Vassar: "Swelling with pride, the thrill of my life came while talking with Mrs. F. at the theatre, when two ladies rushed up to me with tickets and implored me several times to show them their seats."

For a few weeks before the end of October, Lyon was put in command of a small patrol boat, the *Doris B. III*, at Newport, and before the end of the month received orders to proceed to the battleship *Connecticut*, at Norfolk, Virginia. From November 4 to March 7, 1918, he served on this vessel as a junior division officer, learning much, enjoying much. His letters home are filled with glimpses of the life — a Christmas carol trip about the harbor by a ship's boat met at most of the other ships "either with too much or not enough enthusiasm," a New Year's celebration, inspection on night watches, drill, and lectures. In March he received orders to report for duty as Executive Officer of the U. S. S. C. (Submarine Chaser) 320, then about to go into commission at Newport. Much of the final work was still to be done, and into this

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Lyon threw himself with enthusiasm, all the greater for the cordial relations soon established between the commanding officer and himself. His relations with the men soon became equally satisfactory, and this without their knowledge that it was he who provided the boat with a victrola for their entertainment after working hours.

By the middle of May the boat was ready to proceed from Newport to New London for her final equipment and the completion of her crew. The surroundings were more congenial than those at Newport, orders for active duty were expected in the near future — when, on May 21, came the end. The circumstances of Lyon's death are thus described in his memorial biography:

"His labors for this day were nearly over, the lectures to the crew, together with his other duties as executive officer. Finally, near the close, sitting quietly in the midst of his work in the magazine of the little sub-chaser, a gun which he was cleaning exploded, the bullet entering his forehead, his death being instantaneous."

His commanding officer, a friend of only two months, wrote of Lyon a few days later: "I do not expect ever to meet again such a kind, gentle, manly nature as his. . . . I often looked upon him with admiration and wished that I were like him."

A friend of longer standing, one of Lyon's own contemporaries, wrote out of more intimate knowledge:

You will never know what Denny was to me, both as my nearest friend and the most inspiring and live memory. "Over there" there were many things not easy to face, or to carry through, and I want you to know that I was trying to live up to Denny and his ideals. You know, I believe Denny is every

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bit as alive now as he ever was. He was my best friend, and to lose him is a loss that can never be filled, but he will be with me all the time, and his gentleness and unselfishness are going to be a wonderful source of comfort.

In 1920 the University conferred upon him the war degree of A.B. as of the Class of 1916.



PAUL BORDA KURTZ

CLASS OF 1916

THE roads that lead to Harvard are many and various. Paul Kurtz's father, who is associated with the Philadelphia banking house of E. W. Clark and Company, wrote soon after his son's death in France to Mr. William C. Lane, Librarian of Harvard College, as follows: "It may interest you to know that away back in 1900 and 1901, I met a number of Harvard men at Marion and Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, and my contact with them determined me to send my son, William Fulton Kurtz [Class of 1908], to Harvard. Later Paul followed his brother, and I have always felt that the ideals of fair Harvard had a great influence on the point of view of both of my boys."

PAUL BORDA KURTZ

A son of this father, William Bunn Kurtz and his wife, Madge (Fulton) Kurtz, Paul Borda Kurtz, was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, September 20, 1893. As a boy he attended the Friends' School in Germantown and the DeLancey School in Philadelphia, from which, in 1912, he entered Harvard. While in college he played on his freshman baseball team, and later on the second University nine. He was a member of the Pennsylvania, Southern, D. K. E., Institute of 1770, Hasty Pudding, and Owl Clubs.

At the end of his junior year — that year of 1914–15 in the course of which so many undergraduates began straining at the leash — Kurtz sailed for France to join the American Ambulance Hospital Field Service. As an ambulance driver in the first section of this service he worked, first in Paris, then in Flanders, from July until December, when he returned to America, reaching home on Christmas Eve. From January to June of 1916, he went back to his studies at Cambridge, and took his degree with his class. In July he rejoined the first section of the American Ambulance in France. From this time until the following April the section was stationed chiefly in the neighborhood of Verdun, where it rendered much perilous and valuable service. In November, 1916, it was cited by General Mangin for the "most brilliant courage and most complete devotion" of the officers and drivers.

Two letters written by Kurtz to his mother just before and just after the United States entered the war illustrate well the state of mind in which many members of the Ambulance Service found themselves at this time, and clearly reveal the individual spirit of Paul Kurtz:

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April 3, 1917.

To-day's papers don't say anything of what Wilson and Congress have done or are going to do, but we are all hoping that tomorrow, or in a few days, war will be declared. It seems fairly certain that in this event we will send an Expedition Force of perhaps twenty thousand regulars as a starter, and that later more troops will be sent, provided the war lasts long enough to give us time to train and equip them. In this event I would feel more or less of an "*embusqué*" — a rather unpleasant French word, meaning a man who takes a soft and comfortable, safe job when he is capable of doing more — if I were to stay in the Ambulance. We have been talking over what we could do in case of war, and there is hardly a man in this section — and it is probably the same in other sections — who does not intend to leave and go into some more active service, — infantry, artillery, or aviation. Those men who are connected with some military organization at home will go back if possible to rejoin them, while others, whose enlistment here expires soon, are going back to enlist in one thing or another. Having seen what I have of the infantry, I have no desire to enlist in that, while I am afraid that I could not meet the artillery requirements. Aviation, then, seems about the only thing left, and if you feel as I do, — that I ought to offer my services in case of war, — I would prefer to enlist in the French Air Service, to which the American Escadrille is attached.

No doubt this will seem rather sudden and alarming to you at first, but just think for a minute what it means. I suppose you think of an aeroplane as a thing that means certain death sooner or later. If you had seen as much flying as I have you would realize that it has become as safe as driving a Ford ambulance. The number of men who have been in it since the beginning and are still alive, and the fact that the mortality percentage is lower in this service than in any other branch, attest this fact. The careful flyer has all the chances in his favor. To be accepted I would have to be passed by Dr. Gros of the

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Ambulance, and as I am in good health and my eyesight — which is the main requirement — all right, I don't think there would be any trouble in this respect. Then, being passed, I would be sent to a training school to go through a course lasting from four to six months, depending on my aptitude and the kind of weather. This part of the work is the least attractive, according to the men to whom I have spoken, and of course there is always the chance that the war will be over before I could get my license.

Once in the air, however, there is not much danger. All the Americans in the French service, — and there are over one hundred either flying or in training, — are put on fast, single-seated, fighting planes, the safest machine yet developed and the best in a fight. Machines are practically never shot down from the ground and the only danger is in being winged by a Boche.

I don't want to go into this because I am tired of the Ambulance, or for the sport of the thing, but simply because I feel that we owe France a debt that mere "unlimited credit" can never repay. Just think what she has suffered in the past two years and a half, while we have been sitting by in safety. I know we have been generous enough in money and supplies, but what are they when France has lost and is losing the best of her men? I tell you, I did a little thinking during my two weeks in that hospital and I resolved that if the chance came I would show them that there were some Americans who were n't afraid to give their lives if necessary, as long as they knew that they were doing the right thing, and to me the only right thing is to get into the fight and do the duty that we have been shirking so long. I have seen enough death and suffering here not to be afraid of them, and if I could only get into active service (just once) I would n't care what happened to me. I know that the Ambulance is doing good work and that we are all "brave young men." I have seen so much bunk written about us that I am sick of reading it. If I were at home you would n't want

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me to stay at home and let somebody else go out and do the fighting for me, I am sure. Well, that is the position I feel myself in here and being able to do so much more I would feel myself an "*embusqué*" were I to stay where I am.

Of course I could, as some others have done, have gone into this without saying anything to you about it, but I think you know me well enough to know that if you say "No," this will be enough for me. In case you don't see things from my point of view, I will stay with the Ambulance until my enlistment expires the 29th of July, and then come home to try and do something useful there. If you want to cable for any reason, the cable address of the Field Service is "Amerifield-Paris." In the meanwhile don't worry about me, as I won't do anything without hearing from you.

April 9, 1917.

Our division is still "*en repos.*" . . . America's declaration of war has n't changed things much for us, though all the Frenchmen with whom I have talked seem very much pleased.

The day after war was declared I had a very pleasant experience. As it was warm and clear, four of us decided to walk over to Verdun, which is fifteen kilometres away, to see the city and the changes that had taken place since we were last there in September. After walking around the town we decided to go through the citadel, if possible, and went to the office of the Commandant, who, after looking at our papers and finding out who we were, very kindly detailed a man to act as our guide. The first thing he suggested was that we have a drink in the Officers' Mess, a long, barrel-shaped tunnel in the heart of the citadel some hundred feet underground, perfectly secure from shells and detailed for the use of the officers and orderlies. At the next table were about twenty officers of a regiment who had come down from the trenches the day before and were celebrating the event. We had no sooner sat down than one of them jumped up and shouted "*Vive les États-Unis.*" Naturally we stood up, much to their surprise, but when they saw who we

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were nothing would do but that we should join them and all sorts of toasts were drunk to the United States, France, and the Allies. It was a most cordial reception and coming as it did from men who had just been in the trenches and managed to come out alive, meant much more than something that had been pre-arranged.

Yesterday, being Easter, was a holiday for the soldiers and in the afternoon we played a soccer game with a team of men and officers of the aviation squadron in whose barracks we are living, and although they had some professionals we managed to hold them down fairly well and were only beaten 2-1. If the weather is propitious we are going to play them again tomorrow, though just now I am so stiff that I can scarcely walk and most of the rest of the team are in the same condition.

Yorke Stevenson¹ came back yesterday entirely healed up from his accident. From his account of things at home people must be pretty busy getting ready, and it certainly is time they did something. If the war keeps up a year longer, they will realize that there is really a war going on over here. The English are getting started at last, and the outlook for the Allies seems brighter all the time. The Huns are up to their old tricks again, and there is a notice in the village warning everyone against poisoned candy, which they have been dropping from aeroplanes. Two nights ago I was standing outside when a Boche plane flew overhead and then went off to the next village where it fired with a *mitrailleuse* into the houses, luckily doing no damage. Ten minutes later a French plane was off and as a reprisal flew over towns in the German lines and fired into houses where there were lights in the windows. The Boches have n't been over since.

To the request for his parent's consent to his entering the aviation service, Kurtz's father cabled: "Permission

¹ William Yorke Stevenson, of Philadelphia, author of *At the Front in a Flivver*, and *From Poilu to Yank*, each containing many references to Paul Kurtz.

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to aviate lovingly given." On this he would have acted at once but that the head of the American Field Service wished him to retain his connection with it, as commander of a new section, Number 18, until the following August. Accepting this responsibility, Kurtz remained at his perilous post, in the neighborhood of Verdun, until the appointed time. He then resigned, and succeeded in joining the United States Air Service. A friend who saw him the following winter in his aviator's uniform, noticing that he was not wearing the ribbon of the *Croix de Guerre* with star, which he had won as an *ambulancier*, exclaimed, "Why, Paul?" and received the reply: "Oh, because I did n't win it in aviation, and with my uniform it looks as though I did." The citation accompanying this award of the *Croix de Guerre* read as follows:

Volontaire Américain, a été d'un dévouement admirable pendant l'hiver 1916-17 tant en Argonne que dans le secteur de la coté 304. A notamment fait preuve des plus belles qualités d'endurance, de courage, de mépris du danger, en assurant, le jour et la nuit du 25 au 28 Janvier 1917, l'évacuation des blessés par un temps effroyable sur une route particulièrement bombardée.

His training as an aviator, rewarded first by a French pilot's license, and then, November 20, 1917, by a commission as first lieutenant, American Aviation, Signal Corps, was carried on at flying schools at Pau, Tours, and Cazaux, at the Royal Flying Corps School at Hythe, near Folkstone, England, and an aerial gunnery school at Turnberry in Scotland. As a result of all this preparation he expected to become Head Instructor of Pilots in a new American Aerial Gunnery School in process of construction on the French coast. On April 25 he wrote

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home that since this school would not be finished for some time, he hoped to become attached at once to a flying squadron and sent to the front. This was indeed his heart's desire, and it was accomplished when, for the sake of gaining an actual war experience before himself becoming an instructor, he was ordered to report to the 94th Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group, a fighting unit with which the names of Quentin Roosevelt, Hamilton Coolidge, Raoul Lufbery, James Norman Hall, and "Eddie" Rickenbacker are memorably associated.

This unit, when Kurtz joined it in May, 1918, had been patrolling the front between St. Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson for about a month. For a few days, the flight commander, Captain Rickenbacker, gave him the practice of short flights and frequent landings in a "Baby Nieuport" machine, with which he had not hitherto been familiar. By May 22 Kurtz felt himself ready for what Captain Rickenbacker, in his book, "*Fighting the Flying Circus*," calls "that greatest adventure of the young pilot: that first trip over the enemy's lines."

In this book Kurtz's first and last flight as a fighting aviator is described. Captain Rickenbacker and Lieutenant Chambers agreed that Kurtz should accompany them on what was called a voluntary patrol. Kurtz was not to join in a fight unless the advantage was on the side of the Americans. They started early in the morning and encountered three German planes. Rickenbacker, shortly after nine o'clock, defeated one of them, which fell, near Thiaucourt, within the enemy's lines. The other two took to flight, pursued by Chambers and Kurtz. On his way back to the American base Rickenbacker had a nar-

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row escape from firing upon Chambers, whom he mistook for a German. For a time he lost sight of Kurtz whom at last he saw circling over a field near their aerodrome, preparatory to landing. Suddenly his machine burst into flames, for no apparent reason, and crashed to the earth. Kurtz was instantly killed.

Rickenbacker was told soon afterwards by an officer who had joined the squadron with Kurtz that in flying at high altitudes he was sometimes subject to fainting spells. Whether he was seized in this way, or fell a victim to an unexplainable accident, there is no positive means of knowing. His grave in American Cemetery, No. 108, near Toul, was next to that of Major Lufbery, who had fallen but a few days before. "I had got my Boche," wrote Rickenbacker, after a brief description of Kurtz's funeral, with the incongruous whine of shells overhead; "but I had lost my friend, and he had perished in the manner most dreaded of all aviators, for he had gone down in flames."

Memorial services in Paul Kurtz's honor were held on July 7, 1918, in Calvary Church, Germantown, in which he had been confirmed, and on the Sunday before his second sailing for France, had received the Holy Communion.



RICHARD MORTIMER, JR.

CLASS OF 1911

RICHARD MORTIMER, Jr., a son of the late Richard Mortimer of New York City, and Eleanor Jay (Chapman) Mortimer, a sister of John Jay Chapman, of the Harvard Class of 1884, was born in Bavaria, near Munich, July 28, 1888. His preparation for Harvard was made at St. Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts. There he excelled in football, boxing, and track; and revealed an all-round capacity clearly indicated by the words, in the memorial volume "St. Mark's School in the War against Germany": "To a quick perception, ready intellect and quiet, keen wit, he brought the steady application and industry which assured him success in his undertakings."

At Harvard, where he completed his college work in

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three years, he belonged to the Institute of 1770, D.K.E., Kalumet, and Hasty Pudding Clubs. A classmate and devoted friend at school and college, who watched him at St. Mark's, lightheartedly winning at games, saw that at college "he disliked the hurry, the crowds of the outer world," and also that he read, learned really to ride a horse, and made a host of friends. From the college he went in the autumn of 1910 to the Law School, began to collect books, went on with his riding, which made him and the horses he rode well known at such meetings as those of the United Hunts, the Country Club at Brookline, and the annual steeplechases at Myopia. On graduating from the Harvard Law School in 1913, he entered the Boston law office of Warner, Stackpole, and Bradlee, and the observant friend already quoted "noticed that the older men were glad to stop and talk with him." One of their number, John T. Wheelwright of the Harvard Class of 1878, wrote, after Mortimer's death, of this young New Yorker who made his home and sought his career in Boston:

To those of us of an older generation who had the privilege of association with him, he seemed the flower of American knighthood. I use this phrase advisedly, for there was in his fine courtesy and fearless courage that which justifies its use.

He had a well-trained mind and was already making a name for himself at the bar when the rising storm clouds in 1916 led him to be one of the first to go to an aviation camp, not a Government one, and notwithstanding his defective eyesight and delicate constitution he persevered in this perilous branch of the service, which was one exactly suited to his dauntless spirit.

In the pleasant days of old he shone in horseback riding and steeplechasing. One of the last pictures of him in the memory

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of his friends was his driving a scratch four-in-hand, with a gay party, to the race in the fall of 1916 at Topsfield and jumping off the coach and taking off his greatcoat, appearing in his racing colors and taking the jumps in the steeplechase with skill and success.

Wherever he went he brought the spirit of delight. But beyond all this was his fine wit and his serious purpose to serve his profession and his country.

Before Mortimer could establish himself firmly in his profession, Europe was plunged in war, and not much later the participation of the United States became an obvious possibility. In the winter before it became a fact, Mortimer, like the sportsman he was, began to prepare himself, by an elementary course in the Curtis School, at Newport News, Virginia, for the work of an aviator. When his country joined the belligerents, he offered himself for the aviation service, but was met at first with refusal on the score of defective eyesight. A later application was successful, and on May 31, 1917, he was accepted as a private, first class, in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, and began his training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Ground School. From this he graduated, July 28, and in August sailed overseas to receive the more advanced instruction in flying at English training schools.

For this purpose Mortimer was stationed successively at Oxford, where he lived at Queen's College and responded warmly to the old-world charm of his surroundings, at Stamford in Lincolnshire, at Shoreham-by-Sea in Sussex, and at Ayr in Scotland. On March 27, 1918, while he was at Ayr he received his commission as first

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lieutenant. At almost the same time the news of his father's sudden death cast a heavy shadow across the life in which he was taking such pleasures as it might yield. These took the form of occasional visits to London, where there were friends and relatives to be seen, of companionship with congenial fellow-students of aviation, of reading, and of correspondence with his immediate circle at home. Fragments from his letters to friends and family are significant.

From Oxford, for example, he writes that a fortune-teller predicted that all kinds of bad things would happen to him, and adds, "By the way, I am going to get through this war -- he was certain of that." From Shoreham he writes, February 15, 1918: "I feel as if I might be a fairly decent aviator. I have come on very fast this week. It's all due to stunting and taking liberties with the machine in the air. You get up to a height of about 2500 feet so that you have plenty of room to recover in case anything happens, and then try loops, spins, steep turns, and all kinds of things. You've no idea how quickly it gives you confidence. You feel as if you could do anything you wanted. Yesterday I found myself flying upside down. Nothing happens, of course. It's very easy to straighten a machine out of any position you find yourself in." In November he writes from Stamford, "I have been reading Shakespearian plays lately, and enjoy them a lot. I bought several small volumes which I carry about in my pockets." After a tiresome sojourn in Lincoln, in the following April, "I read an awful lot there—William James. I wish you'd read him some time. Some of his books are perfectly great. They give one the freshest outlook and make you

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feel full of energy and cheerfulness.” A few weeks later the need of such a stimulus appears, when he writes from Bristol, “I have had an occasional fit of spring fever, i.e. the dumps, but nothing serious. Luckily in this sort of work I can always manage to get away from the mob. How much easier army life is for those people who like a crowd!” Apart from such specific matters his letters were constantly revealing a lively concern in all his interests at home, his horses, Myopia Hunt affairs, his friends, and the readiness of a modest, competent, engaging young American to get what he could from the counterparts of these interests under new conditions.

By the spring of 1918, his training was advanced to the point at which he could be assigned to a definite piece of work, namely that of “ferrying” new machines from the places of manufacture in England across the channel to France. On April 8 he wrote from London, “I am still ‘ferrying,’ took a machine to France yesterday. It’s very amusing, you get to know the whole of England. It’s like travelling on a map, as the coast lines stand out so clearly.” A fortnight later he tells of a mishap in landing due to the mistaking of one town for another of the same name.

What he would naturally have much preferred from the first was an assignment to regular squadron duty on the front. At length it came. On May 21 he wrote from the front, under the heading, No. 83 Squadron, 9th Wing, R. A. F., B. E. F., “I am on the threshold of the real thing now. I have been assigned to ‘flight.’ On the very next day while he was practising war manoeuvres, Mortimer’s machine, by some unexplained accident, came into

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collision with another. The tailplane of his machine was cut off, and falling from a height of 4000 feet, he was instantly killed. This was near Hesdin Wood in the north of France, and there he was buried, his grave marked with a cross made from the propeller of an aeroplane.

In September, 1920, a bridge inscribed with Mortimer's name was dedicated to his memory at the Myopia Hunt Club.

In the St. Mark's School volume from which a few words about Mortimer have already been quoted, his personal charm, his courage, and other high qualities, are set forth with sympathy and understanding. "And beneath everything," says the writer of the memoir, "unknown perhaps to those who saw him but casually, was a sweetness of disposition seldom found in either man or woman, a responsive, eager sympathy and optimism which made his mere presence a privilege and a benediction. His school and his college and his country may honor him for his brave heart and his loyal devotion; but in the hearts of his friends alone lies the more precious gift and memory of all, the spirit of a love which can never fail."



KENNETH PICKENS CULBERT

CLASS OF 1917

THE paternal ancestors of Kenneth Pickens Culbert were English and settled in Canada, where his grandfather and uncle held government posts and bore an active part in the development of the country. On his mother's side the descent was English, Scotch, and French, and withal so American that more than fifty representatives of his stock are counted among those who bore arms in the American Revolution. He was born at Bellevue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, August 22, 1895, the son of William Henry Culbert and Emma Leonie (Pickens) Culbert. During his childhood his parents moved from Pittsburgh to East Orange, New Jersey, where Culbert attended a private school and then prepared for college at the East Orange

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High School and with private tutors. He graduated at the High School in 1913, valedictorian of his class. For four years he had played on the school football and baseball teams, and in 1913 he was captain of the school track team.

At Harvard, which he entered with the Class of 1917, he rowed on the freshman crew, became a member of the freshman football squad, of the University football squad in his sophomore year, and of the University crew squad in 1915, 1916, and 1917. He belonged to the Freshman Mandolin and University Musical Clubs, and served on the sophomore and junior entertainment committees of his class. His clubs were the D. K. E., Institute of 1770, Speakers', Phoenix, Stylus, Signet, and Hasty Pudding. In addition to these interests and activities, Culbert applied himself so effectively to the task of "making" the *Crimson* that he led the competition for the paper in his sophomore year; in his junior year he was secretary of the Board of Editors.

Culbert's direct connection with the war began with his enrollment in the R. O. T. C., in which he rose, before the end of his senior year, to the rank of captain. Before that year ended, he left college to enter the U. S. Marine Corps training school at Quantico, Virginia. Here he received his commission as second lieutenant (M. C.), August 27, 1917, and was assigned to the 74th Company, 6th Regiment, Marines, stationed at Quantico. On September 17, he sailed with his regiment from Philadelphia for France on a vessel that was forced to put in at New York, whence its final departure overseas was made September 22. In this brief interval Culbert was married, September 19,

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to Miriam Edith Towle of Cranford, New Jersey (Wellesley, '18), to whom he had been engaged for nearly a year.

Soon after reaching France, Culbert became so interested in aviation that he secured a transfer, October 16, to the First Corps Aviation Schools at Gondrecourt, where he was commissioned Student Naval Aviator, November 26. On February 5, 1918, he was assigned to Escadrille 217 of the French Army, operating in the Champagne sector. "For two months," writes his friend and classmate, R. T. Fry, in the Triennial Report of the Class of 1917, "he flew with the French, but on April 1, 1918, was transferred back to the First Aero Squadron, then at Ourches in the Toul sector. During this time Culbert had become, as expressed by one of the majors of his former regiment, 'one of our most skilful and daring aerial observers,' a fact attested later by the award of the *Croix de Guerre*, made in recognition of his work during the battle of Seicheprey and other occasions."

Three letters from Culbert to Professor C. T. Copeland show him in France at three stages of his experience, in the training school, with the French, and with the American Army. They are quoted here with some fullness, both for what they tell about war-time conditions, and also for their revelation of Culbert as an observer, not from the aerial point of vantage only.

November 21, 1917.

. . . Perhaps a few words about myself will get me "oriented," and give me a bit of a framework to build upon. I got my commission in the United States Marines without any trouble, thanks to your and other letters, and a long lanky frame. Darrah Kelley, was under-weight, and no amount of

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argument and pleading could make up for the deficiency. I felt extremely sorry, but was powerless to do anything. After a few months with the Sixth Regiment at Quantico, Va., — a place selected for a cantonment by a process that eliminated all logic, and brought polities to the fore, — we got off in the early part of September. As I stood a regular turn in the submarine watch, — two on and six off, — I can assure you very sincerely that the transports take no end of precautions to evade the “fish,” as commanders call them. In thirteen days we sighted France, going slowly up a tiny river into a small port, just as dusk settled. Some women were waving American flags on the porches, or rather the doorsteps, of their tiny white houses, and I felt thrills leaping from my heart to my head that I shall never forget. The spirit of France, her sacrifices and hardships, her maltreatment and loyal fight — a lot of boyish emotions made me stand up straight as an arrow. And I noticed the sternness of the expressions on the faces of the officers about me. We were beginning to realize why we were there.

Once on land we hustled to a camp and got shook down. Then we began the work which a vanguard must always do in preparation for that which is to follow. Of course, some of the work did n’t have much to do with the rifle and bullet, or the bayonet, but it was and is necessary; at present of vastly greater importance than the above. With the necessity of five men behind the lines for one at the front the adage about the acorn and the oak is reversed to a large extent as regards war. The gigantic proportions of the preparation that is necessary, — in ways of transportation, cantonments, supplies, etc., before we can really take care of the big armies which are to come in the next few years, — are almost inconceivable. My one constant hope is that the desire to enter the fight as soon as possible will not cause some of these preparations to be hustled or slighted. Everything up front depends on the efficiency of the forces in the rear.

I with many other officers soon left the regiment for instruction in the ways and means of playing the game. And we’ve

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been getting it for the past couple of months in a manner that makes one itch for the actual hunting grounds. Sir, I admire, sympathize with, and love the French, but it's the British to whom I give my respect. They've got the "spirit of the bayonet"; they've changed their easy-going temperament and, taught by bitter experience, answer the cry "Kamerad" with a short sharp jab; they're fighting mad, playing the game for all that it's worth. System? They've got everything down to a fine point; a great part of the time the Tommies don't even realize that the games they are playing are developing just the traits of character and strength of muscle necessary to exterminate the Boche. Oh, the Germans are afraid of them. They know what lies in store for them when the English, the Canadians, or especially the Australians are opposite them, and in the still small hours they come sneaking over singly and in pairs to give themselves up. Which is what every sensible Boche ought to do right now,— in my humble estimation. Unfortunately very few of them are sensible.

So we're passing the time training and hardening up, occasionally getting actual experience where "make-believe" no longer holds. I personally am to be the aerial observer of an infantry contact machine, a duty that to me is as interesting as it is important in battle. Before I came over I had never heard of such a man, indeed it's been a succession of hearing, learning, and putting into practice new things, new methods of killing the enemy. The old-fashioned all round infantryman is but the shade of past glories; today everyone is a specialist in some one particular thing, and informed in all things generally. Gas, with its terrifying results, trench mortars, automatic rifles, grenades; bayonets, wire entanglements; trenches; communication systems; aeroplanes,— what not? All have men who speak of nothing save them. War is even more highly specialized than modern industry in the heads of efficiency experts. And we're going to keep on specializing until we've won. Surely it will take a few years; casualty lists will be heavy; mistakes

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will be made, but the point is we *will* win. Furthermore the sacrifices necessitated at home and the new ideas derived therefrom, are going to help the United States along considerably, in ways that will be more than subtle. Do you think I am mistaken, sir?

I heard of Billy Meeker's¹ death with sadness. He was the first of our class to go. To me though, there was something glorious in his death, for the motives that permitted the possibility of death were of the purest. Many more will follow,—all gladly,—content in knowing that they are doing their share.

March 22, 1918.

It's been long since I've written — almost four months now — so there's much to say. For incursions or prolonged "*Permissions*" into the personal I hasten to apologize — yet after all, war can only be interesting through its reaction on every individual. Not that every one of the millions fighting — or helping those that fight — has a different reaction, but most Americans have, because we're new at the thing, because we've come far to express in work thoughts that stirred our minds in oddly different ways! Somewhere I suppose Mars is complacently thinking to himself "I am he! — I am the one who has revolutionized the thoughts of millions of men! I am he who saturated the minds of the Huns with lust for conquest; I am he who awakened the soul of America, and planted the seeds of nobility in her heart. I, I alone, have done all this!" Well, sir, from the mess some profit must come — and I believe that the individual as an individual is the recipient. Later the good will come to individuals bound together as a state — but not for years.

Perhaps my opinion is boyish! One thing is certain — the awakened desire to help is of inestimable benefit to a man; and the gradual changing of that eager desire for adventure and for glory to a pounding powerful determination to never relax until right is won is of even greater benefit. The slogan of the French

¹ See Vol. II, pp. 105-113.

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poilus exemplifies that; nothing but supreme respect exists in men when I hear them say "*Ils ne passeront pas.*" War for them is so vastly different than it is for us — as yet. But enough of reflections; "the froth is out of the bottle," as Meredith says — so on to my story.

I intensely wish that you were here tonight. You would see the newest phase of warfare at its very best! The moon is high in a clear sky, stars are shining brilliantly and the intersecting rays of search-lights are restlessly shifting all over the heavens. I've just come in from watching it all. The roar of motors in the air is constant; the frequent bursts of our shells and the stray tak-tak of our machine guns is entirely drowned now and again by the terrific bursts of the bombs landing in the near distance; — it's a game of give and take, with the odds in favor of bombing planes, for they are as needles in a mammoth haystack! The night is ideal for their work — so ideal that women, children, and civilian non-combatants in the towns back from the front will suffer heavily. It's a powerful weapon — it's demoralizing effect must be tremendous.

Frankly the first time our field was bombed—(or rather was the target for poorly placed bombs)—I was quite weak about the knees; now I have not even gone to the dugouts. You see when you figure it out: if the Powers that be decide that a mass of steel is going to fall so accurately from miles above that my little six by six semi-dugout is going to get hit — well, I guess I'm scheduled then for fair. Rank fatalism — is n't it? Only truthfully, it's not, for I've never thought up such an argument until this instant. It's *the* coming thing in aviation. I believe that in another year twenty squadrons — not three — will bunch together and go miles and miles into Bocheland, seeking the most effective resting place for their burdens. Some of the larger, more destructive bombs are tremendous things, and, well-dropped, their capacity to make buildings look like nothing at all is remarkable. Certainly they detract a bit from the horror of the San Francisco earthquake! But so it goes.

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Of what Americans are doing I know nothing except that which I read in the French papers. Reports credit them with all the fighting spirit, bravery, and cool-headedness that the great majority of Uncle Sam's soldiers possess. I believe we're holding a part of the line in four or five different places—and holding it well. That's splendid — glorious — indicative of that which is to come. And *only* as the latter can we—*must* we—view it. It's like the delightful order of the roast which is to be eaten—the real thing is yet to come. I say "delightful" because years from now that is how every memory of our part will be. There are millions on the other side, trained fighting machines, with as little of the milk of human kindness in their make-up as is allowed by the laws regulating the formation of mortals in God's workshop. One burst, or intermittent bursts, of American enthusiasm and patriotism will be worse, far worse, than nothing at all. Men, men, men, and more men must come; and to maintain them the necessary food, guns, material, gas equipment must be sent in ever increasing quantities. I know we have the older men at home who have the brains to arrange the extensive work required. It would be a sin if they could not profit from the early mistakes of our Allies—and simply get together to work for one end. But war has not touched home and, until it does, patriotic men with hearts and minds working normally, will constantly have to fight those smaller, meaner "things" whose hearts are sadly out of place, whose minds have degenerated from years of the commercial art of cutting throats. Yes, it's a figurative expression only, but how terribly near it comes to being the truth. For every single man who offers his service to the government for nothing, I imagine there are many who see the war as an opportunity. Sir, if we can't get into it whole-heartedly, with every physically able man fighting and all others helping behind the lines (their work is quite as important), it's better that we get out of it at once.

Tonight at dinner, for instance, we had a *poilu* as guest of

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honor. At the tables were the ten French officers of the escadrille, Saunders (a southern chap of the finest character), myself and the *poilu*. The latter was a man of forty-five; he has been in the war for two years and a half, serving at present with a battery of 155's in the woods north of here. The inspiring part of the incident was that he was the father of the first lieutenant commanding the escadrille. Yes, because the war is in France, and not in United States, it throws a different light on the question of personal contribution, but in that incident is food for thought for those at home not helping, even vicariously. We've got a big, sober, horrible task before us as a nation. Only by realizing it as that alone can we hope for anything save weak memories. For those Americans who have died, countless thousands must come to die, and so on and on until that glorious time when America shall be synonymous with "honor," and the rights of man and woman,—in the eyes of all the world. Eventually—not now—we shall win, for we *must* win. We must!!!! We have no alternative, we want none.

How I wish that everyone at home could see the front, could see ruins that once were peaceful country villages, shelled ground that once was productive fields, miles of stumpy lands that once were quiet forests, picnic places perhaps for the peasantry. How I wish they could see stalwart men huddled together, white bandages over their eyes, blinded from gas; or a few of the chaps reached by liquid fire! You see it's not the old-time warfare of rifles and bullets, or even the later warfare of huge shells—but it's the newest and most horrible warfare of a combination of all things terrible. The worst part only comes in war of movement, it is true, such as has occurred in this sector for the last few days—but the rest of the time trench life is pretty much of a bore, I imagine. When I'm not in the air (and a three hour turn finishes the day's flying) I often hop a truck to a spot a mile or so from the trenches (for we have a big mountain as part of the trench system, with our troops on the summit, which affords a fairly good approach) and wind my way through com-

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munication trenches to the front lines. It's a useless sort of warfare, three or six months waiting in caves and mud for a few days of attack, an attack which regardless of its outcome means a resumption of the dugout life. The men are comfortable, as that goes, in their dugouts, huge holes which shoot twenty to thirty feet underground in this particular sector—and the shells which fall ordinarily do nothing save cut up the ground a bit more, if such a thing is possible. Those men are the real heroes of this war, though. Theirs is the hardest task, theirs the greatest sacrifices, the greatest personal hardships. It makes you stop in supreme admiration when you think of men having lived that life for over three years and still cheerfully, grimly, sticking on and on—that the "bells" in the German village churches shall not ring in announcement of new victories. At such times America's duty shines most brightly before my eyes! We are late—unquestionably—but I trust not too late.

You've probably wondered—as many others have—when the proposed German drive is to come. Perhaps the rumblings from distant sectors, and the recrudescence of artillery fire that has occurred in this sector within the last few days are the beginnings. Who knows? At all events the French are calmly, confidently awaiting the big test; and from what I've seen of them, I have gathered great confidence in their military system and their soldiers. They are better prepared at this moment, the morale of their army is better, and, all told, the entire situation is brighter than it has been at any time since the beginning of hostilities. Of the British I have seen little—nothing—of late, but they are better soldiers than the Huns and the Huns know it.

Myself, I finished training in January, and since then have been with Escadrille 217, in the Champagne sector. My work takes me over Rheims daily. You can imagine how beautiful the semi-ruined cathedral is as the oblique rays of the sun, striking it, make it loom up above the tiny houses cluttering about. It is a dream picture,—one which I would like to look down upon for hours, but I am generally otherwise occupied.

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Aviation is a comfortable, interesting life. There's none of the constant noise of shells, there's none of the blood and gore of things once men, there's none of the stationary cave life of the trenches. We have good bunks, good food, comfortable quarters. In a way it's a remarkable existence, mixing hours of idleness and moments of intense danger. Removed from war in its horror, it's still an integral part of it. Frequently our machines don't come back — but death has no disgusting nauseating effects, for the plane falls far from here, and life goes on as before. I believe it's the nicest part of the war, the life is very pleasant, and there's an element of sport in it. It's clean in life, and death. One could not ask for more than that in war times. When my duty here will be over I don't know, however, as soon as the 1st, to which I am attached, has its machines, I reckon. Six months have gone by, with new experiences and varied life. My baptism of fire — in trench and in the air — is a thing of the past. First fears are gone, my real duty has gotten under way. Needless to say I am no end happy. One's part in the war is so small at best that you have to keep right at it in order to make a showing at all commensurate with your own hopes.

It has been the sort of warm spring that brings thoughts of Cambridge, of a good paddle on the river, a cold shower and a chocolate milk (what I would give for one at the College Pharmacy right now) afterwards, and a quiet evening in my room, or at Wellesley, — the abode of my dear wife. Sounds funny, does n't it, sir, but I married the sweetest girl just before I left, and I'm forced to write you of it in my great happiness thereof.

How is Cambridge? Do chaps still seek the light in upper Hollis on Monday nights — or have you changed the evening? The regiment — is it flourishing in high and martial style? Oh! there's just one trouble with France — it's too silly far from home and old times. The Tommy, the *poilu*, the Jock get home once in four months for a fortnight. Were that so with us, I'd be serenely happy. As it is I am anyway — which is not quite logical — but true withal.

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May 21, 1918 (at night).

When last I wrote you the moon was almost translucent in a cold clear sky; tonight it seems tinged with the blood of men and mellowed with the endless succession of years. Apple blossoms are on the trees, the air is soft and soothing, and below in the valley at our feet the Meuse is running quietly along; which means that winter has slipped by, and summer has come. Again I wish you could be here — not to be in the midst of an air-raid tonight, but to enjoy the beauty of this spot. Were it not for the faint rumbling of cannons in the distance you would imagine that ours was a hunting lodge in the Maine woods. For our huts are lost in a tiny batch of fir-trees on the upper slope of a hill; below is the river, and across the valley a typical tiny French village.

It's hard to reconcile such peaceful rural scenes with war — somehow cows browsing by the side of a stream, the fragrance of apple blossoms in the air, and the clear notes of church-bells are in no way connected with the general notion of war. Yet one has but to tramp over the hill and see the tiny black crosses on the planes (which denote Hun bullet holes, or shrapnel from "Archies"); or amble along the country road and watch French and American troops resting from their turn in the trenches; or cut cross the field to the hospital to realize that war has left its marks here as in all places.

That is the one big thing Great Britain and the United States will never have to contend with — simply because Germany will never be able to reach their lands — and because France has had to put up with that for so long a man's heart very readily goes out in sympathy for the country people of France. How hard it must have been for them to see the places they were born in, and had lived in and loved, shattered and destroyed. Why! the civilians of France, the peasant women in the countless little towns are nothing short of heroes. There's only one solution, one remedy, one sedative. Regardless of all errors we may make, regardless of the quickly passing time, regardless of all political

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and industrial obstacles, we *must* gather together the men and material with which to carry the war into German territory. For just as British and American civilians are in a comparatively safe position, so are the civilians of hated Germany. And it is a regrettable fact that the temper of the people at home is the biggest influence on that of those at the front. United States has the resources — and for once we must tap them without mourning over the cost; seeing only the results that are to come.

Copey, there are so many things that seem queer and inexplicable — but it's neither loyal nor opportune to criticize! I only hope the men in whose hands the industries and preparations lie realize that the lives of the men at the front are dependent directly upon them, that red tape and petty differences back home are identical to the stabs of the Hun bayonets and the burst of Hun shells to the man at the front — in the trenches, at the batteries, or in the air. Men with imagination realize that — here's hoping those chaps who work and act solely by precedent are soon gotten rid of!

This old war is the most gigantic business proposition that ever came along. And obviously the more efficiently it's run the less human sorrow will come from it; and greatly fewer will be the broken hearts. Coördination and coöperation — complete and to the fullest extent sincere and persistent — are what we need. Until we get that France will continue to see her towns crumpled to stark walls, men of the Allies will die in agony — and the Hun will ring his damned "*Austerglochen*" in token of supposed victories. The Hun may have made some strategical and tactical gains, but he's never won a victory, for victories don't come until hearts and wills are broken and the last drop of blood has been drained. That he has never accomplished in any way. The French, soldier and peasant alike, are undaunted. The British are hurling the Huns back and dying in their tracks like the men they are — and thank God we've come at last, with all the ardor of youth and faith in the

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right of our cause to put our links into the chain that must never be broken.

I wish I knew of much to write you — of the progress of the war, of our troops, or of many failures. But, unfortunately, as the French say, when you are in the country far from anyone save your brother officers "*on ne sait pas grande chose de la guerre.*" You've probably heard that Doug Campbell has gotten two Boches already. From every indication he's going to be one of the best men we'll ever have in that end of flying — just as he was one of the most genuine men who ever went through Cambridge. Harvard has its "sons" all over France — indeed six of us (officers in my squadron) have started a Harvard Club of O——. You can imagine how greatly the village is honored when you consider that it has just about thirty closely packed stone shacks, and two rather common cafés — where you can buy *very* good champagne, and *very* poor beer.

Perhaps you know some of the men. First and foremost is Steve Noyes — (he's an old-timer and a prince of a chap) who is a pilot; a youngster named Hughes, of '18; another comparatively old-timer named Hopkins; and Jocelyn of '16, and myself. Billy Emerson, '16, was the sixth — but I regret to tell you that last taps were sounded for him last week. We do not know whether the "antis" got him, or whether it was a Boche plane. He went out on a *réglage* and was shot down in our lines. He was an honor to Harvard, a gentleman and a soldier,—the first of our little club to gain the one glorious epitaph.

Perhaps you'd like to hear of Major Lufbery's funeral — you doubtless know that he was shot down, and fell from his burning plane into a courtyard. He had done a great deal in uniting the French and Americans, — he was the greatest of our airmen and seventh on the list of French aces, — he had all the qualities of a soldier, audacity, utter fearlessness, persistency, and tremendous skill,—in every way, sir, he was a valuable man.

As we marched to his interment the sun was just sinking behind the mountain that rises so abruptly in front of T——; the

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sky was a faultless blue, and the air was heavy with the scent of the blossoms on the trees in the surrounding fields. An American and French general led the procession, following close on to a band which played the funeral march and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" in so beautiful a way that I for one could hardly keep my eyes dry. Then followed the officers of his squadron and of my own — and after us an assorted group of Frenchmen famous in the stories of this war, American officers of high rank, and two American companies of infantry, separated by a French one.

How slowly we seemed to march as we went to his grave, passing before crowds of American nurses in their clean white uniforms, and a throng of patients and French civilians! He was given a full military burial; with the salutes of the firing squad, and the two repetitions of taps, one answering the other from the west. General E—— made a brief address, one of the finest talks I have ever heard any man give — while throughout all the ceremony French and American planes circled the field. In all my life I have never heard taps blown so beautifully as on that afternoon — even some of the officers joined the women there in quietly dabbing at their eyes with white handkerchiefs. France and United States had truly assembled to pay a last tribute to one of their soldiers. My only prayer is that somehow through some means I can do as much as he for my country before I too wander west — if in that direction I am to travel.

As for myself, sir — I left the French front about six weeks ago and joined the First Aero — going with it to the so-called American front. Our sector is comparatively quiet, and life goes on as usual. My squadron is an observation one — we direct our artillery fire (and I'm glad to tell you that our artillery has knocked the stuffings out of several Boche batteries); we work with the infantry, and photograph the enemy positions. It's useful work and quite interesting. Every man in the outfit is praying that the morrow will bring orders sending us up to the Somme for work in the new offensive which the Huns will doubtless begin in short order. But there's no place on earth like the

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army for rumors and unexpected happenings — so in the meantime we're doing our best here.

When important things begin to happen I shall write to you at once, and not feel then that perhaps my notes are not overly interesting — and if you don't mind I would like to let my thoughts smear themselves on paper quite often — so please bear up under the threat of my intentions. Just now my lantern is warning me to blow her (or "him" as the English say) out so I reckon it'll have to be good night, sir — for this time.

On the day after that letter was written, on the very day that its envelope containing Culbert's prophetic allusion to "travelling west," was postmarked, he met the death awaiting an aviator. The words of his friend, Russell Fry, may best be used again, this time to relate the circumstances of Culbert's death, and to suggest the impression stamped by his character upon those who knew it best:

. . . About five o'clock on the afternoon of May 22, 1918, while flying over the lines near St. Mihiel, the plane, apparently struck by a German anti-aircraft shell, became unmanageable and crashed just behind our lines, the pilot being killed instantaneously and Culbert rendered unconscious.

He was taken at once to the American hospital at Sebastopol Farm, just north of Toul, where he died at midnight without having regained consciousness. And there he was buried, his body being moved later to the American cemetery at Thiaucourt.

His life had been spent in the great out-door world, leaving him as free from the affectations of conventionalized man as the great seas which shattered themselves against that Maine island, his summer home. His was an essentially elemental character, — honest, upright, unafraid; quick to applaud another's ac-

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complishments, equally quick to condemn his shortcomings. And as his life was fearless, vigorous, unselfish, — so, too, was his death.

The posthumous award of the *Croix de Guerre* mentioned in the earlier quotation from the 1917 Triennial Report was made, in a General Order of the Army, in the following terms:

Jeune officier d'un grand cœur, animé du plus pur sentiment du devoir, ayant fait preuve au cours de plusieurs reconnaissances sur l'ennemi de sang-froid, de courage, et de décision. Blessé mortellement le 22 Mai, 1918.



WILLIAM ST. AGNAN STEARNS

CLASS OF 1917

WILLIAM ST. AGNAN STEARNS bore the name of his grandfather, a member of the Harvard Class of 1841, a resident of Salem, where he lived in the house built by his grandfather, Joseph Sprague, in the eighteenth century. His son, the late Richard Sprague Stearns, and Carrie (Gill) Stearns, now of Boston, were the parents of William

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St. Agnan Stearns, who was born in Eastbourne, England, September 12, 1895. An older brother was George Gill Stearns, '09, who enlisted, September, 1914, in the Canadian Army; a younger, Richard Sprague Stearns, Jr., '20.

William Stearns made his preparation for college at Noble and Greenough's School in Boston, and entered Harvard with the Class of 1917. He joined the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, and Fox Clubs. In his sophomore year he was a member of the University Rifle Team, of which he was captain in his junior and senior years. In the summer vacation of his sophomore year, 1915, he attended the Plattsburg camp.

Promptly upon the entrance of the United States into the war, he enlisted as a private, first class, in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, and in May, 1917, began his training in the ground school at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. On July 10, he was transferred to Mineola, New York; on August 11, he qualified as a Reserve Military Aviator, and was detailed to the ground school at Kelly Field, Texas. He sailed for France, November 1, and was detailed first to the Third Aviation Instruction Centre at Issoudun, and later to the Bombing School, Seventh Aviation Instruction Centre, at Clermont-Ferrand. In January he received his commission as first lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, and was appointed instructor at the Clermont-Ferrand school. Here he met his death in an airplane accident, May 25, 1918.

Such are the bare facts of Stearns's military record. The following passage from a letter written by a fellow-aviator, Captain Walker M. Ellis, of the Princeton Class of 1915, who spent the academic years of 1915-17 at the Harvard

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Law School, and took the Harvard degree of LL.B. in 1919, provides the personal detail which will recall the man himself, and relates the manner of his untimely death.

I knew him first at Ground School, where we were both in the first Squadron at Boston Tech, and was immediately attracted to him by his quiet reserve, his evident breeding, and the fact, which his every action indicated, of his being an altogether charming *gentleman*. . . .

He, as you know, went to Mineola, and I to France. Some-time near the end of November he passed through Tours, where I was still under training, but he stayed only a day and proceeded to Issoudun for his advanced training on Nieuports. December found me at Clermont as officer in charge of training, and I believe it was about the end of February that Bill arrived to take the bombing course. He went through the course in about six weeks, and did exceptionally well. Everyone liked him — how could they help it? I remember him so well in his flying clothes. The helmet accentuated his naturally fine profile, and he really was a stunning thing to look at. His shapely, curly head — I can see it now.

Coming home from a cross-country trip one day, his motor stopped just a short distance from the field, and he made a most difficult and most beautiful forced landing in a tiny field. The ship was entirely unhurt, and after the wrecking crew had rolled it into another field whence it was possible to take off, he insisted on flying it back to the home aerodrome himself, which he did. The whole episode showed such ability, judgment, and spirit that I determined to hold him at Clermont as an instructor, though much against his personal wishes. He was, as were all of us, mad to get to the front. I remember thinking at the time how pleased his mother would be, for while there is bound to be a certain amount of danger in flying, one is generally considered disgustingly safe in school work compared to the front.

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Though he did n't like it, he accepted his assignment cheerfully and did splendidly as an instructor. Almost all of the students we received were boys with lots of flying time, but who had never flown the Breguet machine which was used at Clermont; and a part of his job was as double-control instructor on this machine. I can promise you that he had a very happy time with us. We had a small but awfully congenial crowd of twelve or fourteen boys on the instruction staff. All of us knew all phases of the work, and no one had any fixed job. We worked in any capacity in which we were needed. Bill would be doing double-control one day, and the next might be in charge of a cross-country class, assigning ships to the various crews, seeing that they got off all right, and checking them on their return. We soon grew to have absolute confidence in him. He was above all things reliable. He never did any spectacular flying, but every movement in the air was perfect, and he knew what he was doing every instant of the time.

Meanwhile, there were little dinner parties in Clermont once or twice a week, and sometimes a more pretentious week-end staged at Royat, a little watering-town in the mountains nearby — or at Vichy, perhaps, some twenty miles distant. Bill had his share of the good times, but always with that same quiet reserve — even in hilarity. . . .

Then Spencer Brainard, who was our chief pilot, went to Tours for a week or ten days. He had charge of testing all planes which had been repaired and of reassigning them for flying. It was the most important position in the school, and Bill was put in to fill his place during his absence. There are two types of Breguet machines — one with a Renault motor, of which we had only ten, and which are much more powerful than those mounted with a Fiat motor, which were what we used in training. Bill went up on Friday in one of the Renault machines, and, delighted with the excess power, he did some beautiful but rather hazardous flying. I think it made him just a bit overconfident. The next day there were two or three

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Fiat which had just come from the repair shop and were ready for testing. Regular school flying stopped between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. I went to town for lunch with a visiting officer. On our way out we saw a bad wreck lying in one of the fields just about half a mile from the school. I knew it could only be Bill, as he alone was in a position authorizing him to fly between ten and three. We ran over, hoping against hope that nothing fatal had happened, but got there just as they were lifting him from the wreckage. He was killed instantly,—a broken piece of the fuselage penetrated the brain just behind his right ear. It is just as well that it happened so, for his other injuries were so universal and serious that he could not possibly have lived more than an hour or two — as was the case of the poor mechanic with him.

It seems that he had taken up one of the Fiats for testing, and had flown much as he did the day before in the Renault. I think he overjudged its power to pull itself out of awkward positions. The immediate cause of the trouble was a vertical bank at about 2,000 feet, during which the nose of the machine fell, which resulted in a tail-spin, or *vrille*, as the French call them. No one had ever spun one of these ships, and the only conclusion we could arrive at was that once in a tail-spin, it was impossible to get them out, for he had plenty of altitude and from an inspection of the plane it was evident that he had not lost his head for an instant. He had cut his switch, turned off his gasoline, and closed his throttle — exactly the proper things to have done in such an emergency. Those who saw the fall say that the ship made several turns in the spin, but at no time gave any evidence of coming out of it. It struck the ground head on and at terrific speed.

No other accident ever did or will affect me as that one did — and I have seen a great many. He was such a dear boy! and he represented the very best in young American manhood. One does n't realize until one gets into the army how few charming people there are in the world. I had made it a rule after

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any accident to fly immediately myself just for the moral effect on the students, and the hardest thing I have ever had to do was that flight after leaving him at the little camp hospital.

We draped his casket in American flags, and an officers' guard of honor was with him from the moment of his death until he was buried Sunday afternoon at four o'clock on the side of an old hill some five miles from camp. There were many beautiful flowers, but the ones that pleased me most were innumerable little posies of spring blossoms, gathered and brought by the kind old peasants of the neighborhood. The services were absolutely simple, and for that reason beautiful. The six officers most intimate with him, including myself, carried him, and the whole personnel of the school did him honor. . . .

He has become part of the greatest tradition the world has known since Christ, of the highest, most glorious comradeship of spirits that ever foregathered in youth. I am reminded of a question of Stevenson's — "Does not life go down with better grace in full foam over the cataract, than straggling to an end in sandy deltas?" Bill went down just that way. He gave his life with a fine, free gesture in the hot flush of youthful idealism — whence spring all noble thoughts and pregnant visions.

I have known so many, many boys who have gone that way. Do you know that of the ten from that first Squadron who went immediately to France only three of us are left, and only ten of the original twenty-three who were at Tech together?



HENRY WARE CLARKE

CLASS OF 1916

HERE is an anecdote of Henry Clarke's boyhood which has a bearing upon his adult character. It is told that his mother, in the interest of the bodily safety of the small boys of the neighborhood, once forbade their sliding down the front steps of the Clarkes' house. Her son came in and told her that the boys had been calling her names. "I

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hope you stood up for me, Henry," she said. "Yes," he replied, "I stood up for you, but I did n't say anything." Carrying the spirit of this speech into the war, he represented the best type of American soldier.

He was born in Chicago, November 19, 1893, the son of Charles Atherton Clarke and Georgiana (Whiting) Clarke, who have lived in Newton, Massachusetts, since this son was two years old. The grandfather, Henry Ware Clarke, for whom he was named, was the son of the Rev. Robert Clarke, a Unitarian minister of Princeton and Uxbridge, Massachusetts, who named his only son for his friend and colleague, Henry Ware (Harvard, 1812). The first American Clarke of his family, Robert Clarke, settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1725. His mother's first American ancestor, the Rev. Samuel Whiting, came in 1636 to the Massachusetts town which in 1630 was incorporated as Saugus, but in 1687, in compliment to the new minister, from Lynn in England, was re-named Lynn. Through many later generations, the Whiting family lived in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Henry Clarke attended the grammar and high schools of Newton, and, for one term, the Stone School, in Boston. He entered college with the Class of 1916, and in due course, though showing a special interest in the study of literature and theology, took the degree of Bachelor of Science. In the Memorial Report of his class one of his friends has written of him: "His quiet, frank, and pleasant manner with his quaint humor made him a charming friend and companion. These traits that made him a favorite among his circle of college friends, together with a strong sense of duty, high ideals, and steadfast courage,

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made him a leader who won the respect and affection of the men and officers of his command." Again the youth foretold the man.

In the summer of his graduation he attended the Business Men's Training Camp at Plattsburg, and in the autumn went into business with his father in the Universal Boring Machine Company at Hudson, Massachusetts. Here he showed ability and aptitude, but when the United States entered the war, he volunteered for the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, where he was attached to the New England Regiment, first in the 11th, then in the 2d Company. On August 15 he received his commission as second lieutenant, O. R. C., infantry. Volunteering immediately for service overseas, he was one of the first nineteen Reserve Officers chosen for this duty, and, sailing early in September, reached France before the month was out.

On October 10, Clarke was assigned to the British Army for a few weeks of training at a bayonet school, where he also received instruction in Swedish gymnastics. This took him into the forward area near Lens. In one of his letters home he wrote:

Have been here a week now and am having a fine time. The food is very good and the work is interesting. The only thing wrong is the cold, and you get used to that. We work all day in running suits, shoes, and puttees. When it is very cold, we wear sweaters, but that does n't help your knees. We have had visits from a lot of generals, among them one of our own. One English general gave us a talk which was very interesting. He started in the war as a company commander and he told us some funny stories of his experiences. One time his company was doing some hard fighting in the vicinity of a canal. He got a

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telegram from Brigade Headquarters asking if he could assign any reason for the sudden fall in the level of the canal. As he was busy thinking of other things, he replied that he could only attribute it to the extraordinary thirst of the fishes.

When this experience was ended he wrote, November 4:

The British gave us a trip up to the front line. I was in the front line five days, and in all that time got only ten hours' sleep. When we all reassembled, everybody told all the exciting things that had happened. The fellow who could tell the biggest lie was the best man. I did my best, but was soon out-classed.

In November he was assigned to the 16th Infantry, First Division, A. E. F., and to this unit of the Regular Army he belonged until he was killed. Early in November he served in the first line trenches at Lunéville. On November 28, at Joire, he was appointed assistant judge advocate by Major General Sibert, and in March and April of 1918 took a course in machine gunnery at an American machine gun school in France. His letters through all this period, broken by a seven-days leave at Évian-les-Bains, where his sister was serving as nurses' aide in the children's hospital, picture a happy, hard-working existence, in a manner quite innocent of heroics. In February he wrote: "The censor has at last allowed us to write home that we are in the line, which you probably knew long ago. It is not half so bad as it is cracked up to be. Sometimes, if you have an ambitious striker and get a good dug-out, you live like a prince. The only trouble is they do all their fighting at night. This is one place where I find my college education a blessing. Please keep on sending magazines, also cigarettes. Don't worry

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about mail — any I don't get somebody else will." And on February 26: "Have read all the books Helen sent with much interest. She wanted to know what kind to send. Sentimental novels are the best; the more sentimental the better. This is not only my opinion, but everybody's else." From the gunnery school he writes of a "fellow from Yale" in whose company he took much pleasure. Passages from three letters in the last month of his life are illuminating:

May 12, 1918.

Spring is certainly with us now, in France. The trees are out, the country is green, and it is warm. Everybody is much happier now, even with the German offensive. We have baseball games, play quoits, etc., and have a pretty good time — that is, we do now, for we are back. We had a pretty interesting time today. A French bombing plane came over the town we were in, and it showed signs of having engine trouble. That was all right, but all of a sudden it dropped a bomb which landed fairly close. That rather made us doubt its identity, and so when it landed in a nearby field, we hot-footed it over, half expecting to capture a couple of Boches. The aviators were French, however, and had dropped the bombs because they didn't want them hanging on the machine in case they made a poor landing. We had a good look at the plane and the machine guns, which, of course, were interesting to us. Did I tell you that I had two days in Paris on the way back from school? Paris one day and the trenches the next was what really happened to us; and they were some trenches, but we are out of them now.

The Germans are taking a lot of punishment now. Some of them are feeling pretty sick. The Americans have n't had a picnic in this sector, but it's not as bad as we expected. You don't read about us in the newspapers, but we are in the real sector where there is action. Others get the notoriety, but the Regular Army is still on the job.

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May 16, 1918.

Today is Mother's Day, and I celebrated by collecting beau-coup mail that has accumulated for me. At present, I am in a large woodcutting detail. We are cutting stakes for wire entanglements. It is pretty interesting because we are located back in a wood that is filled with artillery. Living here for a few days shows you what is going on behind the lines. The most interesting part of the war in many ways is the work of transportation. And it is dangerous. At night the German artillery opens up on the roads leading to the front and to the dumps. Over these roads the ration and ammunition wagons have to go, and it's no fun. You can't blame mule drivers for swearing when you see what they have to go through. We had some fun today with a couple of officers we had down to see us. There is an ammunition dump a couple of hundred yards from our camp, and the German howitzers are working on it pretty steady. You can hear the shells coming, and they make a frightful noise. After the first one came over, we had to send a searching party out to find our friends. We are used to it — and have great confidence in the accuracy of the Boche gunners.

There is a persistent rumor around that the 1st Division is going home soon. They even say that there is a sign on the Statue of Liberty saying, "Welcome home, 1st Division." I am used to rumors now, however.

May 26, 1918.

The weather is hot over here now, and we have had no rain for ten days. This is such a remarkable drought that some of the wells are drying up. I got a whole sack full of mail yesterday, some of which was meant to have reached me on Christmas.

We are billeted in the smallest town I have every been in. It is composed of three farms. Nevertheless, it has a name, and is on the map. It is a good place to be because the German bombing planes pass it up and go after the more pretentious burgs. We lie in our tent at night, and hear them going by, and pretty soon the bombs begin to drop on all sides. The place is

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shy of good billets, but we don't complain, although lately we have been disturbed by having bullets intended for the planes dropping around us. We moved our tent under a brick wall so now all is well.

On May 28, two days after writing the letter just quoted, he was killed during the first counter attack of the Germans after the American capture of Cantigny. An eye-witness of his death, Lieutenant Joseph Connor, reported: "He was commanding a platoon of machine guns, and putting on indirect fire during the attack, and he had not been firing more than three minutes when a Boeche 155 shell exploded near him. The shrapnel shattered his knee, and one piece went through his head just above the eye. He was killed instantly, and there was a smile on his face when we carried him out."

Clarke was buried at Bonvilliers, near Cantigny. On December 23, 1921, his body was reinterred at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge. The official recognition of his valor was expressed in the following citation:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION

General Orders No. 1. January 1, 1920.

The Division Commander

cites for gallantry in action

and especially meritorious services

2d Lieutenant Henry W. Clarke, M. G. Co., 16th Inf.

who was killed in action

near Cantigny, France, May 28, 1918.

By command of

Major General SUMMERALL.

His fellow-officers wrote of him to his father as their "beloved friend and comrade." One of them, the "fellow

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from Yale" to whom allusion has already been made, was himself killed in action on October 9, 1918. Three months before his death he wrote to Clarke's sister:

July 9, 1918.

MY DEAR MISS CLARKE:

Your brother was the first officer whom I met when I joined the Company last December. I was assigned to his billet, and well remember that night. I had spent two sleepless nights on a train that barely crept along, and it was very cold, as the windows in the compartments had all been broken.

When I arrived at the little village where the Company was billeted, I was pretty tired and despondent, but I was surely lucky in having your brother for a room-mate. He did everything that he could possibly do to make me comfortable and at home. Since then, we were together almost constantly, and I cannot begin to tell you how many good times we had together. He was the very best kind of a friend a man could have. Many a night we sat before an open fire, smoking our pipes and talking until it was far into the night. And what discussions and arguments we used to have. One night it would be religion, and on another literature, or we would argue mightily on sociology. It used to be a regular Harvard-Yale debate; and Harvard would generally win, though, of course, Yale seldom acknowledged it.

Late in April, we received orders to go to a machine gun school, and there had bunks opposite each other. The machine gun work came very easily to Henry, but I was always in trouble, and if it had not been for him, I would never have gotten through the course. He was always only too ready and willing to help me out, though I was forever pestering him with questions. In the afternoons, just after school had finished for the day, we used to walk down to a village where we often had supper. We were both very fond of omelet, jelly, and chocolate, and that became an institution with us, though when we had but recently cashed our pay vouchers we had more elaborate repasts. When

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the more than welcome boxes came from home, we always shared each other's, whether it was cigars, magazines, or candy.

Never have I met with a more even, frank, and generous disposition than your brother's. He never became ruffled or impatient, and was at all times kind and considerate of others. Officers and men loved and respected him alike. Perhaps I knew him as well if not better than anyone in the Company, and so I know how very fortunate I was to have been his friend. . . .

Most sincerely,

STANLEY YOUNG.



GEORGE GUEST HAYDOCK

CLASS OF 1916

WHEN Haydock had been less than two months in France he wrote home to his mother: "I am afraid thee may think from this letter that I am trying to pretend that I am a fire-eater, but as a matter of fact I am just as peace-loving as ever and will be more than thankful to get home at the first opportunity. It is rotten business, but I hope before this you have gotten into the same frame of mind I have, and let nothing worry you." These are typical words of the "fighting Quaker" — one who, having conquered an inborn repugnance to war, through coming to see that by its means evil worse than itself must be destroyed, can throw himself into it with all the greater force. Such a soldier was George Guest Haydock.

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He was born, of Quaker ancestry, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, September 15, 1894, the son of Robert Roger Haydock and Annie Louise (Heywood) Haydock, now of Milton, Massachusetts. He received his earlier schooling at the Friends' School in Germantown, and in the autumn of 1909 entered Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts, from which he graduated in 1912. There, besides playing on the football and baseball teams, he entered heartily into the various interests of the place, and greatly endeared himself both to masters and to boys.

At Harvard, from which he graduated with the Class of 1916, he devoted himself with special interest to studies in English. In athletics he made an excellent record as a member of his freshman track team, and of the Varsity track team in his junior and senior years. At the Yale-Harvard meet of 1916, he tied for first place in the pole vault at 12 feet, 6 inches — a fitting achievement for the boy of whom a Philadelphia friend wrote in reminiscence, after his death, to his parents: "I can't think of your house without George practising pole-vaults in front of the stable for hours at a time, very patiently and very determinedly, and all by himself." In his senior year also he entered a four-months' competition in field events, and at the end of it came out the winner of three cups, for broad jump, high jump, and pole-vault, the largest number awarded to any individual. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Varsity, Hasty Pudding, Iroquois, and Fly Clubs, of the last of which he was president in 1915–16.

Through the Harvard Regiment he received his first military training. In the summer of his graduation, 1916,

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he attended the 6th Training Camp at Plattsburg, and in the autumn entered Sutton's Mills, a woollen factory of The Russell Company, at North Andover, Massachusetts. Beginning as a "picker" he worked through several departments of the mills, until there was need of him in the office. Of the impression he made upon his associates during this brief experience there is a record in *The Russell Company Bulletin* for August, 1918: "Throughout the Mill, he was well-known, and much liked by the employees with whom he came in contact, and in the office, where his training and ability were especially appreciated, he was looked upon as a hard worker and a student of the business, and was loved as a true friend. He was a man of reserved and quiet nature, and one whom we looked forward to having with us again at the termination of the war."

When the United States joined the Allies, he resigned his position with The Russell Company and enlisted in the Army at Boston, April 28, 1917, and on May 11 went to the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. Here he was enrolled in Company 6 of the First Provisional Training Regiment, and on August 15 received his commission as first lieutenant, infantry, O. R. C. On August 29 he reported at Hoboken, New Jersey, for overseas service, and on September 8 sailed, unattached, for England on the *Orduna*. Landing at Liverpool, proceeding to Southampton, he reached Havre, September 26, and after a few days at a rest camp was ordered to the Infantry School of the Fifth British Army at Toulencourt, near Amiens, for a month's training, at the end of which he had a brief tour in the first-line trenches at the British front north of Quesnoy and east of Peronne. On November 14

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he reported at Treveray, in the Gondrecourt training area of the A. E. F., and was assigned as first lieutenant to L Company, 28th Infantry, 2d Brigade, 1st Division. With this unit he remained until his death.

Haydock's many letters to his family mingled the serious and the light-hearted in characteristic fashion. As he neared England he wrote, September 22: "The coast of Ireland is splendid, all covered with harps and shamrocks, just as I always thought it would be." In a letter from a Harvard comrade (W. O. P. Morgan, '18) there is a typical glimpse of him on his way to the British training school at Tountencourt. "I remember in particular," wrote this friend, "one large switch-yard where we stopped for the afternoon and had our first game of soccer with the English officers. I remember so well standing on the platform with George and seeing a battalion of 'Tommies' leave for 'the front,' the mysterious place which neither of us could imagine in vaguest detail; to hear them singing and joking was beyond us. I thought of our rather shocked sensations at that time when the following May I heard George's regiment hilariously singing on their way up to Cantigny, the first Americans to attack." With the British, Haydock learned, among other things, to accustom himself to the personal ministrations of a servant. "I now have a very sporty cane," he wrote, October 10, "and a long, white cigarette holder, so when I wear my 'Sam Browne,' which is now beautifully polished by my 'fellow,' I am some candy kid. Think of me with a servant!" Again on October 21 he wrote:

It is queer how everything here seems perfectly natural, when as a matter of fact it is totally different from anything I

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have ever done before: we just follow along with the crowd and think nothing about it. I live in a school room, and sleep on a bed with chicken wire for a spring; the only hot water I get is a mugful for shaving, which my servant heats up for me. I am afraid he will spoil me. He gets everything ready for me in the morning and then wakes me up; he always knows just what clothes I will need and tells me just how cold it is, but I think I can judge that better than he can. When I come out from breakfast, Thorpe is waiting with my equipment, and helps me put it on; quite a change from working in the picker room in the mill at Andover. I pay him twenty francs a month, about \$3.50 now, and he thinks it is a "cushy" job. Every British officer has a servant as part of his equipment, and they follow him wherever he goes; when he goes over his servant goes with him and acts as runner. They claim a servant is indispensable, and I am beginning to think they are right, though it does n't seem to fit exactly with American ideas.

But the hard work he was doing interested him as much as the social customs of the British Army — including tea and dinners graphically described — and when his course was over, he wrote, November 16, two days after joining the 28th Infantry:

From the time I left the school until I arrived here I had several new and rather thrilling experiences. We were sent for four days to the English front and enjoyed a few new sensations which I think made quite an impression on our young and uninitiated brains. To get to the lines we passed through miles and miles of war-wasted country that is like nothing on earth; it looks as though there had been an earthquake there. We saw towns where there was not a single building with a roof or more than two walls, and in many cases not even that: they had been the battle-ground of some of the hardest fighting in history, and only the main streets had been cleaned up. When we got

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to the lines, we were received with open arms, and I think the English were really glad to see us, because, as they said, it must have been a relief to them to see someone to whom the war was new. I spent three nights in the front lines, and although it was in what they call a quiet sector, there were quite enough shells, etc., flying around to suit one, considering that it was my first time under fire. It was a strange sensation, but did not frighten me in the least; but it was a bit hard to realize what it all meant. It is a most peculiar sort of life, really two days in each twenty-four hours. It was pretty quiet through the day, unless the Hun had a mind to do a little strafing, which he usually did in the morning. The Major would find out where the show was going on, and then we would go a different way. We would go the rounds in the morning, sleep in the afternoon, go in again after dark, and to bed at two or three. The lines are a wonderful sight at night, as there are veri lights going up about once a minute, and they make a blinding light. If you are in an exposed position when one goes up, you simply stand motionless until it burns out; otherwise you thank him for keeping you from going through a hole in the duck-boards and up to your knees in mud. At one place we were only seventy yards from the Boche line, and it was damned exciting trying to find a patrol that they thought was out. I did not have my clothes off for five days, all but one of which were rainy, and had only my slicker and a borrowed blanket to sleep in forty feet underground, with rats and cooties providing the entertainment; so it felt very good to get back to a bath and my bed-roll.

From November to March, Haydock's regiment had the training of intensive drill and manoeuvres at Treveray, St. Amand, Gondrecourt, and other places. Early in March, under the tactical command of the French, it entered the front line of the Toul sector, for defensive work at Seicheprey, and served, in support and reserve,

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for a month. In Haydock's letters the various aspects of his life at this time are clearly reflected. The following passages are typical:

December 7.

I don't remember just when I wrote last, but I will try and tell you some of the things we have been doing in the last rather strenuous week. On Monday we spent the day hiking around the country, but did not prove very much except to get pretty tired. Just as I was getting into bed an orderly came around with an order saying that first call would be at 3.30 A.M., and that at 4.30 the regiment would move out to receive General Pershing at a place [Gondrecourt] a good, healthy fifteen miles away; that we would wear overcoats, packs, tin hats, etc., and otherwise disguise ourselves as Christmas trees. My opinion of the General immediately dropped considerably, but there was nothing for it but to climb out and hike. It was a very cold morning and snowing pretty hard, but we made almost ten miles before daylight, and then had to stand around an hour and freeze; we then polished off the other five miles and waited an hour and a half more, during which time we were informed that it was the first time since General Sheridan's time that an American regiment at full war strength had been reviewed by a sure-enough general, and that on the whole the 28th was pretty hot stuff; but we were sure that 3.30 in the morning was pretty *cold* stuff to make up for it. When we got there, we lined up on either side of the street, and pretty soon along came Generals Pershing and Bliss, Lord Northcliffe, Colonel House and several other dignitaries; the regiment stood at present arms and the officers at salute for at least fifteen minutes, while they walked through and gave us the "once-over": by the time they got down to me I was far more interested in the weight in tons of my right arm than in the appearance of the reviewing party, although I did look at them out of the corner of my eye. The best thing about the whole party was they brought us home in trucks.

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Wednesday I had to lecture to my platoon for four hours and keep them interested and warm on a very cold day; it was a good deal of a strain, but I lived through it and kept them fairly interested by getting off every wild tale I had ever heard. Again we got orders for 3.30 A.M. and started on manoeuvres for three days, each day beginning at three-thirty and ending about three in the afternoon. Of course our Company got the most work to do. Each day we would hike from ten to fifteen miles and take up a position; we had to run up and down every hill in sight, and they are numerous and steep. It was the first time I had to handle the men alone, and, after being liberally cussed out, learned a great deal. I am afraid I am naturally too polite to be a soldier; it is not in me to bawl men out the way it should be done; but I learned a lot through rather bitter experience, and am getting a little more brass. I am glad tomorrow is a holiday because they did their best to walk the legs off us and keep us working most of the night and day, but we are all good and tough now.

I had a party arranged for Lou [his sister] for the 15th, but I hear now that all leaves are cancelled, so I shall have to call it off for a while: we seem to work in bad luck in getting together. My mail is coming through better now. It is a *bonne* war. Love and Happy New Year.

December 23.

Here it has gotten around to Sunday again without my having a chance to write. We have, as usual, had a very busy week, ending up with divisional manoeuvres in open warfare. The first part of the week was taken up with the usual routine drill and two pretty long hikes on slippery roads. The plan was to have us go out Friday, Saturday, and Sunday on the big manoeuvre, but it worked out slightly differently. To begin with I might mention that the climate is much the same as that of New England; at present everything is frozen up tight, and we have had enough snow in the last week to make the ground white. Friday we packed up our bed-rolls and packs, and pre-

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pared for what might come. Not desiring to lug any more than necessary, I put most of the things I thought I would want in my bed-roll, which goes on the wagon. Our battalion was held in reserve to defend this town, and the result was that we stood from nine in the morning until six at night, ready to move at a moment's notice. It was very cold standing in the wind and doing nothing, beside which we got very little to eat save for a little bouillon. At six our Company was informed that we would out-guard our brigade (two regiments) for the night. That came as a blow, as I had visions of sleeping in my billet. We had a few minutes to get an egg and piece of ham for supper, and were then shown what part of the world we had to cover. I was given about fifty men to cover approximately three miles on the extreme right flank, and we were told that a brigade of the enemy had been advancing on us and were occupying the next town; so we had to keep our eyes open, and at about seven o'clock I started out over the hills with my men. We had four outposts about half a mile apart and connected by visiting patrols: the ones on either end were near enough shacks to take advantage of them and build fires that could not be seen; the other two, however, were in the open and could not have fires. I had to have my headquarters in the centre, as we were covering such a large area, and so was out of luck. By about nine we were established, and I began to think of how I was to spend the night. We were on a high ridge with the coldest wind I have ever known blowing about thirty miles an hour straight on us.

As I had expected to get my bed-roll, my pack contained one blanket, a towel, a shelter half and my iron ration. The thermometer must have been about 20° , but it felt much colder. I found a place where some grass was sticking up through the snow, and told the men with me (about fifteen) they could settle there or in a clump of woods near by. I chose the grass, opened up my pack, and to start with was fairly warm, as I had walked about five miles to get the sentries posted. It was a beautiful,

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clear, moonlight night, and I smoked my pipe to try to kid myself to sleep; and just as I was dozing off the Captain came around to see my disposition of the troops, and after he left I slept for about an hour and woke up half frozen; so did the rounds to inspect the outposts and sat by a fire until I was thawed out. I did this all night at about two-hour intervals, and managed to sleep a little between times. At eight-thirty in the morning, having had no breakfast, I was told to prepare to act as rear-guard for the brigade when they came through and in the meantime to cook what we could from our iron ration. A few minutes later the head of the column started to come through, so we had to hurry to get anything to eat. We managed to fry a few pieces of bacon and eat some hard-tack, and were ready to join on the tail, which came through at nine-thirty. During the night we captured eight enemy cavalry patrols, but aside from that all was quiet. We formed the rear point and marched till noon, when the main body halted and had a few minutes to get a bite to eat before they went into action. We were just far enough behind to close in on them in time to take our position in the line and move forward with the attack which went nearly five miles through woods, over hills and streams and anything that happened to be in the way. It developed into a pursuit, so we had to keep going ahead just as fast as we could hike, till about four, when in all we had gone about ten miles. The General then decided we had won a decisive victory (I never saw the enemy), and that we could go home and have today off. We came straight back in, arriving here about seven-thirty, not having halted long enough to take our packs off since nine-thirty in the morning, having been up most of the night before, and with nothing inside us but three slices of bacon and one box of hard-tack. I sure was glad to see my bed, and rolled into it as soon as I got some beans to line my stomach with. The men went through it all without growling as much as they do during an ordinary drill, and I think in all we made a pretty creditable showing. I have been eating

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and sleeping ever since we got back and feel fine, but am mighty glad we did not have another day of it. Our Company had the hardest jobs to do, and were the only ones to spend the night in the open; they always seem to pick on us.

It is very hard to believe that Christmas is so near, and I have n't had a chance to get the spirit yet. It makes me mighty homesick to think of the carols in Boston. Thee said thee guessed a quiet life would never appeal to me, but as soon as I strike home it will take more than dynamite to move me, and that is no joke: a quiet life never seemed so attractive as it does to all of us here now. We all feel the same way, and when I come home I am coming to stay, and not even the charms of North Andover will drag me away.

We are going to have a Christmas party for the orphan kids, and that with a big dinner (without beans), combined with the fact that we have no drill, makes it seem like Christmas.

Christmas Day, 1917.

This is indeed a unique Christmas for me, the first one I have not been with you, but in spite of everything we have managed to make it seem quite different from the routine days. Yesterday one of the other officers and I got talking of where we were a year ago, etc., and decided that it would not be Christmas without stockings, so we agreed to fill each other's, and after supper started out to do our shopping. We went around to the different little stores in the town and bought some sticks of bad candy, nuts, mandarins, and such little things, and managed to get quite excited doing it. The bells rang last night, but of course there were no chimes, and no singing that I could hear; this little town is very poor, not even having an organ in the church. I slept late this morning, and woke to find that it had snowed some more and was a real, white Christmas. In my stocking I found some smoking tobacco, tooth-powder, nuts, chocolate, chewing gum, cigarette papers, and in the toe as always, a mandarin. . . .

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I have just been up to the Christmas party given for the kids at the Y. M. C. A., where all less than twelve years old were invited, and they all turned up with their families. The hut was very nicely fixed up, a great big Christmas tree filling one end, and the rest decorated with streamers, paper flags, and anything that could be gotten to add an air of festivity. The tree was covered with toys and lit up with candles, and there was a great pile of things under it. M. le Maire was present, all dressed up like an Easter egg, and as he read the name each child stepped forward and was given a toy, some candy, and nuts. The kids' eyes were fairly popping out of their heads, and they were very cute as they retired laden down with rocking horses, dolls, or some kind of game. The men enjoyed it as much as anyone, and I guess it was a better Christmas party than most of the youngsters had ever seen before. There was also a little entertainment chiefly provided by a one-lunged piano.

Our eighty year old landlord has just been in, dressed in his Sunday best, and was much pleased to find our room a little warm and cheered up by the fact that if he lived long enough he might inherit the stove for which we paid the large sum of forty francs.

January 10, 1918.

And still the war goes on. There is not much to write about unless I tell you of the funeral I managed yesterday. There was a man of our Company who died on the last manoeuvres from too much drink, we think, and I was elected to bury him. I was given a large motor truck, a fatigue squad, and a firing squad, and told to bury him in some indefinitely located cemetery. I started out with what paraphernalia I could get together, and our first stop was for the Chaplain — whom I found, much to my relief, as I fully expected to have to deliver the funeral oration myself. We then proceeded on our way and found the cemetery, where it was very cold and snowing hard, and of course the ground was frozen and difficult to dig; but after about four hours we were ready, and the Chaplain read the service while

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we all nearly froze and the firing squad were so cold that I was afraid they would shoot me by mistake. But we finally did get through without any mishap, though it took all day to do it.

Today I spent four hours in the morning and two in the afternoon lecturing to my platoon in a cold, dark billet, and believe me it was a strain both for the men and for me. If I have to do it again tomorrow, I think I shall have to read the Bible to them.

I have had several [Christmas] boxes, also a big bunch of October and November letters and some pictures, which are quite the best things I have gotten. It is the most wonderful thing in the world to get letters, and I have been reading and re-reading them ever since they came. Do keep it up. Well, "*bon soir*," it is almost seven-thirty, and I must get to bed before my candle burns out; it is my last. Lots and lots of love.

February 3.

I have just gotten a new job, and am now assistant fire-chief of the town, and we had a fire drill the other day that was a perfect scream. L Company is billeted near the fire station, so we are the company to man the engine in case of fire. The building in which the engine is quartered has three doors, one marked "Mairie," the next "École," and the third "Pompe et Incendie"; and it is the last we are chiefly interested in. We decided to have a drill, so after some difficulty managed to get into the fire-house, which was inhabited by a large number of rabbits, making added complications because their boxes were arranged so as to make it almost impossible to get the engine out; also we realized that if any of them got away we would have to pay huge sums of money, so when I put my section through drill I detailed one man to fix bayonets and allow no rabbit to escape, and that was his entire job. The next thing was to get the engine out. It is an old hand pump made in 1852, mounted on a two-wheeled cart to be pulled by six men

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whom I got, together with one man for each bucket to form behind, push, and be generally useful.

After getting organized, we decided there was a fire down the street, so we started lickety-split, everyone yelling and the men waving the buckets over their heads. It was a regular picnic for them, and the entire French population turned out to watch. The hose is made of leather, riveted together, and about one hundred feet long; the piece that runs from the pump to the water is about twenty feet long and provided with a basket to prevent its sucking up mud, etc. When we got to the place we slid the pump off the truck, and simulated putting it into the water. At this moment M. le Maire arrived on the scene in a state of great excitement, saying that it was no fair having fires in the winter because the engine would freeze; and in fact we found when we started to work the pump that it was already frozen. There is no doubt that the department is efficient and up to date; but there are several drawbacks, one of which is that there is only one stream running through the town, beside which there is no other water; so if there is a fire, the building must be moved without delay to a point within one hundred feet of the stream. The sentinel guarding the rabbits was the cause of some priceless remarks by the men.

February 4.

We have been doing some camouflaging, and my platoon won the "brown derby," so I have decided I am some landscape gardener. An Irishman who used to be a gardener did most of the work, and then borrowed twenty francs from me. They are a funny crowd; I have loaned out over three hundred francs to men in the Company and none of them have more than twenty. As soon as pay-day comes around, they pay it back, and then about a week later borrow some more.

I will write again as soon as I can, so don't fret. It's a queer game, but we all must play it and pretend we like it. Take things as they come, and they usually come much better.

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That's what is going to win for us, and the better we do our own little jobs, the sooner the whole business will be over.

In February there were happy meetings, with his sister on leave from her Y. M. C. A. work in France, and with friends. Before the end of the month he wrote:

[St. AMAND]
February 28.

Last night I received three Sunday Heralds, which took me home for a while; it seemed very natural to read about what everybody was doing, how the war was going on, and all that sort of thing, though there seems to be an awful lot of talk about the way they are running things. It is a very nice sensation to see a paper you are familiar with, after the various assortments of one sheet half-English, half-French affairs we get here. From all accounts you must be having a very hard winter, and are not much better off than we are. We have plenty of food, even though some of it might not appeal to an epicure. Some of the articles in the paper hit the dope pretty straight as to what we are doing, while others are of course perfectly fantastic.

Just after I started this letter I was informed that I had to go on as Officer of the Day, which is rather a bore, for it is now part of the O. D.'s job to verify prisoners every two hours during the night. The O. D. can do with them as he sees fit, so their lives are not worth much; I have just had them out digging trenches in the rain for two hours, and they are getting off easier than usual at that. I have just finished reading "Victory" in spare time; it is a great story and a pleasant change for one's imagination.

The old lady in whose house we are now living is a lonely soul if ever I saw one. She is very tidy and thrifty, and tonight I was sitting by her fire and noticed something on either side of the chimney. Investigation showed that she had hung hams up there to dry and smoke; rather different from Swift's way of doing, but it seems to get good results. She has a hard life

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these days, for she lives in a room between ours and the street. She goes to bed (after putting on a night-cap and taking off her slippers) under two large feather beds at about eight, and from that time on there is a continuous tramp back and forth, until about eleven and starting again about five-thirty, orderlies, strikers, and ourselves. It never seems to worry her in the slightest, though, and she sleeps until about nine. The sandman is on the job for fair. *Cheerio.*

March 17.¹

It has been some time since I have had a chance to write, but we are taking life pretty easy now. My experiences recently have been of a very new and interesting sort, but it is perfectly true that even were I allowed it would be almost impossible to describe them. Our men were splendid, and always kept keen and cheerful even under somewhat trying conditions. It is pretty hard to ask a man to be on the alert for fourteen hours, standing in mud, and then get him to do any work in the day-time. It is a good deal of a strain being on the job twenty-four hours out of the day, but that is all made up for now, when we can sleep to our heart's content. We had some bombardments, which are indeed very noisy things and make you move around with a crook in your back, or else hang on to the front of the trench as if you expected it to get away from you. One very nasty one lasted about two hours, and then stopped very suddenly; there was a few minutes of silence that seemed noisier than when the guns were going, and then, just as the sun started to come up, the birds began to sing as though nothing had happened, and it made you feel that everything was all right. The weather has been wonderful, and it makes me want to get out and play golf.

This afternoon I was standing out in front of my billet enjoying the sunshine, when a big whale of a private came up to me,

¹ Written at Mandres when the Company came back into reserve after its first tour in the front line before Seicheprey, with Haydock's platoon in the Bois de Carré.

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and said, "Sir, may I have permission to speak to the Lieutenant?" It was Wallie Trumbull,¹ who had enlisted in an artillery outfit near here! It was fine to see him, and we had a good chat.

There were lots of rats up where we were, and their moving around got a rise out of me. There had been a rumor that someone was in our line, and I had gone to investigate. My runner was right behind me, and we were pussyfooting down a communicating trench when we heard a splash which made us stop and listen. I had my gun cocked, and started to snoop around a corner when I heard another splash, and then a little one, like a person putting his foot back to catch his balance. We crouched down and waited for about five minutes for another move; we both felt pretty sure it was a rat, but were not taking chances. It turned out that the first noise was a rat, and also the second; the third was made by my stepping on a long-handled shovel, which had made the noise several feet away. We were on the edge of what had once been a wood; but shell fire had left nothing but stumps, and in the early hours of the morning these said stumps had a habit of walking around and forming up in line in a most astonishing way; in fact, we even had to go so far as to shoot a couple of them.

Well, keep the good spirit up and write often.

March 31.²

Three letters arrived this Easter morning, and did much to make the day seem a little different from the others. The blessing of this war is the amount of work; it does not give you a chance to think about much else, and there is a good deal of satisfaction to seeing things done and in knowing you are holding a part of the line, small and unimportant as it may be.

One's ideas of luxury do change: today, for instance, instead of getting dressed up in top-hat and cutaway and going to

¹ Walter H. Trumbull, Jr., a schoolmate at Middlesex, a college mate at Harvard ('15), and business mate with The Russell Company.

² Written from the support position in front of Beaumont and behind Seicheprey.

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church as I did a year ago, I washed my face in rainwater, slopped out through the rain, and bossed a working party. I think I shall see some of that part of the world that I got familiar with last fall, only under a little different circumstances this time. I have just slept twenty-one hours and had a swell turkey dinner that made me want to sleep twenty-one more. It might interest you to know that this month I have had my clothes off twice long enough to take a bath, and can see no prospect of ever getting them off again. The other night, during a little excitement, some M. G.'s were on the job, and for the first time I had the experience of hitting the dirt by reflex action; the first thing I knew I was flat on my face in a mud puddle, which in itself is proof that I did not do it consciously, for I was wet the rest of the night.

April 4.¹

We have been having a rather strenuous but interesting time, something like what you see pictures of and read about, only the magazines have cut a good deal of the stuff that is the chief cause of comment for all of us here; our chief questions are:—How much further? — when do we eat? — will we get a chance to sleep?

This is a wonderful country when the sun shines, especially at this time of year when things are just beginning to come out a little. We live on what we carry, so you can imagine what that is. I have to smile when I think of the kicking I have done about loads carried in the past, yet there is a fascination to the whole thing that I have never experienced before, and yet it is surprising how much it all seems like manoeuvres. I wish I could describe the doings of the last week to you, as they have been most enlightening, but I shall have to depend on my memory after I get home. It is a big time, but thank God it has started, for it may end sometime now. By the time this reaches you, you will probably have read of our doings, as only the American papers can describe them. We have the regimental band and

¹ Written from Bois l'Evêque, a cantonment near Toul.

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colors for the first time in a good many weeks, and both seem to help put us on our toes. The *esprit* in our company has always been very good, and now it is noticeable both for regiment and division; the men are certainly a splendid lot, and get better with time.

Speaking of time, when this letter reaches thee I will have about finished my first year in the army and be entitled to wear a gold chevron on my lower left sleeve for six months' service in the advanced zone; does n't that seem queer? me with a service stripe and still a rookie? At present scraping mud off clothes with a tin French pen-knife takes more of our thought than what kind of gold braid we will wear. We Americans cannot compete with either the French or English on the clothes question: we dress just about the same as the men, carry the same and more junk on our backs, and are just as dirty; we sometimes try to be the other way, but cannot stand it for long. All hands are optimistic and think there is a chance of getting home before 1950; last winter we thought it was a permanent state over here.

At the beginning of April, the regiment was withdrawn to Toul for rest. On the 13th the whole First Division was mobilized for offensive action in Picardy, and gradually went forward to the trenches before Cantigny. It was during this march, according to a friend and fellow-officer of Haydock's, Lieutenant R. A. Newhall,¹ that "General Pershing [on April 16, at Chaumont-en-Vexin] assembled all the officers of the First Division, and told them that they were about to enter a campaign of real fighting, and that it was up to them to set the pace for the American

¹ Richard Ager Newhall, A.M. '14, Ph.D. '17; Instructor and Tutor in the Department of History, Government, and Economics, 1915-17, 1918-19; wounded at Cantigny, and for forty-eight hours left helpless in a shell-hole during the heavy bombardment of the attack and counter-attack.

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Army." After eight days in the front line, the 28th Infantry, which had been picked to open the attack in this first American offensive of the war was retired to Maisonneuve-Tuilerie for practice of the assault and a brief rest. During these weeks Haydock, as he found opportunity, wrote letters, from which the following passages are taken:

April 24.¹

It has been a long time since I last wrote, but the mails have not been going out, and there is not much that I can say. The weather has continued to be fine, and we are all feeling fit and full of "pep" as a result. Today has been one to be marked in history for me, — I had a bath! not just the kind I would have taken at home, to be sure, but it answered the purpose very well. I have not been inhabited, but the men are having a bad time, and are using this opportunity to boil their clothes.

I had a chance not long ago to get into a fairly good-sized town [Beauvais], and of course took advantage of it, getting a ride on a "Y" truck. I went with my intellectual friend,² and he really is doing a good bit to educate me; history is his specialty, and as he has been to many of these places before he knows all about them and what has happened there as well as the date. It has made all the difference to me to have someone to play around with. We saw all of the sights and then decided to go in quest of tea. On inquiring, we were informed that the "Smith College Unit" would not only feed us, but that we would be entertained by charming American girls; so around we went, and were smoked and fed and talked at a mile a minute. They are a Red Cross unit and had a red-hot story to tell. They gave us a lot of news we were glad to get, and we even went so far as to take two of them out to dinner; and altogether we had a most enjoyable time. You can say what you

¹ Written from Vélennes, where the Company stopped for about a week in the course of the march northward to Caudigny.

² Lieutenant Newhall.

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like about this being no place for women; perhaps in many ways it is not, but I know one thing for sure, and that is that we are all darn glad to see them, and seldom pass up a chance to talk to them, even if it is only to say hello. There is a noticeable "*camaraderie*" among all the people in this country who can speak English; it goes all the way from a British Tommy to a cross red nurse, and is one of the things I should like to see survive the war, but of course it won't. When you are continually surrounded by French, anyone who can "*parler*" so you can understand them is a long-lost friend.

I wish thee could see some of the things I have been seeing, not all, to be sure, but there are some wonderful old houses and gardens, and landscapes that make me feel as though I were in a dream. It's a queer world and a crazy war, but everybody seems to have a pretty good time in spite of it, so cheerio.

[VELENNES]
April 28.

Here it is Sunday again; I would not have known it, but somebody told me, and the church-bells are ringing. It is a gloomy sort of a day, the kind that makes one want to stay in bed; if at home, I should be wondering whether to take a chance on getting wet and play golf, or just to loaf around and do nothing. One advantage of being in the Army is that you do not have to decide which fifteen you will play with, as they nearly always decide for you that you will be with the other fifteen. You can't stop to argue, all you can do is to cuss. The Army is certainly a funny animal. We breeze along the road, come to a perfectly innocent little town where we are to stay, and then a mighty interesting metamorphosis takes place. For instance: I locate my non-com who has gone ahead, and he shows me where my platoon is to be billeted. It is a typical farm-yard in the town; that is, you go in from the street through a large door and find yourself in a quadrangle which is the barnyard; the front side is the house, the back the barn, and to the right and left chicken-houses, rabbit-pens, hay in sheds, etc., while in

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the centre is a charming pool of green slime, and next to this the well. The platoon halts while I investigate; on the door is written "40 men" and I find a pile of straw in the barn, so all is "jake." The men come in with a rush and scatter to the four winds to get the best bunk; ten minutes later they are all settled and looking the place over as if they owned it. They have to chase the ducks and chickens out of their billets, and sometimes said poultry gets in the way and there is a casualty; result: claim, interpreter, much talking with the hands and loud cries, ending up by my having to get 20,000 francs from the platoon to pay for one old hen. Soon after the men get settled, it is decided to have the rolling kitchen there; so in it comes, looking like a primitive fire-engine, with its various wagons. They are pushed into place, and line begins to form for chow, and if all goes well they are getting it in an hour after we arrive. As a rule it is stew or slum, and what the men call "deep sea," which if thee saw thee would know why, but we sure do put it away. We have all learned a lot of things and the result is a very marked improvement and more comfort for all concerned.

I have had a chance to read some magazines, and note with interest the appearance of stories of the "American front"; they are very amusing, but not nearly as funny as the newspaper accounts of our doings. I am beginning to believe that Professor Channing, of Cambridge, has the right idea when he puts a *not* before all things recorded in history. I am afraid I lack the imagination necessary to make a real story out of some of the things I have seen.

[MAISONCELLE]
May 5.

Sunday again, and rest this time. Passage of time means nothing now; a week goes by before it starts. I have just been looking over a *Literary Digest* of March 23d and saw in it a soldier defined as a man who has an "insatiable desire to go anywhere else," and if this is true, I think most of us are pretty good soldiers. It's funny, no matter where we are, we wish we

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were somewhere else; if at the front, we want to get back to rest, and *vice versa*, but I have been less restless here than in most places, perhaps because I have a bed to sleep on.

I am now in charge of our officers' mess, which consists in trying to find something to eat besides the issue, which is not often possible, though now and then we are able to get a few eggs and vegetables, but the place is pretty well cleaned out of everybody but soldiers. We were to have late breakfast today, and Newhall and I on going to bed decided that they would surely pull an "alert" or something else, just to get us out. Sure enough, soon after we were in bed we heard a scurry in the street, the call to arms, and then the usual rustle to get things right quickly. It is a form of drill that always amuses me, and is something like what my old idea of war was like, — running around in the dark, getting out ammunition, rations, etc., and then dropping into place. It adds to the interest not to know whether it is drill or not.

[MAISONCELLE]

May 12.

Yesterday I celebrated my first anniversary in the Army by going into a good-sized town and taking a bath, and the trip was a little variety and most enjoyable. I started out with the captain, and walked a mile or so to a nearby town on the main road, and lay in wait for a ride; of course all traffic was going the wrong way, and it began to look as though we might get fooled; but presently a real car came steaming along with a couple of Frenchmen in it and looking as though there was room for two more, so I shouted "B——?" at them, much as the little muckers shout "Extra ticket, mister?" outside the Stadium. The car hauled up though, so we got in and rode to our destination in real style, a most enjoyable ride, though it made me a bit dizzy to see the landscape go by so fast. On arrival, my first objective was a dry-goods store, and I found one about like Jimmy Jones', and then tried to convey the idea to an old woman that I wanted some underclothes. It did n't

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get by at all, however, and the words were not in my little dictionary; but then I found Jimmy himself, who after a little scouting found some in a box, and we got along splendidly.

The next, or second, objective (in terms of French warfare) was the bath-house. I crashed around and told the old woman I desired a bath. She gave me a look, and said "oui" — very intelligent at times, these French. She then gave me a card with "12" on it, and told me to sit down; after waiting awhile I grew a bit restless, so she showed me into the courtyard, and told me to look at the fountain and the pretty flowers. Finally my turn came, and I bought towels and soap, and was shown to my compartment in which was a large tin bath-tub full of hot water. I got aboard, and afterwards, in my newly-purchased clothes, felt like a prince.

It is a wonderful feeling to get where there are other people than those in the Army. I had tea at a nice hotel, and amused myself by watching the crowd. Then, after a good dinner, came the problem of getting back some thirty odd kilos, before our passes ran out. We got a flivver ambulance, A. R. C., with donor's name on outside, and started back. Of course it had to get running on one lung, and we stopped several times for repairs; but it carried us more than half way, after which we picked up with a R. C. truck that took us almost in.

The April number of the *Atlantic* came yesterday, and was most welcome. We haven't yet gotten over the idea that because we are at war we must always be just as uncomfortable as we can, do things in the least sensible way, and never act naturally. I think we are beginning to get nearer rock bottom, though, and do what has to be done in the quickest and best way, and then rest when we get through. They give us gold service stripes, as if the wearing of them proved that we were soldiers. I enclose mine, but will not wear one until I have done a little more than chase Indians.

This is "Mother's Day," and I am writing "Mother's Letter" on the envelope because they say it will go faster, but don't

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think that I have to have a special day set aside to think of thee.

Two days before Haydock's death, when his regiment had completed its practice for the attack at Cantigny, he wrote:

May 26.¹

Everything "jake" and back for a bit of a rest away from the everlasting racket. Things are very different this time. These long days and short nights make a big difference in the war. We had wonderful, clear days, but very hot about noon; the nights were cool and also very bright, which, I may state, added considerable interest. All the time it was light we would crawl into our holes, sleep and try not to be bored; I was reduced to reading Shakespeare and racing beetles for amusement. At night we were, of course, very busy with so many things to be done and so few hours to do them in; also Fritz got very rude at times and would interrupt us.

I think the most exciting thing I have done so far was getting the chow in. It was brought to a certain place at a certain time, and we carried it in. The first night I was shown a spot on the map and told to take the carrying party there; I had never been over the route, but took a compass bearing and went to it. The country was much the same as that around Middlesex, and we had to go about as far as from the School to Concord, across country and avoiding certain shelled areas such as corners of woods, little valleys, etc. If we got lost or did n't get through, we were out of luck for twenty-four hours, and so were many others; but we did get through, and got the chow in every time, although the returning party was on several occasions smaller. I was pretty lucky every time I went. We would be going along perfectly peacefully, listening to the nightingales, when all of a sudden there would be a whizz and a bang (we were usually

¹ Written from Maisonneuve after the return of the battalion from the trenches before Cantigny to practise the attack which took place on May 28.

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on our stomachs by the time the bang came), and we would see flashes all along a certain place, and would thereupon decide that that was an unhealthy spot and carefully avoid it. It's a great game, trying to outguess Fritz. He tries to get our habits and routes, and we try to get his; we find he shells a certain place at a certain time pretty regularly, so we avoid that place. We went slightly different routes and at slightly different times, trying to keep one jump ahead of him. You get up out of the shelled area and then you have the M. G.'s to dodge; they are nasty, because you have no warning. It's a long pull to the front line, and, as the communicating trench is being worked on, you must go over the top all the way. You break up into small parties, and use all the cover you can find, and have no trouble making the men keep quiet or do what you tell them; you get down, come back, check up on your party, and heave a sigh of relief. I thought at first we would all come back hump-backs, but we soon learned the different noises and got over wasting energy; but as divers all my platoon go in Class A. It is astonishing how quickly one can discover and get into a small hole or ditch when occasion demands. I have seen my entire platoon, self included, disappear off the face of the earth in a plowed field, and in less time than it takes to tell. We also had some practical experience in food conservation, and I washed, shaved, and drank quite comfortably out of one canteen of water in twenty-four hours. It is encouraging, for I think we may learn to be soldiers in spite of ourselves.

Lots of funny things happen, for instance: When we were making a relief at rather a ticklish time, we were moving along the edge of a very pretty little wood on a wonderful, clear, moonlight night, and just as we were getting where we could breathe more freely, a nightingale, the first one I had ever heard, began to sing for all he was worth, as if to tell us there was nothing to worry about. I used to pass that place nearly every night and hear him, and it made me feel as though we were sure enough a bunch of fools.

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We got here after a long, hard, all-night pull, and were greeted by a hot meal, which is a luxury in itself, and a big batch of mail with letters from all the family and Aunt Sally. I read them all, and then turned in for a wonderful all-day sleep, then hot supper and an all-night sleep; so things are not nearly as bad as they might be. The last hitch taught me a lot about human nature, and my conclusions are that the average mortal is a pretty good umbrie, and that the bad eggs are not as numerous as I had often supposed.

This is an awful lot of talk, but never mind, I had a good time writing it. Don't take it seriously; 'tis n't worth while, and it's much more fun not to.

On the night of May 27–28, the 28th Infantry took its place in the trenches for the attack on Cantigny; and at 6.45 in the morning of the 28th went over the top. Haydock was in command of the 1st platoon, which had reached the first line of the German position and was clearing out a trench when he was shot and instantly killed while trying to place and silence a machine gun that was interrupting the progress of the operation. To Haydock's regiment alone the cost of the demonstration at Cantigny that the American Army had entered the fight to good purpose was a loss of 17 officers and 304 men killed, 33 officers and 728 men wounded, and 12 men missing. For its behavior in that engagement it was cited in Orders November 24, 1918, by Marshal Pétain and decorated with the green shoulder loop of "*La Fourragère*."

Haydock was buried where he fell. At a later day his body was found and removed to the American cemetery at Villers-Tournelle, near Cantigny. The official recognition of his service took the following form:

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CITATION

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
June 15, 1918.

GENERAL ORDER No. 26.

The Division Commander cites the following officers and men of the 28th Infantry for conspicuous gallantry in connection with the capture and defense of Cantigny, May 27–31st, 1918:

First Lieutenant George G. Haydock, U. S. R., 28th Infantry, displayed qualities of coolness and gallantry which inspired his whole platoon; he was killed while attempting, almost single-handed, to take a machine gun.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL BULLARD
H. K. LOUGHRY
Major, F. A., N. A.
Division Adjutant.

From soldiers under his command came many expressions of the admiration and affection in which he was held. "Lieutenant Haydock," wrote one of them, "was the most popular officer in our company. The men in our platoon would do anything in the world for him. Many times while in the trenches he has shared his tobacco with enlisted men who were not quite as lucky in getting a supply. I have even known of his taking off his last pair of dry socks and giving them to one of the men who had gotten his feet wet." Another member of his platoon has written:

Lieutenant Haydock was assigned to Co. L, 28th Infantry, after our landing in France. At St. Amand he joined us. He was an excellent drillmaster, and also an excellent man. He was considered one of the best bayonet experts in the A. E. F. I was in his platoon from the time he joined the company until

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his death. I went into the trenches with him, March 7, in the Toul sector. It was at this place that he won the highest respect of every man in the platoon which he commanded, it being the first. In this sector it was very trying, owing to the winter and the severe weather and the long nights, almost unendurable.

Lieutenant Haydock never asked a man to do a thing or take a chance that he would n't do or take himself. But when the machine guns were in action against us, he would hold his hand above the parapet, and if they were not near enough to hit his hand, he would rise up and look into "No Man's Land." He never became excited, but was always calm. After five days and nights of this hardship we were relieved with less casualties than the other three platoons. He became popular throughout the entire company, and from that time on was looked upon as a fearless man.

From this sector we went to Cantigny, took the town and held it. As we were advancing on the morning of May 28th, we came to a halt. The lieutenant walked from one end of the platoon to the other, cautioning repeatedly, "Men, keep lower for your own sakes." They replied, "Lieutenant, you keep low. They will get you." The last words he spoke were, "They can't kill me." He was hit by a machine-gun bullet, and died instantly. He was buried that night close to where he fell.

The friends he made in school, college, business, and the Army spoke, in a cloud of witnesses, for the deep impression his life had made upon them.

One of them, Henry Gilman Nichols, a classmate in college, endowed in his memory a bed in the American Hospital at Neuilly for the duration of the war. A brief passage from a letter written by another friend at Harvard, who was also a comrade overseas, provides the words which may speak for them all:

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Never in all my experiences with officers have I met such a wonderful personality and disposition as George had; no matter what the conditions were, he was everlastingly cheerful, always the most congenial, and always the most appreciated man we ever had. No situation ever got the best of him, and there was never a situation that he would n't laugh at; this last is the greatest thing I can say in the life we led. His remarkable sense of humor not only pulled him through all those weeks but pulled everyone else through who came in contact with him. A sense of humor under those conditions is far more than a literal translation of the words; it means the greatest possible amount of perseverance, nerve, loyalty, and ability. It means a big mind with a broad outlook.



GEORGE BUCHANAN REDWOOD

CLASS OF 1910

ON ARMISTICE SUNDAY, November 9, 1919, in the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Baltimore, Maryland, a tablet was dedicated to the memory of Lieutenant George Buchanan Redwood. The final words of its inscription, "A Crusader Blameless and Without Fear," may well be placed at the forefront of any attempt to present the

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character and record of the man it commemorates. With these words should be joined a few others, from an editorial that appeared in the Baltimore *Sun*, when the news of his death was received: "At thirty he has passed away with a record which few men twice his age can equal. And the record is peculiarly beautiful, inspiring, and touching, even to this day when heroism has become a commonplace of daily life. It appeals to us especially not merely because he died in battle, not merely because he showed a courage that never flinched, but because there was behind and in it all the rare spirit of knighthood at its best, of a loving and lofty self-sacrifice that made this war to him almost a sacrament, and made peril in a great cause almost a religious rite."

George Redwood was born in Baltimore, September 30, 1888, the elder of the two sons of the late Francis Tazewell Redwood, a stock broker of that city, and Mary Buchanan (Coale) Redwood. He was prepared for college at the Baltimore Country School for Boys. One of his schoolmates there, a friend from childhood, and afterwards a classmate at Harvard, has recalled, to Redwood's mother, the interchange of nursery visits between the two boys: "I preferred visiting at your house, because George had such wonderful soldiers, forts, etc. How striking to look back and realize that all his early interest was in soldiers! He was the only boy I ever knew whose main interest was almost *exclusively* warfare." Commenting upon Redwood's military interest, his friend, J. G. D. Paul (Harvard, '08), has more recently written:

This preoccupation was, to be sure, only a manifestation of the fundamental elements of Redwood's character, which, in

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their blending, seemed to so many of his friends a fitter expression of the spirit of the crusading Middle Ages than of the day in which we live. Unflinching moral and physical courage were his; a truthfulness knowing no compromise; an indifference to the material standards of school, college, and the larger world verging on asceticism; a completely democratic nature which unlocked to him the freedom of unconventionality. Taking into account the intensity of his nature, this last might have led him far afield had it not been for the ever-present restraint of his religion and his high sense of honor.

A classmate in college, the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, Jr., wrote, after Redwood's death, a letter in which the following paragraphs show him quite manifestly as he was in his undergraduate days:

George was as fine and noble a man as it has been my privilege to know. Not in the conventional and proper way, the negative way, the way in which so many of us succeed because we know it is expected of us, but in the bottom-of-the-soul, "because I will" kind of way. He was scared of nothing, neither the devil or God; and he served God because he chose to. . . . He just simply preferred what was decent and noble. . . . His natural and instinctive tastes were for chivalry, and honor and right. Some of us acquire such tastes, but he must have been born with them.

For a few months in the autumn of 1910, after graduating from Harvard, spending the summer abroad, studying German and attending the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Redwood worked in a broker's office in Baltimore. He then became a reporter on the *Baltimore News*, with which he remained until November, 1912. Ill health forced him to give up this position, and to spend the winter of 1912-13 at Asheville, North Carolina. While

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there he was confirmed a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. This step was not a matter of mere outward form, but sealed and testified to a spirit of devotion which characterized, to a degree quite remarkable, his intrinsic relation to life. After passing the following summer abroad and the winter of 1913-14 in study at Baltimore, he became connected, in the spring of 1914, with an advertising firm of that city. Early in 1917 he rejoined the staff of the *Baltimore News*, and took up a work which gave abundant nourishment to his keen sense of humor and to his fondness for eccentric types of human nature.

In his work as a newspaper man he displayed unusual qualities of intelligence and energy. "Those who were associated with him when he was on the reportorial staff of the *News*," wrote a city editor of that journal, "know that there was nothing too hard for him to tackle; no duty he was too proud to perform; no hours too long for him to work; no personal pleasure or consideration he would not sacrifice to his business, and nothing at which he aimed that he did not attain, and attain in the shortest possible time, with the greatest thoroughness and success."

Through all these years Redwood was a close student of warfare. In the summer of 1910 he had learned all that he could about the German army and military system. Through the Balkan wars he had shown a keen interest in the strategy and tactics employed against the Turks. When the general war came to Europe it was only out of deference to his obligations at home that he abandoned his own desire to enlist in the Canadian Army or join the French Foreign Legion. Feeling that the United States

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must one day bear its part in the struggle, he attended the Plattsburg camp in 1915, after having thrown himself heartily into the local movement which resulted in the contribution of eighty Maryland men to the membership of that encampment. Again in 1916 he went to Plattsburg, and, when the camp of that summer ended, received the commission of second lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the Army. Thus he was already a reserve officer when April, 1917, came, and as such was ordered, early in May, to the training camp at Fort Myer. On the completion of his term of instruction there, he was commissioned, August 15, first lieutenant of infantry in the Regular Army, and ordered overseas. He sailed from New York, September 7. The opportunity for service and heroic action, which he had restlessly sought, had come to him at last.

Before leaving the United States, Redwood knew that he was to be assigned to the British Fourth Army School for Scouting, Sniping, and Observation. Twenty officers from the various training camps in the United States were chosen to receive the instruction of this school. Redwood kept a diary while he was there, and at the end of the course made the characteristically modest entry, "Exams today, mark 100." The next highest mark was 93. In February, 1918, he was assigned to Company I, 28th Infantry, and appointed an intelligence officer. In this capacity there was abundant opportunity for him to contribute to the successful work of his regiment and of the First Division, of which it formed a part. Early in 1918 the Division took over a sector of the battle line northeast of Toul, and the 28th Infantry was in active combat with

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the enemy until the Division was relieved on April 4. A week before this time Redwood distinguished himself by the special act of valor soon to be related. Before and after March 28, he wrote, chiefly to his mother, many letters—terse and non-committal even beyond the requirements of military censorship. The following passages contrive to suggest something of his experiences and of the spirit in which he met them:

Saturday, October 6, 1917.

This afternoon, when our lessons were over, I walked to another town near here to get a haircut, and I was an object of great curiosity wherever I passed. If a full grown hippopotamus had walked down the street, it would hardly have caused more excitement. There was always a shout of "American," and heads popped out of doors and windows right and left. They always recognize us by our felt hats, which are different from anything in either the French or British armies, with the exception of the hats worn by some of the British Colonials, and they are creased fore and aft instead of peaked.

Saturday, October 13.

I attended a service in a little French country church when a number of children were receiving their first communion. The ceremony was quaint and picturesque, though I could understand not so very much more than at the Russian service in New York. The choir was composed of three elderly peasants who sat in the rear of the church and just behind my pew. They wore knee-length smocks, startlingly like nightshirts, over their ordinary clothes, and one had a queer yellow cope as well. Two sang and the third played a prodigious brass horn and spat on the floor with noisy fervor by turns. I should n't make fun of them, though: the little church was well filled and the congregation devout and attentive. After the service the children marched forth. Two white-clad girls led, carrying staffs, one

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decked with gold and white, the other with gold and red tinsel. The acolytes bore lighted candles. Then came the rank and file of the newly confirmed children, six peasant lads of different ages, wearing wreaths of white flowers about their close-cropped, bullet heads, and an equal number of girls in white dresses and veils. In the rear marched a portly priest in robes and behind him the three weather-beaten sons of Orpheus in their robes (*de nuit*) also.

Sunday, October 14.

I omitted to mention a wonderful major domo who kept order during the service and marched at the head of the procession. He wore a much bedizened coat, epaulettes, cocked hat, wide shoulder belt with a little sword and carried a big staff.

This morning I have read the gospel and epistle and the lessons, took a walk, and have been putting into shape some of my notes.

December 2, 1917.

I was very much amused indeed at the first page display of the *News* regarding the American troops going up to the trenches. I read that florid piece of literature aloud to my roommate, Lieutenant Morrison, and we almost laughed ourselves speechless. The copy reader who wrote the headlines was certainly imaginative, particularly in writing of the "Big 75" which sent a "great shell" ! ! ! A 75 is only a 75, and *can't* be big, nor *can* its shell be *possibly* more than 75 millimetres in diameter. It is the French equivalent of our old, common or field variety of 3-inch gun; the usual one that you always used to see in our mobile artillery. After reading that I feel like telling you how I went to the target range some time ago, "drew my enormous automatic pistol and sent its colossal bullet hurtling through atmosphere to make a prodigious gaping hole in the target!"

Sunday, December 16.

You really must n't trouble to send along any more "eats" after you get this. I don't mean that I don't enjoy them, but

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from various causes I judge it is hardly a good proposition. I believe I mentioned in my last letter (which will probably reach you about Christmas) that we get all the sugar we want here, while I understand that you are on an allowance back in the States. Also we can buy extras in the way of canned goods, block sweet chocolate of various makes, malted milk, Oxo bouillon tablets, etc., at the Y. M. C. A. and at the Commissary. We can and do get more than is good for us, I suppose, and I have several times made unkept resolutions (and one week actually made one I kept) to limit myself for various periods to what was provided in our company mess. . . .

Officers must certify their letters also and go over the men's. I have read some very amusing ones from enlisted men to people at home, a few pathetic and many intensely human. One forms a good opinion of the stamp of men we have from what they write, be their grammar and spelling never so crude. They are earnest, steady fellows for the most part, and they have been making allotments to mothers, wives, and sweethearts, insuring their lives and buying Liberty bonds in a way that ought to make civilians in the States sit up and take notice.

These comments on the enlisted man, sympathetic as they are, give little idea of the remarkable understanding and affection existing between Redwood and his subordinates. In a democratic army like the American Expeditionary Forces, the problem of winning the personal loyalty of the men in the ranks without doing violence to the canons of military etiquette and discipline was one which many officers found difficult in the extreme. To Redwood's complete success in solving it many of his soldiers have testified in words that are as touching as they are sincere. A young American woman, serving in France with the Red Cross, wrote to his mother shortly after the attack at Cantigny where Redwood met his death:

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I find we have men here in the hospital who knew George well and who say such beautiful things of him that I thought you might like to hear them.

Private Schlossen, who was in his company, said he saw him continually in the last action and heard him spoken of in the highest praise by the men in his section. . . . You should have seen his face light up when he spoke of George. He said he was the bravest man and the finest officer they had ever known. From first to last he had been the most wonderful example to his men, and they all adored him.

My other patient, Samuel Ervin, said he knew George well, as he had been in the same company and had gone over the top with him. He also said he was one of the finest men he had ever known, and that his men would do anything for him. He said before going into action he always knelt down to pray; he was like a person inspired; he did not know what fear was.

Another Red Cross nurse, working in the barracks at Pontanezen, was talking with some members of a casual company made up of men from nearly every branch of the service. "A private, Gailband of the 28th Infantry," she wrote her brother in Baltimore, "had been giving me information about four or five men of his company when suddenly his eye lit up at the name of Lieutenant Redwood. He grew quite excited and began talking so fast about him that I had to stop him in order to get what he had said written down. . . . It was really fine to hear him talk. Often the men, in giving details, will say 'He was a good officer,' but they don't often show much enthusiasm."

Enthusiasm is certainly not lacking in Gailband's long eulogy, which he concludes, in his own picturesque way, with as handsome a tribute as an American private could

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well pay his officer: "He had an awful fine reputation in that outfit, the best reputation I ever heard a man get. He was never one of these sporty guys, — he stuck around with his men. You never would have known the difference between us, except he wore the Sam Browne belt. I would like to have his mother's address."

If any further explanation of this devoted admiration were needed, it might be found in a letter written from France by Private Lee Thompson to his mother in Baltimore:

"There is a boy here named Ballou," he says, "from Gloversville, N. Y., who knew George Redwood well. . . . Every man had a good word for him, and he was not like an officer but more like a friend to them all. He would give away everything he had to make the men more comfortable, and actually was walking around in old shoes that no one else would wear, having given his own to some soldier."

Of all this quiet self-sacrifice, there is not a hint in Redwood's own letters. On Christmas Day, 1917, he wrote his mother:

You are possibly at the morning service now, for I think it is about noon at home. There must be an elaborate service at Mount Calvary, and they are carrying in the procession the cross and three or four banners including that with the picture of my friend, Saint George, on it. I went to a service in the French church here. The church was n't heated, of course, so all the congregation kept on their wraps. There was a mixture of French women in black cloaks, men in various clothes and soldiers in horizon blue, — and our own men in olive drab. A nice looking French captain of infantry sat in the pew in front of me, a middle-aged man with an intelligent, though rather

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lined and brown, face and a touch of gray in his black moustache. Beside me sat three old peasant women, wrinkled, weather-beaten and devout. I saw in the prayerbook of the one nearest me "*Au commencement était la Verbe*," the same as our own Gospel for Christmas Day: "In the beginning was the Word," which I was reading in the little Prayerbook you gave me.

As for Christmas Dinner, Uncle Sam remembered us as well, if not better than he did on Thanksgiving. We had hot turkey and stuffing, corn, potatoes, string beans and peas, with apple pie, chocolate-iced cake, apples and walnuts for dessert, with coffee to drink. All in our officers' mess ate as much as they could, and we are going to have the debris with another apple pie for supper.

After dinner we sat around a little while, then at three o'clock went to the Y. M. C. A. cantonment, where there was a Christmas tree. There was a movement made some time ago to get all the soldiers to give one franc each and the officers five francs each to provide for the little French children living in the localities where our troops are quartered. It was a splendid success. I don't know just how it was managed in the different organizations, but our battalion gave as a unit and the affair was run by a Lieutenant Naibert of our company. The whole front of the Y. M. C. A. hall was crowded with the children and their escorts, all grinning from ear to ear, and behind them was a solid mass of American soldiers. Lieutenant Naibert did the talking in English, and the local M. le Maire explained and addressed in French. All the needy children got shoes, and besides that all got toys, nuts, candy, etc. M. le Maire had a list duly numbered, and each present was marked with the name of the recipient.

"38, Marie Celestine Yvette Leclerc," would read M. le Maire, and M. C. Y. L. would go up and get a doll or a box of paints.

"39, Jean Joseph Martin Leclerc." And Marie's small brother would receive a large dapple-gray wooden horse, or perhaps a trumpet. There was a great number of these trum-

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pets given out, and I expect we shall hear some weird bugle calls at times other than prescribed during the next few days.

The ceremony concluded with three "*Vires*" given by M. le Maire: one for "*M. le Lieutenant Naibert*," one for "*Les États-Unis*," and one for the "*troisième bataillon, vingt-huitième régiment d'infanterie*."

The children were all pleased to death. It was pleasant, and and in a way touching, too, to see them. One realized that such events did not happen often in their lives.¹

January 15, 1918.

I wish I could tell you more of our life here than the facts that we are well and weather (usually) is bad. We have had hardly anything but rain — that is, until it changed to snow, and today it has switched back to rain. It is amusing how savagely the enlisted men write home what they would do if they "could only get that guy who called this country Sunny France." Poor fellows! If they came expecting perennial blue skies and a semi-tropical atmosphere, they have been rudely enough undeceived by the last few months. They're always cheerful, however, and in the main are a fine steady lot of young fellows.

January 20, 1918.

I have been reading "*A Student in Arms*," 2d, in short installments each evening before I go to sleep, and was amused to see the markings in the chapter "*Don't Worry*." Strange to say I have been feeling utterly careless and irresponsible for some time, and it was just as I was beginning to be smitten with the fact that I ought to take things more seriously that I struck the "*Don't Worry*." I think Hankey's idea is the right one so long as one is conscious of trying to do one's best and sticking at one's work. I regret to say, however, that I have not put in the time that I should in studying my profession of late, and I must get busy. The weather is much better now, the sun out,

¹ See *ante*, p. 125, for an account of the same celebration by Redwood's fellow-officer of the 28th, Haydock.

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the snow gone, and the mud fast drying. Everyone is beginning to feel more industrious and energetic now that less time is put in in keeping warm.

February 3.

Manoeuvring, exercises, drills, and work of one kind and another, as well as censoring letters and making inspections keep us pretty well occupied. It was certainly nice of you to want to send me something, but really I hardly know of anything I need. Books and papers are, of course, very welcome by the Y. M. C. A etc., which runs small circulating libraries where officers and enlisted men can get books for occasional reading. In the kit of an individual there is little room, usually, for reading matter, which tends to be either mislaid or destroyed. Hence those who have time for reading are in a bad way if they can't get something from a Y. M. C. A. hut. I was amused to hear one officer who had had a school assignment at a town "somewhere else in France" say with great emphasis when he came back to our command, "And you know the Y. M. C. A. there had *real books* to read, and *they were n't war books either!*!" It made me think of the old sailor who told the clergyman that was to preach at a Seaman's Mission "Please sir, for the love o' Heaven don't talk about ships!"

Those little libraries mean a great deal, I think. For some time our "Y" was without one, but now we have quite a fair collection. There are few things, I suppose, that recall home to a man much more than the books and papers of the United States. It is difficult to advise you just how to help directly, but from what I see I think anything you do for or send to the "Y" won't be amiss. It and our regimental chaplains are the greatest helps I believe we have.

In a letter of March 7, Redwood sent his mother specific instructions for the application of tithes from his income to religious and beneficent purposes. On St. Patrick's Day he wrote to a warlike cousin:

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My, but you are blood-thirsty! Is that the way the suffrage affects you? Please note, ma'am, that I am not in the habit of toting a bayonet about, but am armed only with an automatic pistol for self-defense. I have never yet had occasion to shoot even that in earnest, and for all I know, I never may. Well, since you have such feelings, here is a scrap of German uniform on which I think by careful scrutiny I have detected GERMAN BLOOD! (but sh! suppose it were only *vin rouge* or red ink!) You had best spill on more to get the proper effect, and possibly a little white enamel judiciously worked in might be palmed off on the unsuspecting as GERMAN BRAINS!!!

Love to all at home,

Your now plump cousin,

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Two days later he wrote to his friend, Stephen B. Luce (Harvard, '09):

I wish I could write more about what we see and do over here, but, as you know, that is forbidden. Of course we every now and then have comical meetings with people we knew before, at training camps, etc., or those who know those that we know. You're out of luck indeed if you can't find some acquaintance in common or bond of union with almost everyone you meet. This life is a remarkable one, what I have seen of it, and if narrowing intellectually is certainly broadening humanly. That is, in many ways, for it has an unfortunate tendency (at least I feel it) of making anyone inclined to be selfish, three times more so than ever before. This seems rather hard to explain with what I said above, but it is so. It brings out what is in people so that everything is abominably visible to all. But enough — *Pereat Borussia et Philosophia!*

Well, *pax robiscum*, or rather *bellum robiscum*, if you wish it.

There is little or nothing in these letters to indicate the importance of the work Redwood was doing through all

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this period. In one exploit, on the night of March 28-29, he brought into notable play the qualities which gave him his special value as an intelligence officer. On Easter Sunday, March 31, he writes to his mother:

I am going to enclose another shoulder strap of the 259th German Reserve Infantry Regiment. It came from the blouse of a prisoner. Keep it and if I can, later on, I will tell you something rather amusing in connection with it. By the way, too, if you ever happen to see in the *New York Times*, or any other illustrated paper, a picture showing four Germans guarded by four American soldiers, the latter looking most amazingly tough with clubs in their hands and their faces blackened like negro minstrels, please cut it out and keep it. Don't spend any time looking for it, but if you should see such a picture anywhere about the same time you get this letter, save it.

With this casual mention, Redwood dismisses the episode. Two years later, however, Private Edward V. Armstrong, one of the thirty-two men under Redwood's leadership in the Intelligence Department, gives a clearer idea of what happened that black night at Seicheprey, and at the same time brings out, with all the force of simple words, the dominant part played in the critical moments of Redwood's life by his religion. Writing to Redwood's mother on Easter Sunday, 1919, Armstrong says:

Today brings to my mind a little incident that happened in the Toul sector, when we took our first prisoners. The order had just come in for Lieutenant Redwood to take some men on patrol — that prisoners were wanted at once. It was just a few days before Easter. The order came about one o'clock in the morning, the Lieutenant asked for volunteers to go, and of course all of us wanted to go with him. Well, he picked four of us to go, and then prayed that we might be successful and

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promised us that if we took prisoners he would read us the Gospel on Easter Sunday. The five of us started out and got into "No Man's Land" about 2 A.M. It was very dark, and raining a great deal. We had a very hard time finding our way and crawling around shell holes and through barbed wire. We finally got over and into the German trenches and took our prisoners and got back all right, because it was getting daylight. Lieutenant Redwood had a very bad cold, and with the wet and damp of that morning it rapidly became worse, so that on Sunday he could not speak; but he had Lieutenant Birmingham read the Gospel for him.

I am very sorry to say that out of those five men I am the only one alive.

For this achievement Redwood was immediately cited in the General Orders both of the First Division and of the 32d French Army Corps,¹ received a special commendation by order of General Pershing, and the posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross. His letters went on as if little out of the ordinary course of events had happened:

April 18.

The things were (and are, for we have n't finished them all yet) splendid. The same day, too, I get your cablegram and it was just like having a pressure of your hand. I thought at first it was for Easter, then I concluded that you must have learned through the papers or otherwise of our little adventure, which in several ways was one of the quaintest bits of comic opera (considering that it was really supposed to be war) that I have run into. I was going to write, but suddenly got orders that sent me off for a day on a special detail.

¹ With the French Army citation the *Croix de Guerre* was awarded to Redwood. Of him and his corporal it was declared: *Ont fait prendre des plus belles qualités militaires en pénétrant dans un poste d'observation dont ils capturèrent la garnison. Attaqués par un parti ennemi, l'ont repoussé en lui infligeant des pertes et ont ramené quatre prisonniers.*

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April 28.

I was so pleased to hear from you again, and appreciated your sending the news, which was the first (and is so far the only) one to reach me, though I judged some sort of account of our little patrol had got out from a cable message I got from the mater. The newspaper versions varied from facts at sundry points, but here and there hit points quite correctly. One of the Boches actually did say he wished his brother could be brought over, too, when he found how well he was to be treated and that he got white bread and real instead of substitute coffee.

One of them asked one of our men in an awestruck whisper, "When are they going to shoot us?" (*Wann werden sie uns shiessen*), and was relieved when told that we were not in the habit of shooting our prisoners. Another, after they had been safely brought behind the rear of our line, asked permission to smoke; when it was granted he jauntily pulled forth a well-filled cigarette case and offered it courteously to me before helping himself.

Well, I had best close now and get this in. I should n't wonder if I were in danger of exceeding censorship regulations by going any further, though so far I think I am safe. It is strange how much more the papers can publish than we can write.

May 3.

Well, —— being a suffragist, I suppose has to do some savage hating or something of the sort. I hope she liked the piece of uniform I sent her even if it was n't quite gory enough to suit her fancy.

Honestly, I don't believe in this business of hating your enemy. Robert W. Service's "Song of the Sandbags" (in "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man") strikes a very true note. It is pitiful when a Boche prisoner, clean cut and apparently a good, intelligent little fellow, asks one of his captors in an awestruck whisper, "When are they going to shoot us?" and after being reassured says, "They told me 'Woe to you if the Americans ever take you,'" and then adds, "We thought you were all going

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to be Indians!" It's pleasant to see them, too, if scared, regain confidence when they find that they are going to be well treated. Some are frankly glad to have been captured, and all that I have seen ploughing in the fields of France appeared quite contented with their lot. *En masse*, of course, they are formidable, but individually they don't seem to be so eager for a scrap from all that I have heard and seen.

May 10.

Associated Press to the contrary notwithstanding, I am nothing so exalted as a "Regimental Intelligence Officer." Battalion Scout Officer is all I can lay claim to. That was how I happened to get that job you have mentioned put upon my most unwilling shoulders. Do not imagine for a moment that I was one bit anxious to do it or anything of the kind. "Orders is orders," that is all.

Just at present I have the job of "Acting Battalion Adjutant," which is not my rightful one and which I hope — fervently — soon to be rid of. It was through an unfortunate combination of circumstances that I had that "greatness thrust upon me." I should say "pettiness," for it seems to be nothing but the remembering of countless details involving an extensive knowledge of the battalion itself, of Army regulations, military etiquette, customs of the Service, Manual of Court Martial, etc., etc., etc., all of which my C. O. amiably presupposes I have — and I have n't!

In the first week of April the first Division had been withdrawn from the front line, to which it returned before the end of May, when the 28th Infantry performed its important part in the action at Cantigny. In this engagement, on May 28, Redwood was killed. For twelve successive nights before the fight he made his way into the German lines, and into the village of Cantigny, and brought back not only the information which his good

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knowledge of French and German enabled him to secure, but also maps and plans of attack which contributed directly to the capture of the place. "He would come in about daylight," said a fellow-soldier, "covered with mud from crawling around the trenches and under the barbed wire, and looking like anything but an officer — change his clothes, get a bite to eat and turn in for some sleep, and do the same thing the following night until the entire situation was clearly developed."

In the fight itself he displayed a bravery which any soldier might envy as marking the last of his days. Wounded in the battle, he returned to the fight after his injury had been dressed in the shelter of a shell hole. Wounded a second time, and more severely, he saved the life of a corporal of his regiment, also gravely injured, by helping him to the aid station, and insisted, when his own wound was dressed, on returning a second time to the fight, in spite of the fact that he had been tagged for the hospital. It was then that he received the wounds that caused his death. A French liaison officer attached to the First Division said, when the war was over, "I would rather have that man Redwood alive than to have taken Cantigny."

The posthumous reward of the Distinguished Service Cross, with the oak-leaf cluster which is bestowed for a succeeding act justifying a similar award, was made in the following terms:

George B. Redwood, first lieutenant, 28th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action at Seicheprey, France, March 28th, 1918. With great daring he led a patrol of our men into a dangerous portion of the enemy trenches, where the patrol

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surrounded a party nearly double their own strength, captured a greater number than themselves, drove off an enemy rescuing party, and made their way back to our lines with four prisoners, from whom valuable information was taken.

He is awarded an oak-leaf cluster, to be worn with the Distinguished Service Cross, for the following act of extraordinary heroism: At Cantigny, France, May 29th,¹ 1918, he conducted himself fearlessly to obtain information of the enemy's action. Although wounded, he volunteered to reconnoitre the enemy's line, which was reported to be under consolidation. While making a sketch of the German position on this mission he was under heavy fire, and continued his work after being fatally wounded until it was completed. The injuries sustained at this time caused his death.

In his own city of Baltimore Redwood's memory was honored by the organization of the "George B. Redwood Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars," and, even more notably, by the change in the name of an important business thoroughfare from German Street to Redwood Street.

In connection with this last tribute, Brigadier-General Frank Parker, commanding the First Division of the American Expeditionary Forces, sent the following message to the Mayor of Baltimore on October 23, 1918:

News has reached this division that the City of Baltimore, Maryland, has named one of its streets in memory of First Lieutenant George B. Redwood, Intelligence Officer, 28th United States Infantry, killed in action at Cantigny on the 28th of May, 1918.

The First Division of the American Expeditionary Forces desires to express to the City of Baltimore its profound satisfaction in knowing of this tribute to one of its members — an

¹ Actually May 28.

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officer whose high example of all that is best in American manhood is a heritage of honor and pride which this Division shares with his native city.

To Redwood's mother, General Parker wrote the following letter:

This command sends to you, through me, this expression of pride, shared with you, in the record of your son.

No finer example of our nation has given his life for the Great Cause. In our memory he marches in the van of the bravest and best — those who sought the posts of the highest honor — *nearest the enemy.*

The commemorative tablet in the Baltimore Cathedral, mentioned on a previous page, was erected by the Lay Council of the Cathedral, of which Redwood was a devoted member. His religion was so natural and essential a part of his life that a fellow-officer wrote, with no apparent surprise, after his death: "Men who went on patrols with him have told me that after leaving the trench and entering No Man's Land, he always knelt in a shell-hole and prayed, and that he was ever careful not to expose them needlessly in dangerous positions. He always regarded his men. As to himself, he sought the place of greatest danger, and fear was a word with which he had no acquaintance. . . . To me Lieutenant Redwood seems to have been the incarnation of the Christian soldier."

Another friend, Stephen B. Luce, '09, has written, more fully:

I think all who knew George Redwood would say that the striking thing about his character was his deeply religious nature.

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I have never known a man to whom Christianity meant more. Unselfish service in every relationship in life was the keynote of his life, and this unselfishness was founded on a firm belief in the mercy of Christ, and His infinite love and wisdom. His devotion to his mother and brother, and willingness to sacrifice his own pleasure to give them and others pleasure were beautiful things to look back upon. To him, more than to any man I have ever known, the chance to serve his country in the war and to rescue from utter darkness the principles of right, justice and humanity, seemed a sacrament almost as sacred as the Holy Communion. He was the true Crusader, who went to war for an ideal, and to give his life, if need be, that the faith of his fathers and the things of the spirit might be saved to the world.

Let no one suppose from this that George Redwood was a prig. I think his decorations for heroism in action prove the reverse. His sense of humor was original and charming. His conversation and letters sparkled with wit, when with those he knew well and to whom he had given his friendship. He had in many ways the mind and tastes of the true scholar, in his delight in things of the intellect, and his fondness for digging into old books. No one, however, was quicker to detect a sham than he, and his wit in exposing it was never caustic or bitter, but always kindly and charming.

One of the things that I have always thought of in connection with George Redwood was the way he had been unconsciously preparing himself for the great event of his life, so that when it came, he was ready. In College he had been especially interested in the German language and literature, and, while abroad in 1910, he learned to speak German like a native. His very good natural talent at sketching and drawing he developed by attending classes in Baltimore after graduation from Harvard. His lifelong, intelligent interest in military affairs made him an apt student at the training camps. Above all, his deep faith in Christ, and his unselfish nature made him an ideal officer,—one who thought of the comfort and well-being of his men before

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he gave a thought to himself, and who, as a result, commanded their unquestioning obedience and devotion.

What would George have done had he lived? I often wonder. I feel that he would either have remained in the Army, or gone into the Church. In the Army, he would have won promotion, more decorations, probably the Congressional Medal ultimately. Whatever course he would have taken, he would have been a *fighter*, — battling for ideals and the souls of men, armed with the faith that sets men free, and the devotion of a zealot, wearing either the khaki of an officer or the black cloth of a clergyman, but in either case a true soldier of Christ.



HENRY CORLISS SHAW

CLASS OF 1901

IN the Harvard Roll of Honor, which includes the names of members of the auxiliary services who died while engaged in their duties overseas, there are two Y. M. C. A. secretaries and Henry Corliss Shaw was one of them.

He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 2, 1877, the only son of the late Charles Russell Shaw and Ella Hattie (Davis) Shaw. Cambridge was his home

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throughout his life. His earlier schooling was in the public schools of that city and the Waltham (Massachusetts) New Church — Swedenborgian — School for Boys. His immediate preparation for college was made at the Browne and Nichols School of Cambridge. He entered and graduated from Harvard College with the Class of 1901, and in 1904 graduated from the Harvard Law School. As an undergraduate he was a member of the Pi Eta Society and the Cercle Français. His social qualities found expression after his graduation in a small lunch club of friends who supplemented their weekly meeting by “celebrations” at odd times through the year. For these Shaw was a moving spirit in the arrangement of entertainments, in which he was wont to take an important part. He greatly enjoyed “dramatics,” and was in frequent demand by his class and by charitable organizations to give monologues. A lively sense of humor entered into both the delivery and the invention of amusing stories. He was fond of children, who in turn were eager to listen to him. It was no unusual thing to see him with a child on his knee telling a story which held the attention of the child and at the same time kept a room full of its elders in laughter.

Shaw was a constant attendant at the Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) in Cambridge and took a lively interest in its activities, both as president of its Young People’s League and as president of the Lynn Neighborhood House conducted by the Church Society. He was fond of outdoor sports and devoted much time to tennis.

In Cambridge he practised law at one time as a member of the firm of Shaw and Brooks; in Boston he began his

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practice in the office of Myer and Brooks, and afterwards opened an office of his own, sharing chambers, though not in partnership, with three other young members of his profession. There he was gradually building up a comfortable practice.

His first activities in connection with the war were devoted to various "drives," Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and the like. Not satisfied with this work he felt that, although too old to enlist as a fighting man, he must do something overseas and offered his services to the Y. M. C. A. On March 30, 1918, in his forty-first year, he sailed from New York on the *Rochambeau* as a "Y" secretary.

His diary on the voyage and in France, his letters from the stations in the neighborhood of towns at which he served, are filled with happiness and satisfaction. At St. Aignan, Mareuil, and other places he made himself useful in a variety of ways, arranging cinema and musical entertainments for the men about him, helping an American soldier to write to a French girl in her own language, lending a hand at all manner of odd jobs. Urging a friend in America to follow him into the overseas "Y" work, he wrote, April 28: "You'll be glad as long as you live that you came. It's truly the big adventure even for those of us in this work." The humors of his surroundings were not lost upon him. Witness an entry in his diary on May 5th: "The other evening before going to bed I asked Madame D—— for a drink of water. She was quite willing to get it but suggested that I have white wine instead. I said no, water would be sufficient. Then she suggested syrup in the water but I said no, only water. Then she

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asked me if I had understood what she said and I told her yes. Whereupon she brought me some water. By that time I was a little nervous about the water myself, but I had to see it through. So grasping it firmly and thinking of Socrates and his cup of hemlock, I drank it while Madame and her mother watched me in horror. The French, I think, consider water and air far more dangerous elements than fire."

Shaw had been in active service little more than a month when an army friend asked him, on May 28, to drive to Tours in a motor from a station not far beyond Montrichard. They crossed the Cher at that place, and soon afterwards, when they were obliged to pass a vehicle at one side and attempted to take the road again, their car was overturned and Shaw was instantly killed.

He was buried at Montrichard, May 30, Memorial Day, 1918. A service in his memory, attended by many members of his class, was held in the Church of the New Jerusalem in Cambridge on June 13, and in October, 1920, his body was brought to the United States and interred at the Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Many letters to his family from friends both at home and abroad testified to the fact that in everything he undertook he was conscientious to the last degree, full of sympathy for others, finding nothing too trivial to interest him if it concerned another's comfort, and never permitting a word of praise for himself.



LIVINGSTON LOW BAKER

CLASS OF 1913

BORN at Sausalito, California, March 6, 1891, Livingston Low Baker was a son of the late Wakefield Baker, of the Harvard Class of 1887, and Coralie (Thomas) Baker. He made his preparation for college at Phillips-Exeter Academy, entered Harvard with the Class of 1913, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in regular course. In his junior year he played on the class football team and was leader of the University Banjo Club. He belonged also to the Mandolin, Phillips, and Western Clubs.

Immediately upon his graduation he sailed for Europe and spent the remainder of the year in travelling about Germany, France, Switzerland, and England. Returning with his brother *via* the West Indies and Panama Canal,

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sailing from Balboa to San Francisco, he reached home before Christmas, and on January 2, 1914, entered the employ of the San Francisco firm of Baker and Hamilton — of which his father had been president — wholesale dealers in light and heavy hardware, sporting goods, agricultural implements, and creamery machinery. In the following year he was elected a director of the company, which, on consolidation with the Pacific Hardware and Steel Company, became known as the Baker, Hamilton, and Pacific Company. The considerable interest of his family in the Baker and Hamilton Company gave him the opportunity to shift from one department of the business to another, and to master its principles. He also devoted some attention to the California Building Material Company, of which he became a director and treasurer. In the Second Report of his class, he wrote of himself: "Together with my duties of business, to which I devote about eight hours a day, I have been putting in a couple of hours on the study of corporation finance, investments, and banking. That fills up the days. In the evenings I accept all invitations offered."

In the same Report his military interest is first revealed: "Last summer I spent the month of July at the Military Training Camp at Monterey, and expect to attend the one to be held at Santa Barbara this summer. In case of war with Germany I shall enlist. P.S. My nickname is still 'Jeff.'"

From what was obviously the beginning of a business career of much promise, Baker turned promptly when the United States entered the war. On July 3, 1917, he enlisted as private, first class, Aviation Section, Signal Corps,

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and was immediately detailed to the School of Military Aeronautics in Berkeley, California. Here he graduated with honors on September 1. On September 7 he started East, and on September 24, after a brief stay at Fort Wood, New York, sailed for Europe. From Southampton he proceeded, about October 15, to Paris, whence he was ordered to Foggia, Italy. There he arrived October 27. In March, 1918, still at Foggia, he received his commission as first lieutenant, and there, on June 1, he was killed in an airplane accident.

The circumstances are fully related, and the young officer's personal characteristics are shown forth, in two letters, the first from an American lieutenant of aviation to Baker's mother, the second, in translation, from an Italian pilot instructor to his commanding officer:

June 3, 1918.

Livingston was in charge of the second brevet line. On this morning he had taken up a machine to test the air for his men; this is always done before the pupils are allowed to go up themselves. He had made a short tour around camp, and was coming in over the barracks, about one hundred metres high, when he made a sharp turn to come into the field. The machine was banked up quite steeply, and instead of coming down in an easy glide, it slid off on one wing and went into a slow spinning nose dive. A second or so later it struck the roof of one of the hangars and then fell to the ground. Livingston was killed instantly. The doctor said his neck was broken at the moment of impact. The accident happened at about six o'clock, on the morning of June 1.

The funeral was held at nine o'clock the next morning. He was buried with full military honors, every officer and man in camp attending. Planes circled over the cemetery all during the services.

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I do not believe there was a more popular fellow in camp than Livingston. His absence is felt very deeply by the whole command. We, his roommates, feel his cheery comradeship will never be replaced.

FOGGIA, ITALY,
June 1, 1918.

COMMANDING OFFICER:

Today the undersigned, an officer in the Italian Army, bows before the bier of the American Lieutenant L. L. Baker, with admiration and affection. Today America and Italy jointly lose one of their best officers, one of the best pilots of the allied aviation services. I am prompted to make this statement by a feeling of *esprit-de-corps*; but further, if a simple and earnest word dictated by the heart can assuage the grief and add to the pride of remembrance of those who within a few days shall mourn for him over there, I crave your permission to do so.

It was my pleasure to have Livingston L. Baker as my pupil from first to second class. He showed himself to be an excellent pilot and a fine boy; I asked that he be detailed as instructor in my district, and whenever I was called away by other duties it was with a feeling of entire confidence that I left him in charge. As an instructor he was first class and did excellent work until his transfer to the bombing squadron compelled him to leave the lines. While under instruction in the latter squadron I was obliged to call him back to his first work as he was the only one in whom I could place *full and unlimited confidence*. This pleased him very much, as he was very fond of hard work, and until this morning at six o'clock Livingston L. Baker has turned out tens upon tens of pilots, and his teaching has been marked by constant attention and conscientious activity. During the last few weeks I have had special opportunities of becoming acquainted with him; I appreciated his companionship and I have become attached to him with the strongest bonds of friendship. He reported to me daily, three or four times. He was a strict disciplinarian and always showed the utmost respect and

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consideration to his superior, his chief pilot. I, on the other hand, each time that he left me, shook his hand with a strong grip and considered him as my friend, my best friend.

I do not know, sir, that I can add to the foregoing. I wish to say, however, that the manly figure of L. L. Baker is indelibly impressed on my heart and mind, and that if at some future date I shall have the good fortune of meeting his parents I shall feel proud to be able to say to them: "I was your son's friend; he died a noble death for his country and for mine; I have admired him and I have loved him; you may well feel proud of his memory."

Very respectfully,

L. HERMANN DI TARGIANA,
Chief Pilot Instructor, Foggia, South.



ONA JEFFERSON MYERS

LAW SCHOOL 1912-13

“**A**LWAYS do my best, always have the best, and always be of the best.” As a school-boy Ona Jefferson Myers adopted this motto, and made up his mind to become a lawyer — a course which could be accomplished only with a large expenditure of effort. The event proved that the standard he set for himself was not beyond his reach.

He was born near Elnora, Daviess County, Indiana, December 14, 1888, the only son of Oliver Perry Myers and Nora E. (Mize) Myers. When he was ten years old his parents moved to southeast Missouri, and at Fredericktown, Missouri, he received his elementary and high school education. In his junior year at the high school he won the scholarship medal for making the best grades

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during the year, and in his senior year again led the school, but, because no student could receive a second medal, was awarded a scholarship in a Presbyterian college. He finished high school in May, 1906, and spent the summer months of that year driving a mule in the North American lead mines near by, earning something less than one hundred and fifty dollars and spending nearly all of it for an encyclopaedia. Knowing that he must provide in part for his own legal education, he entered the Gem City Business College at Quincy, Illinois, in September, 1906, and graduated with such high grades that he was employed to teach advanced bookkeeping in the school. When he had taught for eleven months, the principal of the institution offered him a ten-year contract to teach shorthand, but, fearing that the acceptance of this position would turn him from his chosen purpose, he resigned altogether and in September, 1908, entered the Arts and Science Division of the University of Missouri.

After three years at Missouri he went to the University of Chicago (October, 1911), beginning his study of law and accomplishing his work for the degree of Ph.B., *cum laude*, in the summer of 1912. The next academic year he spent at the Harvard Law School. In October, 1913, he returned to Chicago, completed his studies, and was graduated in August, 1914, with the degree of J.D. *cum laude*.

The following winter (February, 1915) he entered the law offices of Messrs. Story and Story, at Ouray, Colorado. His parents possess only one letter written home at that time. Thus, in part, it read:

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OURAY, COLORADO,
Sunday, February 28, 1915.

I will soon have been here a month. While this is not a good place to stay permanently, because it is too small, yet I feel it is a very good place for me for a few years. There is an opportunity here for me to work into a pretty good place in Salt Lake City. Whether I shall take advantage of that opportunity depends on whether I can give up some ideals of mine. It means that I would have to become a corporation lawyer. Although that is the most profitable kind of work, I have always had the feeling that it was not the best kind of work to do. I have always thought I would rather be a help to, and the lawyer of, the laborer and the farmer. I realize, however, that there is an opportunity for a corporation lawyer to help the laborers much.

. . . But this a question I shall have to fight out for myself.

Whatever the decision, I do not believe I shall need to call on you for help any more. You have stuck by me through thick and thin. I realize that it has meant many sacrifices by you; it has meant your denying yourself many things that you longed for and often needed. Your faith in me and my abilities — proved in the one way that is beyond question, by your personal sacrifices — the memory of your faith in me and the realization of the sacrifices you were making that I might make something worth while out of myself have spurred me on whenever I have felt like "chucking" education aside and getting a job as a stenographer or what not, with no chance for doing things worth while. Your faith in me has made me ashamed of myself whenever I have felt like quitting, and has given me renewed confidence in myself.

I know that with the means you had no parents ever did more for their son, and none ever did it more unselfishly. I can never even up the obligation which you thereby have placed me under. I cannot write or speak all that I feel and would like to say on such a subject; but I am sure you will understand; I know you would understand even though I said nothing. My

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obligation is very great and I only hope that I may do enough good in the world so that your sacrifices will not have been in vain and so that your hopes and faith in me will not have been disappointed dreams.

Your sacrifices, your faith in me, my knowledge of your simple, honest lives have made me so honor you and feel so proud of you that I have been enabled to refrain from doing many things that young fellows are tempted to do. I was so proud of you that I had strength of will enough not to do things which would make you ashamed of me.

Two fellow-students of law with Myers at the University of Chicago, one of them also a fellow-student at Harvard, have written letters in which the impression he made upon his contemporaries during his years of preparation for the law is clearly indicated. Mr. C. M. Ozias wrote from Fresno, California:

It was in June of 1911 that Jeff, with another companion whose name I have now forgotten, came up from the University of Missouri and occupied an adjoining room in the apartment house in which I was staying, out near the site of the University of Chicago. I was then a student in the Law School. Jeff had no difficulty in securing an excellent position down town in Chicago as a stenographer during that summer and in the autumn he began the study of law at the University. We became friends — friends upon the tennis court — friends at our daily meals and in the library — friends for strolls through the parks and by the lake — friends in that intimate, social intercourse wherein our hopes, our aspirations, our plans and dreams for the future were the absorbing topic of our conversation.

When the University opened in the autumn, I had some opportunity of seeing him in action. He was passionately ambitious. He was an indomitable worker. Work was his religion, although he could play like a truant. His brilliant record

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as a scholar and orator at Missouri, Chicago, and Harvard speaks for itself. I can safely say, without fear of exaggeration, that he had one of the most brilliant minds of any person I have ever known. After I graduated from the University in June of 1912, we corresponded at irregular intervals. How fine, how full of his irrepressible enthusiasm and determination, how marked with manifestations of his high ideals, and yet how immensely human, were those letters he wrote to me! At the close of one of them which was rather long (but not too long) and which I have preserved and treasure, he said in his winsome, apologetic style, "Goodness, how much I have written and I started out only to write a page. Ozias, I certainly have a deep-seated friendliness towards you." I could ask for no higher tribute.

From the Ohio State University Law School, Mr. J. W. Madden wrote:

When I went to the Law School at Chicago in 1912, Jeff was there and I immediately recognized in him an unusual man and student. That autumn I decided to go to Harvard for a year and it was a happy surprise to find that Jeff had taken the same notion. We were intimate there, went to New Haven together for the Yale-Harvard game, and worked together in a club court competition in which he was the principal factor in winning the prize for our club, and a little cash for six of us, most of whom needed it badly. We were back at Chicago the next summer and year, and his splendid work enabled him to do me many favors. He took up golf for recreation and interested me in it, and we often went out at four o'clock in the morning to play a round.

Everyone marveled at the ease with which he supported himself and still kept in the front rank in his studies, while the rest of us had as much as we could do to keep the pace set by our teachers. I remember how he told me, in the summer of 1914, that he was doing free work for the Legal Aid Society and I

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wondered how he could find the time, but he did find it and time for everything else too.

His degree was conferred "with honor" as was fitting, for he did everything with honor.

As war approached Myers began to make ready for his part in it. As early as November, 1916, he answered a notice printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* by an aeroplane company which offered training for reserve aviators. Failing at first to get the desired information, he communicated with the War Department, the three universities with which he had been connected, and the federal recruiting office at Denver. In April, 1917, one of his letters to Washington was answered and late in May he received instructions to report for examination at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, on June 5. "I wanted so much to get into aviation service," he wrote in a diary he was keeping at this time, "because it seemed to me that the one life I had would be able to render a service there many times greater than anywhere else."

Having passed his examinations for the aviation service he was detailed after settling his affairs at Ouray, to Austin, Texas, for ground training. From August, 1917, until he met his death June 1, 1918, in an aeroplane accident near Château-roux in France, where he was flying for his last half-hour of training, having received his commission as second lieutenant in the Air Service, May 18, his experiences were largely those of the routine of preparation for the aviator's work at the front. A comrade through all this period has related its circumstances in the following letter:

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DALLAS, TEXAS,
August 2, 1919.

Jeff and I were classmates in the ground school at Austin. I remember the day he entered, as we had adjoining bunks. We studied at the same table and ate adjoining each other at the mess, so I probably knew him better than any other cadet in the school, with one exception. At ground school Jeff was the best student in his class; he was a model pupil and held the respect of all his teachers and classmates. On our graduation, October 21, 1917, we were allowed two days at home and on or about October 24 we, the class, were sent in a private car to Garden City, New York. There we waited until November 23, all anxious and eager to get over in France to do our part against the Huns.

We landed in Liverpool December 7, having a pleasant trip across on the good ship *Baltic*. From Liverpool we were sent to Winchester, a big rest camp a few miles southwest from London. There we first tasted the privation of war, there being little fuel, lights, or pleasure to hasten or make pleasant those bitterly cold, gloomy days of December. The British were low in spirit on account of the Cambrai failure and then and there we realized that we were up against a strong, powerful enemy. From Southampton we sailed to Le Havre, crossing the rough channel on a cattle boat, cold and crowded. We slept eleven men to the tent in Le Havre and there we first learned that we were classed as enlisted men and went through all the hard work, discipline, and drill of any other enlisted man. At last we were sent to St. Maixent, a charming little town in between Poitiers and Niort. We had hopes there was a flying school there, but we soon realized that we were in the most inefficient branch of the Army and it would be months before we began our training. We did guard duty, fatigue, drilled, and unloaded provisions, cooked, etc., from December to April.

In April about ten of us were sent to Château-roux to be attached to the French Army for our flying. Jeff was put in

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charge of the detachment, although I was a sergeant and outranked him. This shows how capable and responsible he was. He conducted us to Château-roux and remained in charge of us until his death. Jeff was a good pilot. He finished his brevet ahead of time and had to do some extra flying to make up the required twenty-five hours of actual time in the air. On the day of his death he was out taking pictures with his kodak. He evidently flew too low, for he slid over a wing and, not having altitude, crashed into the ground before he could regain control of his airplane. His airplane was a Caudron, a machine tried and tested and a good one. No one tampered with his machine, and he had absolutely not an enemy in France as far as I know. His death was due, no doubt, to over-confidence, for little did we know then in our enthusiasm the necessity, so well drilled in, but to no effect, of the danger of flying low. Jeff in his enthusiasm for taking pictures forgot his altitude and crashed into the ground.

He was buried with full military honors, and cadets and the French officers and the French people covered his coffin with floral wreaths. His grave is well marked, and along with the other cadets killed at Château-roux he sleeps.

In September, 1920, his body was returned to the United States and funeral services were held on October 10, at the home of his parents in Boonville, Indiana. "He was a Christian that lived up to his faith," wrote the friend who has just been quoted, "and a soldier that knew no fear."



PHILIP WASHBURN DAVIS

CLASS OF 1908

PHILIP WASHBURN DAVIS, born at West Newton, Massachusetts, March 10, 1888, was a son of Samuel Warren Davis, of the Harvard Class of 1877, a teacher in the Newton High School for most of his life, and for many years head of its Department of Latin. Mary Elizabeth (Washburn) Davis, his wife, died in 1896. Philip Washburn Davis's older sister, Amelia Washburn Davis, a

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Y. M. C. A. canteen and library worker in France during the greater part of her brother's service as an aviator overseas, has written a personal letter about him, portions of which may well be repeated here, though some of the facts to which she refers anticipate the story still to be told.

My brother was a boy of strong affections and enthusiasms, but restrained, as the best New Englanders are. He had a burning passion for justice and an adventurous spirit which was masked to some extent by nonchalant humor and argumentative contrasts. He quite casually mentioned to me that he had applied for service in the United States Aviation as soon as we declared war, and never referred to it again to anybody, as far as I can learn. He received no reply, and the next I knew of his plans, he was signing up with the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Unit. If the French Aviation was in his mind before he started, he never told; but he certainly signed up with them as soon as he could on arrival. He told us that he had found the need greater than was understood over here, the Ambulance Service not the best he could give, and ambulance men talking of going over for a good time! That settled it for him.

As a little boy, my brother was very sensitive and responsive to fine things, fond of stories, but especially fond of games, and how hard and well he did play! He kept right on being a good sport, and college and business developed social qualities which overcame his extreme shyness, but left him with a pleasant diffidence in meeting people. His combination of gentleness with high spirits made him generally attractive. Life was very much of a game to him, and because he possessed a good mixture of caution and dash, victory often came to him. It was characteristic of him to want to get to the top, not to beat other people but to do whatever he did as well as it could be done. . . .

He was faithful not only to the big loyalties and duties, but to the little things which so many men neglect. He had a tremendous sense of justice, and I should not give the right im-

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pression of him if I suppressed his vehement expression of opinion. If, on further evidence, he changed his opinion, he recorded the fact. He did not complain about personal hardships, and they were pretty severe, at Plessis-Belleville, for instance. Clean and healthy, and appreciating the good things of life, he nevertheless prided himself on being able to adapt himself to changed conditions.

So he appeared in retrospect to one who knew him most completely. The outward circumstances of his life before the war may be briefly summarized. Like his father before him, he made his preparation for college at the Newton High School. Entering Harvard in 1904, he graduated *cum laude*, in 1908. In his junior and senior years, respectively, he won the benefits of the John Appleton Haven and C. L. Jones Scholarships. In his senior year, besides, he was named for a Disquisition. His athletic interests were those of track (hurdling) and tennis, in each of which he was proficient; nor did his tennis playing cease with college. On his graduation he entered the Boston office of Lee, Higginson and Company, with which he remained for two years. After this experience, and an association with a smaller house, he became a partner in the investment firm of Chamberlain and Davis, with which he was associated when the United States joined the bellicose nations.

Of Davis's activities and characteristics during this period, and with special reference to his business partnership, it is written in the Decennial Report of the Class of 1908:

The certain and rapid success of that business is shown not so much by the financial good standing which he fairly won as

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by the confidence and respect of his clients. That their interests were his own, and that his sound judgment and prompt decision were always at their service, is attested by the many letters received by members of his family. They express not only regret for the loss of a man of sterling character and fine personality, but a very personal bereavement on the part of those who had come to depend upon his advice. These letters surely prove the usefulness of the honorable business man. Giving himself whole-heartedly to business, and working early and late when its needs required, he nevertheless found time for a surprising number of avocations. He was keenly alive to all interests of the day, without losing his love of poetry, plays, and economic theory. He could enjoy a game of chess at breakfast and still not neglect the morning paper, and would dash off to business just as merry and eager at one pursuit as at another. His athletic activities never flagged. He belonged to several tennis clubs and won some local tournaments. He was a member of the First Corps, Cadets.

Davis made his first attempt to enter the aviation service on the very day after the United States declared war. His next step has already been mentioned. In "Harvard's Military Record in the World War" the essential facts of his military record are given as follows: "Enlisted private Foreign Legion, June 9, 1917; transferred to Aviation Service and detailed to Schools of Military Aviation, Avord and Pau, June 15 to October 28; breveted pilot October 26 and promoted corporal; detailed to Aerial Gunnery School, Cazaux; honorably discharged February 1918. Commissioned 2d Lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, February 23, 1918, in France; assigned to 94th Pursuit Squadron April 1; killed in action June 2, 1918, in Toul Sector." His training at Cazaux was followed by a brief period at G. D. E. (Le Plessis-Belleville).

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In "The Lafayette Flying Corps" the following characterization of him, embodying the impression he made upon his aviation comrades, is found:

Davis was older than most of those who went through the schools with him, less boisterous and less given to dissertation on his flying prowess. Quiet and pleasant in manner, he was one of the coolest and steadiest of pilots, completing with honor the difficult Blériot training and leaving an excellent record at Pau. He was one of those men who have little to say, but may be counted on in any emergency. After his transfer to the United States Air Service, Davis went to the front with the 94th Pursuit Squadron, then operating in the Toul Sector. On June 2, 1918, while protecting an English bombing flight, he attacked six German single-seaters and was shot down in flames within the enemy lines.

Philip Davis is mourned by the many friends to whom his fine qualities had endeared him. At his death the Service lost a very gallant officer, under whose serene and quizzical exterior lay a true devotion to duty and the steadfast courage which asks no odds of Fate.

There is, besides, in the Decennial Report of the Class of 1908, a letter from Major Douglas Campbell (Harvard, '17), American ace, a portion of which serves well to place Davis among his flying comrades:

The 94th Aero Squadron, later famous as Eddie Rickenbacker's outfit, was organized and sent to the front in March, 1918, as the first really American air unit to get into action. There were eighteen pilots in the squadron who had just finished their schooling and were anxious to learn the game of knocking Huns out of the sky, and Phil Davis and myself were two of them. We were assigned to the 3d flight, or subdivision, of the squadron, with the result that we generally went on the same patrols; consequently I knew Phil pretty well. There is something about

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flying over the lines with a man which draws you to him, in spite of the fact that you are not in speaking contact with him at the time. Quiet and unobtrusive, but a hard, conscientious worker, Phil soon made a warm place for himself in my heart and in those of the other members of our eager and enthusiastic family of prospective Boche-getters.

With passages from a journal which Davis kept in France, and from his letters, it is possible and profitable to clothe these external records and impressions with something of his personality. The following quotations speak for themselves:

Saturday I went up to Dr. Gros' again and after trying my eyes again, he said, no, it was too bad, but I could n't get by. I talked with him a while, told him I was good at tennis and seemed to be able to see perfectly. Finally he said, "Well, stand up near and read it with both eyes," which I naturally did, as I could read it way back with my left eye. And so I got by and signed up with the Lafayette Flying Corps. Now I am waiting to hear from the French Government in regard to my application. I think there is no danger of not being accepted after Dr. Gros' approval.

June 8, 1917.

I sometimes wonder what kind of a mess things will be in when the war is over. Will the soldiers go back to work, for when one thinks of it, they have been leading a lazy, easy life of it, and not so much excitement as one might think either. And, too, will the women go back to the homes? They have found out that they can run things just as well as men.

On the other hand, will the war ever be over or will it end in a compromise and break out again? The plight of the Allies appears to be much worse than I had imagined. An old ambulance driver who is now going into the aviation told me that he thought that the morale of the Germans is better than that of the Allies.

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They have stopped everything that the Allies have started, they are relying on their submarine campaign with the greatest confidence, and lastly they are held better in hand—they are not such independent thinkers. He says that he thinks the Allies would have quit if the United States had not come into the fight. France does seem to have great confidence in what we are going to be able to do to help them.

June 24.

The people at home simply cannot sympathize fully in this great struggle, separated from the conflict by the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. When the Army gets over here and friends and relatives begin to get killed, things will be different. This is the way I understood the situation:— My position in the reserves was uncertain. Nobody knew what was going to be or could be done with them. The only reason I was glad to get away was so that I would not have the uncertainty hanging over me all the time with the chance of doing guard duty at the East Boston Gas Works during the whole war. You remember M—— did not know whether he was going to be allowed to go to Plattsburg or not. I have just received a letter from E—— saying that I was right in what I said about the federal oath last summer and bewailing his fate that the red tape stopped him from going to Plattsburg until it was too late. Now he expects to go to war as a private under the command of D—— or W—— or some of the other boys who did not take the oath. Of course if they want me back I will come, but I do not think there is any likelihood of it now, inasmuch as there is no possibility of getting any such training for war aviation in the United States as here. When I came over here I was to enlist for six months' service. As things have come out I have felt called upon to enlist for the duration of the war. I do not like to be a pessimist, but if the war lasts long, in this aviation game,— well, they have to keep training a bunch of new pilots for service at the front. What new rulings they have made in regard to the Guard Reserve I don't know. Mr. C. is doubtless right in what he says.

PHILIP WASHBURN DAVIS

It is no more than I expected, that we would be called out just like ordinary citizens, regardless of our training.

July 24.

Instead of having too much time on my hands, I have too little now. You see I have learned just enough about avion motors and *compliances* and *mitrailleuses* so that I know where to go to get more information and what books to read. The evolution of the airplane is marvellous. A machine is out of date in two months. First the Germans have one that the French can't touch, and then the French have one that the Germans can't get near. When I first came down here they had just got out a new machine that was supposed to beat everything up to that time. Now a new model of another machine is about to displace that. The way they keep cutting down the wings I think soon they will have nothing but a box and motor. The tremendous speed that is necessary to keep these almost wingless fellows in the air makes landing difficult. One has to leave and approach the ground at seventy miles an hour. A less speed means pancaking, and, of course, a smash.

July 28.

The machine we are driving now is somewhat different from the penguin. It will fly all right. I went off the ground five or six feet, much to the monitor's disgust this morning. I told you how one of the fellows smashed on his first sortie. It was most artistic too. The oldest men even claimed it was the most complete wreck they had ever seen. Nothing was left intact. You see he went into the ground with full motor on, an unpardonable offense. I saw a lieutenant turn upside down today. He made a very poor *attervisage*, as they call it, and bounced up about thirty feet. He had presence of mind enough to put on his motor and save himself, but he smashed one wheel all to pieces the first time, so we watched to see what would happen on the second landing. The result was just what might be expected, he came down perfectly and redressed all right. But

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when he settled on to the ground, naturally there was a sort of one sided flop, and over she went. When he crawled out from under, he looked just as crestfallen as I felt after my experience with the penguin.

CAMP AVORD, CHER.
September 26, 1917.

Two or three weeks ago I read in the *Outlook* a fragment entitled "The Diary of a Coward." As the editor suggested, it struck me that the man was not a coward at all. I have since wondered whether I judged him leniently because my own sensations are not dissimilar to his.

I did not have the same choice that he did. I was called upon to enter the fray from a sense of duty. The question with me was whether to go into this, as it appears to me, the most dangerous branch of the service, aviation. I chose it partly because it seemed the most valuable thing to do and one for which I was rather well suited, partly because it was a very interesting pursuit, in which I should not fret with inaction as I should in other branches of the service, as I very well know from my experience in the militia.

I feel that I have gone into something which will probably cause my death in a longer or shorter space of time, if I continue in it, and that I intend to do. If the war lasts a year, a mighty small number of aviators now in training for the front are going to go back home, I'm thinking. Now the prospect of death gives me a disagreeable feeling. I don't want to die. I avoid taking chances of getting killed. I feel confident, however, that my sense of duty, or is it horror of the shame of being thought the coward? — I can scarcely discriminate sometimes — will always overweight this fear and keep me on my course.

For all this, I do not mean to say that there is forever a sword above my head. On the contrary, with easy lack of foresight, I forget the danger that I face, I put it aside, I refuse to admit its presence. I have accustomed myself to more dangerous conditions than I had previously lived under and I expect to ac-

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custom myself to still more dangerous ones so that I can live in comfort even then. We have that to see.

When I step into the machine for my tour I am less nervous I think than the average student *pilote* here. I am no more nervous than when I line up on the einder track to hear the starter's pistol. Once away in the air I am just as eager and interested as ever I was to run a foot race or to play a tennis match. Yet if I thought of my chances of breaking my neck, I wonder how I should feel. Sometimes I say — now I will say to myself "Suppose this wire should break or the machine should catch fire." Still I refuse, in the bottom of my heart, to harbor the possibility of such events.

If I live through this experience, it will perhaps be as much pleasure to me to read these lines as it would have been to the "Coward" to have read what he had written, had he lived. If I meet his fate somebody else may read this, with I hope a little respect. An expression of honest feeling, however crudely expressed, should be valuable by its rarity.

The Germans, in my opinion are fundamentally wrong in their impression of the relation between the state and the individual, but I am not sure that that people is not better off that worships the state as a god than a race that is so enamoured of individual freedom that it cannot make sacrifices to preserve it.

BOURGES, November 21, 1917.

Ely and I were to fly together and were to meet 1000 metres above Latlas, or however the little town is spelled. We had arranged to go to Lourdes. We went all right; but as we had different ideas of where the town lay we did n't stay together long. I went down the river but did n't find Lourdes, as the town was the other way. However, I found another town off across the country which I have since found out was Daz. It lies on each side of a little river. There seems to be a trolley connecting the two parts of the town. After leaving Daz I headed for the Pyrenees and let the machine climb. When I got up to 2000 metres I noticed over toward the mountains an

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edge of white which proved to be clouds. Below was a dull haze, through which it was impossible to see clearly, in fact the mountains were not visible. Above, however, the peaks showed forth as distinctly as could be through a clear atmosphere. As I climbed and looked down on the field of clouds which extended away from the peaks for some miles I was more and more happy to think that I was having the opportunity of seeing such a sight. I let the machine get up to 5000 metres and then slid back home in one steady *pique*. Ely and I had been out two and one-half hours, but we put down our time as an hour and a half so as to get as much flying as possible.

The next day Ely and I met again but did n't stay together as he wanted to go to the Pyrenees and I to Lourdes. I took in all the little towns up the valley above Pau to Lourdes and cruised in among the foot-hills of the Pyrenees at a low altitude. Here again I put in over two hours but counted it as an hour and a half. In the afternoon we were to do another hour but put in about two hours practising *spirales* over all the towns in the valley.

The next day we had *vol de groupe* in the 15 metres 110 H. P. I was *chef de groupe* and had two Frenchmen with me. We all wanted to go to Biarritz and for once did our work right, meeting as agreed and flying in perfect formation the whole way. It was a fine trip and a great sight to see the old sea once more. Biarritz looks pretty from the air, the light-house, the beach, and cliffs. Bayonne too shows out clearly at the mouth of the river. One of the others and I flew out well over the ocean and spiraled down to see the town. A walk down the cliff shows out like a big S. On the way back I slowed down and waved to the other fellow to go ahead so that I could have some practice following. At the end I stopped to practise spiraling. I made a continuous left and then immediate right without stopping and did n't lose my stick as the fellows all claimed I would. I also slowed it down to all but a standstill and then piqued sharply and speeded it up again.

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In the afternoon Ely and I were to fly together again but he said he was not going to do any more foolish tricks and I wanted to go over to the Pyrenees again. It is wonderful over among those mountains. I went over past the range of mountains beyond the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, over Spain and looked down the valleys on the other side. What a long time it seems to take to come to that peak, but how you do tear by when you get there! One would n't have much luck landing *en panne* up in those snowy mountains. You can see a lot of country from an aeroplane. It is interesting to see the little French settlements way up on the mountain slopes, ten or twelve houses and a group of cultivated fields. Then there is the road and railroad way down in the valley leading up to the Pic du Midi with little villages here and there. I flew most at 3600 to 3800 metres just under the clouds where it was very rough, I will say. It seemed as though I would hit the ranges as I came to them although as a matter of fact Midi is only 2885 and is the highest right there.

PAU, BASSES PYRENEES,
December 1, 1917.

Since living with the French here at Pau I have experienced another change in my feelings toward them, finding them not such bad sports after all. We meet a much better type down here, fellows who have much more ability in aviation and also what is best of all, a mighty good sense of humor.

What leads to a great deal of misunderstanding is our lack of knowledge of the French language. I learned more French in the first two days here than in the preceding five months, being in a barrack with about thirty Frenchmen and only six Americans. I would have been sorry to have had to move into this barrack of Americans only, had it not been for the fact that we were imposing on the Frenchmen every night when we opened up the windows. How those boys do hate fresh cold air!

My feeling towards the Germans has changed a great deal too. I am getting sick of all this propaganda against them. Better give them their due. They started a lot of things which the

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Allies have since adopted, and this propaganda is one of them. The Allies have seen its effectiveness and have been forced to employ the same tactics themselves. Most of these stories about the cruelty of the Germans are talk or find parallels on the side of the Allies. The Allies tell about the Boche dropping bombs on a hospital; but they don't say that there was a big munition station which was placed right beside the hospital and in its shelter, which was the Germans' real objective. I am just as much opposed to the German idea and its system and just as much determined to do my share to help overthrow the system, even while I admire its effectiveness; but that the Germans are fiends, or any different from the men who are fighting on the side of the Allies, I cannot see.

VERRINES,
January 20, 1918.

Pick Chapman and I are still looking for jail though we may have escaped. We landed in Le Plessis-Belleville on the appointed day, the 13th, and signed up but as our baggage had not come from Cazaux we refused to go out to Verrines. The next day we decided to go back to Paris and see if we could sign up in the naval aviation rather than continue in this uncertainty.

Of course we had no tickets or *permissions*. We had no trouble getting on the train at Plessis, just walking around a barn to the track as the train came in. We did, however, have a narrow escape getting out at Paris. We intended to get out at the station before Paris, but finding that it was way up above the street and enclosed by a high iron fence we decided to take our chances in the big station.

We walked down the platform with the rest of the people until we got near the gate where they were taking tickets. Then we began cutting across the tracks which were depressed a bit and made us an object of more or less suspicion. Pick dove through another gate, which by the best of luck was open, with me about four yards in back of him. Then I heard the guard calling "*Billets, billets*." Pick looked around and increased

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his pace and I did n't lose any distance to him, I can say. Then the guard took to crying "Teekets, teekets," but I never looked to right or left, although all the people in front of me looked around. So Pick and I kept irresistibly on and shooting between two gendarmes, who had no time to ask us for our *permissions*, were shortly in the streets of Paris.

They were taking no more *pilotes* in the naval aviation, however, so in a way we had our trip for nothing, except a good meal at Drouant's and a good bed and bath at the Hotel Madison.

The Americans are not in high favor here. Our treatment is very different from that which we enjoyed at Cazaux, where we were treated like guests and ate at the *sous-officiers'* mess.

GENGOULT, just outside of Toul,
April 12, 1918.

When I read these newspapers I certainly get hot. I don't see where we can give ourselves any particular credit over the Germans. As far as the Government deceiving the people is concerned, we are in as bad a case as they are. Whenever we hear of "the enemy suffering heavy losses," we know that they have advanced ten or fifteen kilometres. Strategic retreat and strategic out-salients always produce a smile. If we could believe accounts every German on the face of the earth would be dead by now. Yet they tell us that there are three Boches for every two of the Allies on the Western Front. Can you beat it?

On the same page of the paper one reads "Huns bomb Paris. Sixty women and children victims of barbarous attacks." "Our airmen do fine work. Two hundred kilos of explosives dropped on German towns."

After this war is over I hope the people will cook this deceit on the part of their governors. I hope they will insist on getting the truth, good news and bad impartially.

Sometime I am going to take time to write some of the stories I have heard in this aviation game.

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GENGOULT, TOUL,
April 28, 1918.

I sometimes think that the Germans will win this war even if they lose. We pretend to be fighting for democracy but we are adopting all the methods of the so hated Prussian aristocracy.

The worst of all is the way our war lords are deceiving the people. I do not complain that each one of us is in entire ignorance of what is going on around us. I will even submit to the senseless eccentricities of the censorship. But news at least can be truthful. Events past and over with can be told whether good or bad.

Are we a race of babies, of quitters, that we must have our courage buoyed up by false assertions of success? Would we not fight the harder and the more determinedly if we hear of failures and misfortunes? These things are but to be overcome. Many a slaggard back home perhaps would be aroused from his indolence to turn back the tide sweeping in upon us.

Yet on our bulletin board is a notice: "Never criticize your superiors or express your opinion on the conduct of the war. Avoid giving the impression of pessimism by your words and actions."

The attitude of our leaders is shown in the newspapers. Defeats are smothered up as long as possible. Reports of victories are allowed to be published no matter how unfounded on fact. We know little except what happens near us; yet how different are the newspaper stories from the actual facts.

The censorship finds it impossible to stop the publication of the rumor that the Americans captured 200,000 Germans, including the Crown Prince, but succeeded in preventing the publication of the fact that the Germans went through to the American third line trenches and that the French were called in to save the situation.

No wonder the people back home think our boys are a race of demi-gods and that a handful of them are enough to throw back the invading Huns. No wonder they lie back

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and say, "This thing will be finished up soon without effort on our part."

The worst sort of pessimism is fear of pessimism. There is something the matter with leaders whose actions cannot be talked about.

I thought I was fighting for personal liberty, for individualism. Where is our victory if this is gone?

The French have not given up their personal rights and yet have shown themselves the best fighters. May we imitate them rather than the Prussians.

The old Lafayette Flying Corps is suffering its losses these days. Chuck Kerwood got his a little while ago. Woodward is missing and now Stanley writes that Herm Whitmore is missing. Hitchcock has been missing some time after getting two Boches. Collins was brought down after getting three Boches. Collins, Hitchcock, and Whitmore were great pilots too.

Dinsmore Ely has just been killed in an accident at Villacoublay. Some of the finest fellows in the bunch have gone.

Dave Putnam has certainly made up for some. He has brought down about eight Boches now. According to the papers, Rat Booth has brought down his second Boche and is getting married to celebrate. Duke Sinclair was over on the *piste* the other day. He has a Boche, a *croix de guerre* at any rate. He refuses to accept an immediate sous-lieutenancy because he wants to get three Boches first and a *médaille militaire*.

GENGOULT, TOUL,
May 5, 1918.

The war is claiming victims near at home now. Pick Chapman was brought down in the German lines two days ago. He was the one fellow I was most intimate with, a fine boy, too, and most pleasing companion.

We came over on the *Chicago* at the same time. We were together at Avord and roomed together in the old stable barracks in the artillery camp. We were at Pau together and at Cazaux. Of our seven at Cazaux, three have gone, Pick, Dins-

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more Ely, and Herm Whitmore, three of the best too. Then we were at Plessis-Belleville together and left to join the American Army. We were at Issoudun and roomed together at Villeneuve and here. My other room-mate, Cunningham, is going to leave soon on account of his eyes so that I shall be quite lonely.

This squadron certainly has its hands full in good weather and when they want us to furnish a patrol down to the east of Lunéville also, they surely can figure that we are earning our pay even with the flying premium which we are not getting. Before the good weather started, everybody wanted to go up on all the alerts that came in. Now some of us, of whom I admit I am one, are not too sorry to see a little rain so that we can rest up a bit.

The way the squadron works is as follows: it is divided into three flights of six men each, a captain and five lieutenants; one flight is on duty from daylight till 10 A.M., that means getting up at 4.30 A.M.; one flight from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., and one flight from 3 P.M. until dark, a little after 8 P.M. These hours are getting longer every day. Each flight changes its hours of duty each day, so that each has the daylight patrol one day in three. Every day that we are on it is just good enough weather so that we have to get up but bad enough so that we can't do anything.

Our duty consists of waiting around to answer alerts — reports of Boches inside our lines — most of which are erroneous or fruitless. Sometimes we make patrols. Just as the good weather started they demanded a patrol from us for the American sector east of Lunéville. So one flight took that, one was on from daylight to noon and one from noon to dark.

Our flight has only four men now, as Pick has been brought down and Cunningham has n't done any flying for some time.

The day before Pick was brought down I had a peculiar experience. Jim Meissner, Bill Loomis, and I were working for another flight as their machines were out of commission. We were to go up twenty minutes after two Salmsons and fly a little

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way into Germany to lend them a bit of moral support. Bill had to come back on account of motor trouble. Jim and I went up and crossed the lines around Pont-à-Mousson. We were flying west and a bit north when I saw two planes flying towards us but a little south. I thought they were the Salmsons as we were a little above 5000 metres, the height at which they were supposed to be flying, but to make sure I dove down under Jim to attract his attention and then flew off in the direction of the two planes.

I got in back of the second plane and pulled up near and saw the French *cocardes* on the wings, so flew over it and to the right to join Jim who was way out in front. What was my surprise to see him attacking the other machine. "The darn fool is attacking a French plane," I said to myself. Just then the plane went into a *vrille*, a very slow one too, which gave me time to pull up on him, and sure enough I saw the German insignia on the black wings, not even crosses but a white diamond with perhaps a little cross in the middle. As the Boche came out of the *vrille*, Jim shot again. The Boche *piqued*, smoke came out at the left and then flames. As Jim dove under I *piqued* on the Boche but did n't fire, as I figured he was finished anyway and I did n't want to hone in on Jim's credit. I pulled up and saw Jim come around and give the Boche another round. He was taking no chances on his first Boche. After that the Boche was falling pretty fast. I went through a lot of burned wing cloth and leveled out at about 3000 metres. I saw Jim going off toward France but stayed around a little while to see the Boche crash in a wood in the German lines.

When I landed, the Boche had already been confirmed, but Jim was not back. We were quite worried for a time because the machine seemed like a biplane and Jim's second attack was from above. However we heard from him shortly that he was *en panne* with a broken wing. It seems that on his last dive he passed under the Boche so close that their wings hit and his lower wing was torn and loosened a little.

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GENGOULT, TOUL,
May 17, 1918.

Eddie Rickenbacker had his fill of excitement this morning. He attacked three Boches. As he was *piquing*, one of them pulled up in front of him and there was a collision in which the Boche lost his tail and the leading edge of Ed's upper wing was smashed all to pieces as far back as the struts. He fell in a *vrire* 1600 metres, but finally pulled out of it. He had to keep his motor on full so as to keep his machine right side up. We were all surprised to see him coming in with full motor only coupling a couple of feet off the ground. I guess the Boche got his all right.

You can't beat Doug Campbell much for recklessness. He had a fight with two Albatross biplanes yesterday, over Thiaucourt, without casualties on either side. He said "I guess they sent them up to fight. I waited there about half an hour."

GENGOULT,
May 21, 1918.

This stretch of good weather has kept us busy enough. We could stand a little bad weather very well too. Some events have taken place too, the most important was Major Lufbery's death. A German biplane came down between 1500 and 1000 metres right over Toul. He certainly had plenty of nerve. One of the anti-aircraft bursts must have worried him a little though. It turned him right up on end and he fell 50 or 100 metres before he righted himself. Jay Gude attacked him unsuccessfully and then Major Lufbery attacked him twice and was brought down in flames. He jumped out of the machine at about 600 metres. The German went on over Nancy where he was brought down by a Frenchman who had four Boches to his credit previously.

A little later Doug Campbell went out and brought down a biplane on the French side of the lines. His brother was out here visiting him and they both went out in a machine and got

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some fine souvenirs, including the officer's pilot's badge and two ribbons, iron cross and something else.

A Rumpler came down in a *vrire* from 5000 metres and the pilot was n't hurt. We learned from him that Captain Hall is all right, only a slight wound in the foot. So we had a pretty busy Sunday.

Our flight was on yesterday morning so we figured of course we could go to Lufbery's funeral, which was to be at 4. p.m. But at 2.30 p.m. we received orders from the Group Headquarters that we were to be on the *alerte* in addition to the other flight. What soft brains those fellows are! They were afraid that going to the funeral would be bad for our morale. At 3.45 they relieved us from duty with instructions that only one flight was to assist at the funeral. However, we jumped into an auto and went to the funeral. We fellows of the 94th appreciate him anyway. He was a wonderful pilot and a fine fellow to be with. He kept rather to himself but he was pleasant to be with. He never said much and was very modest. It was always very difficult to get him to tell about his experiences which really were worth listening to. He started on a biplane Voisin. His first flight was in this machine over Metz. He used to have a machine gunner whose eyes were so bad that he could n't tell Allied planes from Boches and he used to ask Lufbery whether to shoot or not.

GENGOULT,
May 25, 1918.

Elsie Janis was out to lunch here again today. Later she was out on the field and climbed into my machine (putting her foot through the cloth of the wing in the process). I was not present but they tell me that the mechanos gathered from far and near.

I should like to have a moving picture of an aviator flying over the lines, doubling back and forth and always looking back over his shoulder. If Darwin is worth anything the race of aviators will develop the necks of owls.

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GENGOULT,
June 1, 1918.

Doug Campbell brought down another biplane yesterday. He said it was the first one he ever felt sorry for. After the machine gunner had shot all his cartridges, he stood up straight in the pit with one hand on his hip and the other resting on the gun rail while he watched calmly as Doug poured the bullets into the machine. The machine fell in the French lines finally. The machine gunner was an *ober lieutenant*.

Joe Eastman had a fight with the other biplane (which was with the one that Doug brought down). He got rather the worst of the encounter, though we did n't find any holes in his plane. My motor quit just about five minutes before the fight and I was staggering home when it took place. If I had been with Joe on the biplane, we might have had him worried between us.

On the very day after writing these words, Davis, smitten again and again by the death of his friends in the 94th Squadron, met his own. Of the circumstances attending it, and of Davis himself, a surviving comrade, Lieutenant Arthur Lawrence Cunningham, (Harvard, '18) has written:

I had the good fortune to know Davis more or less intimately during our mutual training period in the Lafayette Flying Corps, and later became quite intimate with him in the 94th American Pursuit Squadron.

On the Toul front where the 94th first went into action, Davis and Chapman, who was killed a month later, and I were room mates. We played bridge a good deal together, and Davis carried on quite an extensive correspondence. He was a little older than Chapman and I, and took the war a great deal more seriously. A business man and over thirty years of age, studious in his habits and matured in thought and speech, he had

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voluteered in the French Army and entered the most hazardous branch of the service, while others of his age and in his position contented themselves with smugly asserting in no weak whisper that they were doing their bit in tending assiduously to business, living "Christian" and patriotic lives, and contributing their tithe in interest paying bonds. But Davis thought and acted differently. His quiet physical courage was equalled only by his conception of duty to his country. He believed religiously in the cause for which he was fighting, and I sometimes think that he would have asked no better death than to die as he did high in the air, his glorious ideals of humankind and its purposes still intact.

I remember the day of his death. One Sunday afternoon, the first of June, Davis and I were dozing in our room. The flight to which we belonged had been on "alert" from dawn till nearly noon, and had made two patrols. Just before noon we were relieved and returned to the barracks thinking our day's work done. In mid-afternoon, however, our flight leader, Douglas Campbell, aroused us. A special call had come in for a flight to escort a British bombing squadron across the lines, and our flight was the only one available.

Davis and I walked across the field to the hangars. The weather was beautiful, the air tranquil; the field through which we were passing was bright with flowers and alive with the hum of insects. The peasants of the neighborhood in Sunday best had gathered around the planes in curious groups. So peaceful and removed from all traces of war was the atmosphere that Davis contrasted, in what were to be his last words to me, the scene about us with the front a few miles to the north, and characteristically remarked how lucky we were to be in the air service instead of among those poor devils in the trenches.

A few minutes later four of us, Campbell, Eastman, Davis, and I, were in the air and on our way to the lines. These we crossed at an altitude of 18,000 feet, and cruised into German territory. A few kilometres farther and before we had yet

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sighted the British bombers, Campbell spied a flight of Boche machines at a considerable distance below us, and immediately dove to attack, the three of us after him. In the mêlée that followed, I lost sight of Davis. We were nothing but a whirl of machines diving, firing, and zooming up again. After a few minutes of this the enemy, six in number, turned tail and scuttled back into Germany. I pulled up, and looked around for the rest of the flight. A plane, which I found out afterwards was Campbell's, was above me and at a considerable distance to the east; I could not locate Eastman, while Davis, recognizable by the large number on the fuselage of his machine, was quite near me and on the same level. We drew together until about fifty feet separated us, then started to join Campbell. Suddenly a tiny flame spurted out of Davis's machine just behind the pilot's seat, and began to lick its way around the fuselage. Instantly he dove towards the earth. Powerless and horrified I followed. A few hundred feet further down his machine burst into a mass of flames and then and there I think Davis's brave soul sped forth; for the machine, out of all control, dropped into a *vrille* or nose spin; righted itself, slid off on what was left of its wings, and dropped again into a *vrille*. It continued to fall tumbling from *vrille* to wing slide, then back again to *vrille* until it crashed in a little meadow a few miles back of the German lines and at the edge of a wood. I saw some human figures running towards it, but could distinguish nothing else. I circled overhead for the next ten or fifteen minutes while the machine smoked and smouldered on the ground.

Weeks later we learned from the Germans that Davis had been taken from his machine and buried. During the fight he had been wounded in the leg, and an incendiary bullet, lodged somewhere in his plane, had finally set it afire.

Another fellow-officer of the Lafayette Escadrille, Lieutenant William F. Loomis, wrote to Davis's sister: "This brother of yours was the best friend I had here in France,

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and I can in a measure realize what his loss means to you. In response to a thorough belief which I have in the inevitable verity of things, I know that his supreme sacrifice has not been in vain. He has covered himself with a glory far beyond our comprehension."

Davis fell between St. Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson, and is buried at Richecourt, Meuse, near the Bois de Burly, called Burlywald in the German notification of his death. The ground containing his grave, purchased by his sister, is under the care of the mayor of Richecourt.



GUY NORMAN

CLASS OF 1890

GUY NORMAN had the uncommon distinction among Harvard men of serving as an officer of the United States Navy on active duty in two wars. He belonged to the Harvard generation of young men to whom the Spanish War gave its opportunity, and it is a notable fact that five Norman brothers, all Harvard men, of whom he was one,

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took part in that war. Twenty years later he was ready to serve again.

He was born at Newport, Rhode Island, July 7, 1868, a son of the late George H. Norman, a conspicuous figure in Rhode Island affairs, and Abbie Durfee (Kinsley) Norman. After attending various schools in Germany and the United States, including the John P. Hopkinson School in Boston, he entered Harvard with the Class of 1890, with which he graduated. In college he belonged to the Institute of 1770 and D. K. E., the Deutscher Verein, the Polo, Shooting, Art, Hasty Pudding, and Porcellian Clubs.

Entering the business of a broker and banker on leaving Harvard, he became a member of the Boston and New York Stock Exchanges, a director of corporations, and a trustee, with Boston as his place of business. On September 9, 1893, he was married at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, to Louisa Palfrey. Their only child is the wife of Elliot C. Bacon, '10.

At the outbreak of the war with Spain, Norman, always an enthusiastic yachtsman, passed the examinations which secured him the commission of ensign in the United States Navy, and was assigned to duty on the battleship *Iowa*, commanded by Captain Robley D. Evans. On this vessel he served throughout the war in various capacities, including watch and division officer, and took part in the Battle of Santiago. Honorably discharged from active duty at the end of the war, he remained an ensign of the U. S. Naval Reserve Force. Though his business interests centered in Boston, he lived chiefly in Newport and Washington.

When the United States entered the World War, Norman was a member of the Rhode Island Senate, not with-

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out expectations of becoming a member of the national House of Representatives from the Newport district. He had entered politics late, but his friends had good reason to believe that his matured capacities would enable him to serve the public to excellent purpose. Called from the reserve to the active force of the Navy in May, 1917, he resigned his seat in the state Senate, and eagerly took up his new duties. His constituents declined to choose another senator in his place, and his colleagues expressed their appreciation of his course by passing an appropriate resolution and draping his desk in the Senate Chamber with a service flag. Apropos of his brief career in politics the *Providence Journal* described him, after his death, as "a refreshing figure in the public life of Rhode Island," and proceeded:

He entered the Legislature from no motive of self-seeking, but for the sole purpose of contributing whatever of strength or talent he had to the common welfare. Elected to the Senate as a Republican, he refused to take orders from the party managers, and to the close of his service at the State House retained his personal independence and self-respect. He had no enemies outside of politics, and in politics only such as were affected by his vigorous opposition to dangerous and improper methods. The sincerity of his aims was never questioned.

Reentering the Navy with the rank of ensign, Norman was promoted lieutenant, junior grade, in October, 1917, and lieutenant, February, 1918. His first service, on the cruiser *North Carolina*, lasted from May, 1917, to March, 1918, and involved five trips to the danger zone on escort duty. From the *North Carolina* he was transferred to the battleship *Oklahoma* of the Atlantic Fleet. Norman was

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thus in the way of seeing more and important service in the convoying of troop-ships across the Atlantic when the state of his health, which for two years past had not been good, obliged him to ask for sick leave in the hope that an operation would restore his physical condition. The leave was granted May 15, and the operation was soon performed in Boston. There, on June 3, 1918, he died at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Two days later the officers of the Ward Room Mess of the *North Carolina* testified to their feeling about Norman by writing to his widow: "We are proud to have known him. There was a self-forgetful devotion in his service, and a genial friendliness in his nature, which will keep us from forgetting him. He was always anxious to be doing more than his share, never careful for his own strength. Our lives must always be more true when we remember that here in our midst, he gave his life, in very truth, for the country he loved."



ROLAND JACKSON

CLASS OF 1916

A SON of William Sharpless Jackson and Helen Fisk (Banfield) Jackson, a brother of William Sharpless Jackson, Jr. (Harvard, '11), Roland Jackson was born at Colorado Springs, Colorado, January 4, 1893. He prepared himself for college at the Cutter School, Colorado Springs, where he was an excellent student and popular among his classmates. For two years, 1910-12, he attended Colorado College. In the autumn of 1912 he entered Harvard with the Class of 1916. He took his degree of A.B., *magna cum laude*, at the end of three years, in the first of which he won a John Harvard Scholarship and a Detur, in the second a Harvard College Scholarship, in the third his election to Phi Beta Kappa. In his freshman year he was

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a member of the rowing squad of his class, served as accompanist for the Glee Club, and joined in the work of Phillips Brooks House. He belonged to the Western, Musical, and Signet Clubs. He devoted his summer vacations to tutoring. His scholastic attainments were high. Yet it is written of him in the Memorial Report of his class that his interests "were anything but confined to studies. He was very much of a musician at heart, and spent many hours a day at the piano. . . . His greatest pleasure was perhaps in the social side of college life. He was very much interested in getting the different points of view of the many diverse types of personalities about college, and was a most sympathetic and delightful companion at all times."

In the same Memorial Report from which these words are taken, the following passage is found:

After graduating from college at the end of junior year, he taught school for one winter at Pinehurst, North Carolina. He had become much interested in Spanish while at college, and was anxious to have a first-hand acquaintance with the country as well as the language, so in the fall of 1916 he sailed for Spain. He spent some eight months in that country, studying the language and living for the greater part of his stay with a Spanish family in Madrid. He was immensely interested in the life of the people and their temperament, with its freedom from care and its complete abandon. He worked in a Spanish business house for a while, and in June, 1917, was appointed a secretary to the American Embassy. The life of the Embassy, however, with its many intrigues and insincerities, did not appeal to him, and he resigned his position shortly afterwards and returned to this country.

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It was a country at war in which he found himself, and in August, 1917, he entered the Second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. On November 30 he was commissioned second lieutenant of infantry. His fondness for outdoor life and exercise, and the spirit of adventure that was in him, made the training of a military camp a congenial experience, and his own wish was gratified when he was ordered to France almost immediately upon receiving his commission.

He sailed in January, 1918, as a casual, and was detailed to a British gun school, "His letters from France" — to quote again from the 1916 Memorial Report — "are full of his joy in the army life, his pleasure and interest in his fellow soldiers, and his delight in France and the French people. He read many French books in his hours off duty, in order to understand better their point of view. In May he wrote to his sister: 'I am gradually carving out a philosophy which will include everything.'"

It was in May also that he was assigned to Company G, 30th Infantry, 3d Division. On June 4, his regiment was ordered to the front at Château-Thierry. There, two days later, he met his death, the circumstances of which were related as follows in a letter signed by a captain and three lieutenants of his company:

In the morning of June 6, at about 1 o'clock, the Germans began a fierce bombardment of the town in which the company was billeted for the night. Lieutenant Jackson and the other officers had just returned from duty in the first sector of the fight, and were preparing to go to bed for the night when a number of men were brought in to us for first aid treatment. The number steadily increased, and Lieutenant Jackson left

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the room to attend the wounded in the street. As he emerged from the doorway a high explosive shell burst within ten feet of him, causing his instant death along with three other officers. . . .

Lieutenant Jackson was a young officer who was held in the highest esteem by all with whom he was associated and all cherished him for his noble and manly character, as well as for his professional ability and strict attention to duty.

His death occurred near Château-Thierry. On the next day he and the three officers killed with him were buried in a little orchard near by. In accordance with Jackson's own desire, no funeral services were held over his grave. It was marked with a wooden cross, to which his identification tag was attached. His essential vitality is suggested in a few words from a letter written by one of his brothers: "I have just finished probating his will to-day. The words 'Roland Jackson, deceased,' seem so antithetical that I feel as if I was lying every time I write them."



GORDON KAEMMERLING

CLASS OF 1912

GORDON KAEMMERLING was born August 29, 1891, at Erie, Pennsylvania, the second son of Gustav and Effie (Barnhurst) Kaemmerling. His father, now Rear-Admiral Kaemmerling, U. S. N., who served during the war as chief inspector for the Navy Department in the New York Shipbuilding Corporation yards at Camden, New Jersey, was then a junior engineer officer in the Navy, the son of Colonel Gustav and Gertrude Kaemmerling, of Tell City, Indiana. Colonel Kaemmerling commanded the 9th Ohio Volunteers throughout most of the Civil War, and was of German birth, having come to this country in the exodus following the revolt of 1848 in Germany. His wife was of Swiss parentage. In the ancestry of

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Effie (Barnhurst) Kaemmerling there was a blending of English, Dutch, Scotch, and Welsh blood. Gordon Kaemmerling's slightly older brother is Gustav Henry Kaemmerling, also of the Harvard Class of 1912, who entered the Marine Corps early in the war, and attained the rank of captain.

But for a year in Milwaukee, Gordon Kaemmerling's boyhood was spent chiefly in Erie, Pennsylvania, the home of his mother's parents. In the summer he and his brother joined their father on the Massachusetts coast, or travelled in Canada or the West, or attended a boy's camp in New Hampshire. He gave early evidences of marked capacity. Learning to read and write at home, he entered the third grade of the Erie schools at seven, together with his brother, and thenceforth usually stood at or near the head of his classes. When he was twelve, he passed the entrance examinations for the Erie High School, standing second in a list of some three hundred and fifty. Several years earlier he and his brother had begun studying the piano. After a year or two Gordon forged ahead rapidly, and as time went on became so fond of music that he would have adopted it as a profession had not the more practical judgment of his father overruled this impulse. Through this time he was a member of the boy choir and Sunday School of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church at Erie, of which the Rev. Franklin S. Spalding, afterwards Bishop of Utah, was then the rector. But it was not only in studies and music that he excelled. At Camp Marienfeld, near Mount Monadnock, where he passed three summers, he showed unusual athletic ability, outclassing the juniors of his own age, whom he surpassed

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in size and strength, and holding his own with boys much older than himself — and this not in any one sport, but in all.

After the summer of 1906, he entered the Morristown School, Morristown, New Jersey, where he rapidly made himself respected both as student and as athlete. He made the football team at once, playing, as his brother has expressed it, "like a small thunderbolt," and enjoying the physical conflict to the full. In the spring he made both the baseball and track teams, and finished the school year by passing his preliminary examinations for Harvard with high marks. At the end of the ensuing summer at Camp Marienfeld, a physical examination revealed a slight heart-strain, and further participation in athletics was forbidden him. Perhaps he was thus the freer for his final year of school work at Morristown, where he undertook an unusual number of studies and mastered them so thoroughly that he won both the School prize for the highest average scholarship and the prize offered by the Harvard Club of New Jersey for the highest mark in entrance examinations for Harvard attained by a candidate from that state. The committee that awarded the prize defined him as "a remarkably well-rounded boy of excellent parts and sterling character," and in recognition of the standing of both Gordon and Gustav Kaemmerling, said: "It is a rather remarkable coincidence that two brothers, fitted in the same school, applying for admission to the same class at Harvard should take first and second places in the entrance examination of all applicants from this State, and that the younger, who was only sixteen years and ten months old last June, should be first."

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It has been said of Gordon Kaemmerling at this time that "during these years his individuality was crystallizing. He always showed a high sense of honor, and a modesty the more remarkable in view of his unusual variety of attainments. He was an uncompromising idealist, simple in his tastes, and absolutely without the affectations which are usually normal with boys of his age. Probably it was for this reason that he was popular with the quieter souls, and especially beloved of the younger boys."

In the autumn of 1908 he entered Harvard, having just passed his seventeenth birthday. He and his brother roomed together, and soon began to collect friends and acquaintances, old and new. The prohibition against strenuous athletics still being in effect, Gordon was not allowed to take up football or track work, but entered competition for the freshman basketball team, and soon won a position as forward, where he played in all the games that year, winding up by participating in the defeat of the Yale freshmen.

His years in college were quiet, with little incident for chronicling. At the end of the first year the brothers went to the Harvard Engineering Camp, and spent most of the summer there taking surveying courses. In their sophomore year basketball was removed from the list of college sports, and Gordon spent much of his time out of doors, tramping about the country in the neighborhood of Cambridge. He had no difficulty in keeping up with his studies, but did not strive to attain unusually good marks. He had a remarkable ability to untangle the intricacies of mathematics, and in his second summer at the Engineering Camp took up a mathematical course in

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kinetics, generally considered difficult, and made a perfect mark in daily work, tests, and examinations, to the astonishment of his instructor. Oddly enough, he had no fondness for mathematics, which he regarded as merely a means to an end.

In his junior year, through which the brothers decided to room apart, he joined the Alpha Phi Sigma Club, and later the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. Toward the end of the year he went out for track, and won the running broad jump in a handicap meet. A slight strain, however, prevented his winning the jump in the Dartmouth meet, shortly afterwards, and ended his collegiate athletic activities.

At the end of this year, he had completed enough courses to secure his A.B. degree, and after spending a month or two at Cambridge, returned to Erie, where he was employed first by the Hayes Manufacturing Company, and after several months by the General Electric Company. In 1915 he went to the Alberger Pump and Condenser Company, spending several months at their plant in Newburgh, New York, and then entering their New York office. It was characteristic of him that in this period he took a room with a Colombian family, in order to increase his facility in Spanish, which he had been studying for some time.

In the summer of 1916 he attended the Plattsburg camp, and after war was declared, made application for the first 1917 camp. A physical disability which could be corrected by an operation led to his rejection. The hospital at which he applied for admission was full, but his unremitting insistence opened its doors to him and he

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underwent the operation at once. Fearful lest he might be too late for the first camp, which was just beginning, he left the hospital when just about able to walk, and reported immediately at Plattsburg. The doctors there wanted to send him back to the hospital, but gave way in the face of his firm determination to stay. His vigor returned rapidly, and he devoted himself to his military studies with such zeal that he was one of five men in his company to whom commissions in the Regular Army were offered. He accepted this opportunity as affording the quickest path to the front, received his commission as provisional second lieutenant, and was ordered to the 23d Infantry Regiment then at Syracuse, New York. Joining this command September 1, he was assigned to the machine gun company. Overseas orders came almost at once, and on September 8 the regiment sailed from Hoboken on the U. S. S. *Pocahontas*, which arrived at St. Nazaire, September 20.

From St. Nazaire, Kaemmerling proceeded with his comrades in arms, to Bourmont, Haute Marne, where they arrived October 1. Early in the period of intensive training which then began, Kaemmerling's commission as provisional second lieutenant, infantry, in the Regular Army was issued. On January 2, 1918, he was sent to the British Physical Training and Bayonet School at St. Pol, Pas-de-Calais, where he remained until January 27. Returning to his command at Goncourt, he was assigned to Company M, and put in charge of bayonet instruction for the 3d Battalion, with which he presently went into the trenches in the Verdun sector. There he remained from April 3 until about May 10, 1918. During this

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period and thereafter he was in command of the one-pound platoon, having previously taken a course in the operation of the one-pounder, and was consequently assigned to Headquarters Company. On April 1 he was promoted temporary first lieutenant, to date from October 26, 1917.

About May 10 the regiment was taken out of the line for rest, and the Headquarters Company went to Robert-Espagne. On May 20 it went by train to Chaumont-en-Vexin, northwest of Paris. On May 31 it was rushed toward Château-Thierry with the rest of the 2d Division, reaching its position in support late in the day of June 1. Before it could settle down, the 23d was rushed north to a point near Germigny early on June 2. Being relieved on June 4-5, it returned to support position near Montreuil-aux-Lions, and the 1st and 3d Battalions went into the line almost immediately.

On the evening of June 6 an attack was ordered. During the course of this attack Kaemmerling was called into a conference with the battalion commander. His guns were stationed in advanced positions, and, while returning to them across a field covered by shell-fire and machine-gun bullets, he was struck by a splinter of shell and killed instantly. A captain of the 23d Regiment afterwards described the circumstances as follows:

I last saw Gordon at 10.15 on the night of June 6. As he passed my position on his way to meet the battalion commander, he stopped and talked to me. He laughingly told me that he was in a hurry to get back to his gun in No Man's Land, as he did not like to be away from his men long.

After the conference he started back through a field literally

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covered by bursting shell and machine-gun fire. From the direction in which he was going and the location of the wound, it was very apparent that his death was caused by a high explosive shell, bursting either directly overhead or just in the rear, as I know that he was headed for his guns further forward, and was struck in the back just below the shoulder-blade.

From all appearances he evidently died instantly, for when I saw the body the next morning it was nearly cut in two and riddled with machine-gun bullets.

He was buried at Le Thiolet, a small town near Château-Thierry.

Kaemmerling's letters from France were always cheerful, and such hardships as he mentioned were described with a humorous touch. He fell in love with France at once, and wrote, "I've been seeing Parrish seas (also Sorolla), Corot trees, and Doré skies. This is a dream country that I'd love to play in in peace times." There are many more paragraphs, expressing his delight in the quaintness and attractiveness of French ways and people. He also enjoyed his contact with the English, of whom he says, "The more I saw of the British, the more I liked them. . . . All we want to get to appreciate the British is to know them better." He often spoke of the men under his command with unbounded enthusiasm, describing one after another to point his remarks. How he enjoyed it all was revealed in such declarations as, "I would n't give up my experiences so far for two or three dull-gray existences."

The affection and admiration in which he was held by the officers and men of his command found many expressions. A single incident related by David Loring, Jr. (Harvard, '16), commanding officer of the Headquarters

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Company of the 23d Regiment while Kaemmerling was attached to it, is characteristic. Recalling a certain march, this fellow-officer wrote:

There occurred a little incident which I always think of when I think of Gordon. It was a very hot day. The previous day the men had been paid, and were now suffering from the results of the inevitable pay-day celebration. Discipline was low, and the men inclined to straggle. . . . One man who was really all in showed signs of weakening, and Gordon relieved him of his pack and rifle and carried them for several miles in addition to his own equipment. At the next halt I overheard some men discussing it. One commented on it, saying, "That's a damn fine lieutenant. There ain't many would do that." . . . It was typical of Gordon's way with the men, and their attitude with him.

His clean enthusiasm, his love of beauty, his open-hearted friendship, and, above all, his utter devotion to his country and the things for which it stood, are the qualities which Kaemmerling's friends most warmly remember.



JOHN DWIGHT FILLEY, JR.

CLASS OF 1916

THE only son of John Dwight Filley and Fannie (Douglass) Filley, John Dwight Filley, Jr., was born July 15, 1893, at Ferguson, a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri, the home of his parents throughout his life. He had his early schooling at a kindergarten and the Smith Academy, a St. Louis school named for the family that gave the Smith Freshman Halls to Harvard. At twelve he went to Ham-

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let Lodge, at Pomfret, Connecticut, and afterwards attended the Pomfret School for two years. When these were drawing to an end he began to plan for entering Harvard two instead of three years later, and finding that his studies at Pomfret could not be arranged to this end, wrote of his own motion, and without the approval of his parents, to the Lake Placid School in the Adirondacks, with the result that by spending a summer and two winters there he was ready to begin his work at Harvard in 1912, with the Class of 1916.

In college Filley became assistant manager of the freshman baseball team and a member of the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Southern, Hasty Pudding, and Fox Clubs. He also joined Troop B of the Massachusetts Cavalry, and greatly enjoyed the summer encampments of that body. In the summer of 1915 he was one of the undergraduates who sailed with a company of four hundred Harvard men from New York on the *Finland* to attend the meeting of the Associated Harvard Clubs in San Francisco, and shared the discomforts and pleasures of the delay caused by a landslide in the Panama Canal. After the San Francisco meeting and a riding trip through the Yellowstone Park, in which he took much pleasure, he joined his parents at York Harbor, Maine — and few parents, it should be said, have ever enjoyed a more satisfying relationship with a son, affectionate, cheerful, and bent upon meeting the expectations of his father.

Graduating at Harvard in 1916, he attended the Plattsburg Training Camp of that summer, and in the autumn entered the Brooklyn works of the American Manufacturing Company, of which his father is president. Be-

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ginning at the bottom of this business of making cordage, bagging, and kindred products, Filley was promoted three times in the ten months that passed before his entering the first Plattsburg camp for the training of officers that was held after the United States associated itself with the Allies in the war. At the conclusion of this camp he received, August 15, 1917, his commission as second lieutenant of infantry, and, assigned to Company M, 23d Infantry Regiment, sailed for France, September 8, 1917. On October 26 his Regular Army commission of provisional second lieutenant of infantry was issued, and on the same day he was promoted temporary first lieutenant.

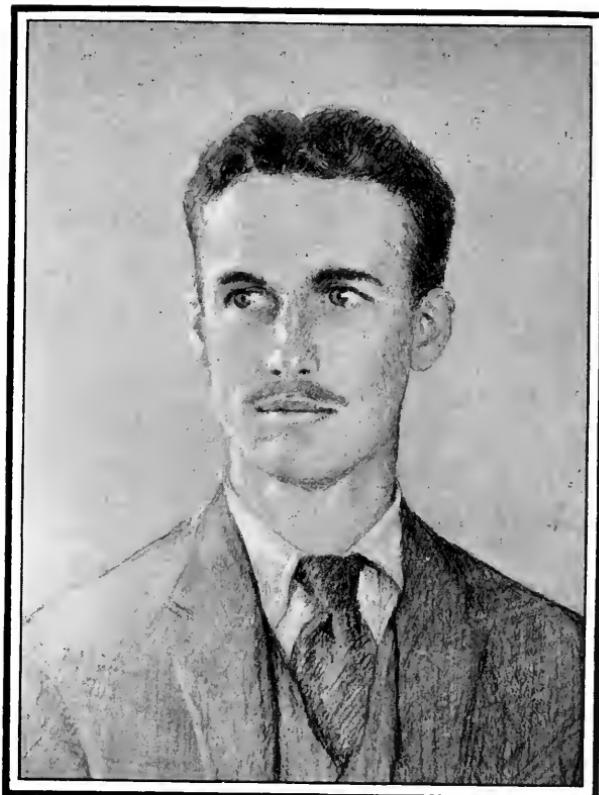
From the time of his landing in France until his death from wounds in the fight at Château-Thierry, Filley's personal record was but a part of the history of the 23d Infantry, which became one of the units in the 2d Division of the American Expeditionary Forces upon its organization late in 1917. His letters home touched on the outer aspects of the life he was leading, with allusions to the mud of Flanders — "without exaggeration it is up to our knees" — to paying \$36 for a pair of boots, to his temporary service as judge advocate, to the superiority of French over British gas masks, to looking forward to the trenches as a place of rest after wearisome marches, and to finding them anything but that. In March he wrote: "Things are very lively now. One man got forty Germans yesterday and should get all kinds of decorations. There are rumors that I'm to be made a captain, but I'm perfectly satisfied with my present responsibility." In April came this observation: "Life is queer. We go to a French movie and sit laughing while things are blown to pieces

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outside. The most exciting thing I have seen was an aerial fight. The French brought down three Boches in our sector, and seventy-two in one day in a radius of ten miles."

With the 23d Infantry, Filley was rushed, June 1, 1918, to Château-Thierry for the fight which in its results proved so momentous to the fortunes of the Allies. He was placed in command of Company M, and on June 6 led it in a charge that gained its objective. When this was done he returned to Headquarters for further instructions and was going back to his men, at 9.30 P.M., when he was severely wounded in the chest and both legs by fragments of a shell. In the hospital at Juilly, to which an ambulance bore him, he underwent, on the following day, an operation on his chest, but it was impossible to save him, and on June 8, nine months from the day of his sailing for France, he died, "unafraid of death," as he told the chaplain who attended him, but ready for it if it must come. He was buried near by, with full military ceremonial.

He was an officer of high promise, as of notable achievement. In his home city of St. Louis, the 1st Regiment of Infantry, Missouri Home Guards, paid him honor by giving his name, in 1920, to their summer encampment. His college roommate, in more intimate testimony, has described him as "always generous, almost to a fault, considerate, bright, manly, and upright, and the best friend a man could hope for." From a friend in Paris, with whom he spent a few hours on his way to the front, came the report, "I never talked to a more exalted soul; he was like the crusaders of old, fired with their spirit, to fight for the highest ideals, to bring back to earth purity, love, and freedom."



EVERIT ALBERT HERTER

CLASS OF 1914

ONE theory of biography is that it should begin in the middle. That method may well be applied in the present instance by quoting a letter from Frederick L. Allen (Harvard, '12), Secretary to the Corporation of Harvard College:

The main thing that I shall always remember about Ev Herter was the amount of sheer enjoyment that he got out of

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life, and the amount that he gave to any company of which he was a member. He lived abundantly, in the best sense of the term; he did everything with gusto; his humor was contagious; he was one of the most genial companions I have ever known.

Herter was unusually tall, I should say six feet two or three, and of fine physique, although he stooped slightly. He had a laugh all of his own, a sort of internal chuckle, almost soundless; his head would duck forward and his shoulders jerk upward as if he were inwardly convulsed. The mere sight of one of his intimates approaching was enough to start one of these convulsions. He seemed to be inexpressibly amused even before you had a chance to say anything; and the result was that the minute you saw his broad shoulders and blond head across the living room of the Harvard Club of New York, you found yourself in good humor. You wanted to tell him the best story you had heard that day, just to watch him relish it. He was hugely appreciative, and put you at your best. If you were going anywhere you wanted him to come along, because no party could be dull if Ev Herter was there.

Whenever I think of him I think of a certain October weekend that Boughton Cobb and I spent with him at Easthampton. That weekend was a regular pentathlon; we played golf all day, and whenever we were n't playing golf we were competing at pool or some other game. When the time came for me to rush for my train to New York, I came out of the house, where I had been packing furiously, to find Herter and Cobb in the midst of a game of croquet, playing in the glare of the automobile headlights. It was nearly dark; but they had backed the car round so that the headlights played on the croquet lawn, and they were hard at it. That was characteristic of Ev. He had played everything else, he had ten minutes to spare while I was packing, and he must cram one more game into those ten minutes. The only thing that would be comparable in enjoyment to playing any such game with him would be hearing him tell about it afterwards.

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His friends still tell about his imitation of a motion-picture operator at a *Crimson-Lampoon* hockey game, when he was an undergraduate. He could n't skate well enough to take part in the game, but he rigged up something that looked like a camera by means of a soap-box with the top of a beer-bottle sticking out through a hole in the side, and he rushed here and there and industriously went through the motions of turning a crank and filming the more tumultuous crises of the game. At any such burlesque affair he was in his element. He provided more than his share of comedy at the always amusing baseball game between the *Lampoon* and *Crimson* editors, and no costume was too exaggerated or ridiculous for him to put on as a member of the *Lampoon's* "reversible battery."

Don't think for a minute that I mean to represent him as a buffoon. His humor was only one manifestation of a sensitive nature that showed itself also in his keen interest in art and decoration, and in his genuine thoughtfulness and kindness.

The impression created by this letter is heightened by another, from Herter's friend and classmate, Edward Streeter, author of "Dere Mable" and other popular books:

I lost a number of friends in the war. Several of them touched my life more closely than did Everit. None of them, however, left such a sense of vacancy. Herter's outstanding characteristic was a whimsical sense of humor, and I never saw it fail him under any circumstances. In college I was associated with him on the *Harvard Lampoon*. More than once we have been seated over a luncheon table and realized that the paper had to go to press in twenty-four hours, and what was still worse, that there was no material available. It was at times like that that Herter was at his best. He would walk up and down the room making dry remarks which were not of the least help and then suddenly an idea would emerge, and then another and another until we

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had the ground work of the entire edition laid down. Probably no one enjoyed these numbers more than Ev and myself. Certainly no one laughed so hard over them.

Later when Ev became a professional artist and married a very wonderful girl, Carolyn Keck, this same optimism and humor smoothed over the rough spots caused by lack of money. He lived in a little house above 86th Street on the East River. For a year or more he had no maid, little money, and not too many prospects, yet I knew of no place where I could be sure of better conversation, or a heartier laugh. Things which would have made life depressing to an ordinary man, Herter made into a source of amusement. I remember that there was a corner saloon near his house which seemed objectionable to me until I found that Herter had made a solemn rite of going there each evening before bed time with a little tin pail which he used to fill with beer to speed his parting guests.

Had he lived, I think that Ev might have become a great artist. He had a sincere feeling for his work which spelled "success," and never for one moment did he dream of doing anything else. The very idea of being in business amused him and yet he was far from impractical when it came to running his own house and family.

We were writing a book together when the war broke out. It would never have been much of a book, I fear, but my chief reason for wanting to write it was the contact which it gave me with Ev.

Now to begin at the beginning: — Everit Albert Herter was born in New York, February 19, 1894, a son of the distinguished painter Albert Herter and Adele (McGinnis) Herter. His brother is Christian Archibald Herter, 2d (Harvard, '15), who was serving as secretary to Ambassador Gerard in Berlin when the United States entered the war. Seven years of Everit Herter's childhood were spent in Europe — France, Italy, Sicily, Switzerland. In Paris

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he attended l'École Alsacienne, where his name is now on the Roll of Honor among his French comrades. The early memories of his life in France made a great and lasting impression on him, and were always happy and beloved, so that on returning to France as a soldier he felt at home and greatly loved and sympathized with the people of the country.

When eleven years old he returned to America and went to a small school, Pine Lodge, near Lakewood, New York. Here he was very happy, and did well in his studies, at the same time showing such talent and ingenuity as an actor in plays given by the boys that the masters felt convinced that acting would be his career. This talent was always increasingly marked, but had no interest for him as a serious vocation.

From Pine Lodge he went to the Browning School in New York for two years, and at the age of sixteen entered Harvard. He did not graduate from college until a half-year after his class because of a serious accident to his foot in the fall of his freshman year which incapacitated him for five months. He never recovered from this accident, and when the war came his lameness prevented his entering any officers' training camp. At Harvard his studies were mostly in the art courses, and he enjoyed especially his work with Denman Ross. He belonged to the Institute, Signet, D. K. E., Stylus, Pen and Brush, Cosmopolitan, Hasty Pudding and Spee Clubs, but the association from which he derived the greatest enjoyment and profit during his years at Harvard was that of the *Lampoon*, of which he was an editor, and in his senior year "Ibis."

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After taking his degree in January, 1915, he went immediately to New York, where he studied at the New York Art League with George B. Bridgman. That summer he took some painting courses at the Harvard Summer School, and in October was married in Easthampton, Long Island, to Caroline Seymour Keck. During the following winter he lived in New York and worked with and for his father. The quality of his painting may be seen in the mural decorations in the Japanese style which he did for the Stratford House grill in New York, and in Chinese panels for a lady's boudoir. These two things were of especial note in his accomplishment of that winter. During the summer of 1916, he worked on some decorations of Barry Faulkner's for the Washington Irving High School in New York.

In October, 1916, his first son was born, Albert Herter, 2d, who died just a year after his father. His second boy was born after he went to war, March, 1918, and bears his name.

April, 1917, brought the war, and during the following summer, being unable to enlist or enter any camp for the reason already named, he spent his time painting decorative panels which he sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. His hope for more active service lay in the organization of a Camouflage Corps such as the French had formed, and the moment of its birth found him in Washington. On September 4, 1917, he enlisted as a private, and was assigned to the 25th Engineers, Company A (Camouflage.) The injury to his foot was overlooked, and though his comrades tell of the agony it caused him on hikes, he never allowed it to incapacitate or handicap him.

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After a week as a private he became a corporal, and on September 25 was promoted sergeant, 1st class. With the first contingent of his regiment he sailed, on January 4, 1918, for France, where the unit to which he belonged was attached to the 5th and 6th Regiments, U. S. Marine Corps, at the front.

In words of his own Herter drew a picture of the journey to France which is introduced at this point in spite of its dealing with a single episode of his military life with a degree of detail that cannot be duplicated in any other. Apart from its place in the record of Herter's experience, it makes a distinctive contribution to the amazing story of the transportation of our millions of troops to France.

On January 2, we got orders to burn the straw from our mattresses, and we knew again that we were due to start. This time there was no hitch. Shortly after noon mess the company was assembled, everything checked up, and the baggage gone. We left camp at about 3 o'clock, and the snow was falling heavily, so that it was twilight when we got to Washington. We passed the foot of the Washington Monument, and you can imagine nothing more picturesque than the men — their hats, shoulders, and knapsacks powdered with snow — filing by in dusk, with the great obelisk, its top almost lost in the gathering darkness and the driving snow, for a background. It was a great sight.

It was about 5.30 that we finally pulled up in the railroad yards. It soon became apparent that things had gone wrong, as there was no train in evidence, except a string of coal cars against which we were lined up. We stacked arms, and posted a guard, so that no man could go outside the stacks and get lost; and then just waited. It was down near zero with a fearful wind blowing, and a draft between and under those freight cars that took us off our feet, so we were fairly miserable. Some

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ingenious soul scooped axle grease out of the train wheels and started a fire with it and some loose coal. The idea was passed along, and each platoon presently had a fire going. It was a wonderful scene — of the Valley Forge type — but most uncomfortable as you simply could n't get warm without burning. That lasted about three hours. Then the train finally pulled in.

As usual there had been a mistake, and they had sent a train at 4 o'clock, with about half enough space and no heat. This train was fine though. We loaded on, by platoons, three men to a double seat. The racks were full of equipment — belts, canteens, cartridge-belts hanging from them, rifles stacked in corners, between seats, etc., mackinaws and ponchos hanging on every available hook, and the air dim and blue with tobacco smoke — another scene full of character and local color. The train stopped immediately (about 9) leaving Lieutenant Embury behind by a mistake. He had to hire a locomotive and catch up with us, which he did in about two hours, covered with grease, from head to foot, on his new uniform.

We passed a pleasant if somewhat sleepless night. Owing to the crowding, every time you tried to sleep some one else would do likewise, and presently his feet would find their way into your face, or *vice versa*, and hostilities would start. Card games were the most popular time-killers, some lasting all night.

Along towards 5.30 we arrived at our destination. Of course we had no idea where we were. We unloaded and fell in on the platform in column of squads. Without delay, as darkness and secrecy were necessary, we marched into the station. We had to "break step" immediately, as when we entered the stone paved waiting room we were all in step and the rhythmic reverberations made the place shake and echo, and brought the sleepy porters and workmen and a few civilians rushing from all points to see what the devil was up. The order had been given that there would be no loud talking or shouting of any kind, but when we had crossed the station, gone down a gang plank and on to a ferry-boat, there it was, visible through the windows at

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the end — the skyline of lower Manhattan, against the pale green sky — first signs of the dawn — and the first two platoons broke into a perfect roar of joy. The officers were so excited themselves that nothing was said, but you can imagine the thrill of it. The men who came from New York were wild, and as most of the others had never seen it before, they were overawed. It was too beautiful for anything. The river was packed with ice — iridescent as the dawn grew brighter — against that wonderful background of skyscrapers and lights.

The ferry headed straight up the river, keeping on the Jersey side, and suddenly headed in to one of the great docks. At this dock lay the —, just returned from France, and *sheathed* in ice; and on the other side another great vessel, the — which was to take us. I am not allowed to give names, but our ship is almost the largest transport afloat. The ferry tied up to the outer end of the dock, and we marched straight down the dock to the transport's gang plank. Each man called his name as he went on board, and was checked up by a ship's officer, so it was impossible for a spy to get on board unless he was in a company. (We hear, by the way, that on the last trip this boat made, there was a spy on board — an officer, who was caught signalling from a port-hole with a flash-light.) For the first time, I discovered the advantage of being a 1st class sergeant. When all the men had gone on board, we were kept waiting, with the officers, on the dock, until nearly paralyzed with cold. Then we were ushered on board to a most luxurious stateroom. . . .

Having shed our packs, we went below to see how the boys were getting along. I assure you, the troop-space on a transport is a sight for sore eyes. The ceiling averages about six and one-half feet in height. In every available inch of space there are iron pipes (upright) and cross pieces six feet long about twenty inches across. Between these a canvas is stretched. That's your bunk. They are in tiers of three, one above the other, the lowest a foot from the floor, the other two about two feet apart. The upper berth is impossible to sit up in, and gets some light.

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The lower two are good for nothing but sleeping. The port-holes are all closed solid, so we depend on artificial ventilation — which puts us at the mercy of the wind. With the wind astern — as it now is for instance — there is *no* air. The aisles between bunks are just wide enough to pass through by squeezing — passing a man is impossible — and to sum up, there are no hooks, so a man's berth contains not only himself but *all* his belongings, blankets, poncho, shelter-tent, pack, haversack, cartridge belt, mess tin, canteen and cup, and toilet articles and rifle.

Lieutenant St. G. conducts three inspections of quarters daily, and if a man's bunk is not *absolutely* neat he gets soaked. That keeps them busy and our quarters look extremely well.

The men are turned loose when they get on board, but of course no one is allowed ashore again. . . .

During the day the ship took in her cargo — great derrick loads at a time — and all night you could hear the squeaking and groaning of the great machines hauling up and lowering ton after ton of steel, iron, food, ammunition, etc.

I stood on the stern with Faulkner that night, and probably never saw a finer sight. We looked straight across the river at the great mass of lights of the city, with tugs and brilliantly lighted ferries ploughing up the ice between us. Clouds of steam arose from our ship, somewhere beneath us, so that at times everything was hidden. Then we'd catch a glimpse through a rift in the cloud. Presently a ferry would head in, swarming with troops, and the long dark line would pile on to the dock, through the great store houses, and up on to the transport. There would be other ferries waiting, also *alive* with men, and as the first backed out, these came in, and the vast transport continued to take in its load throughout the night.

By morning she was loaded. Only one gang plank was in place—from the officers' deck—and orderlies were rushing up and down it getting the last papers signed, etc. Then came a general call to quarters, and every man on board went below — out of sight.

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Nothing happened for a long time, and when I got a glimpse out of a port-hole (along towards 3.30 P.M.) there was "Liberty" on the starboard bow, and the dear old Aquarium at the Battery, to port. It was very beautiful in the late afternoon light, and although looking out of port-holes was strictly forbidden I could n't resist a long farewell look. Neither could most of the other officers and non-coms.

The non-coms, 1st class sergeants, 1st sergeants, master engineers, and medical sergeants have a mess hall to themselves — another added luxury, although I can't say too little of the mentality and morality of the average non-com. . . .

When we were allowed on deck again, it was night, and by morning no land was in sight.

Then it became clear that trouble was ahead. Our company was chosen to do *all* the guard duty for the ship for the entire trip. There were twenty-two posts to guard. Three reliefs made sixty-six men, who, with six corporals and two sergeants, made seventy-four men we had to supply daily. I was on guard our first day and night out. It was very impressive at night. You can't imagine how curious a sensation it was inspecting the reliefs at night, when all ports were closed and covered. I stepped out on deck. It was *totally* black. Occasionally there would be a flash of phosphorus from the foam alongside, but that was *all*. The guard would be invisible at a distance of two feet. You felt strangely alone in that darkness, with the wind whistling and the sea rushing past, although the great black mass beneath you was simply packed with humanity. The twenty-two posts ranged from the engine room to the hurricane deck, so, as you can see, I got so that I knew that route like a bloodhound. When the time came for the guard to be changed, I would stir up the corporal, and together we would waken the twenty-two men. No slight job, when you think of fifty men sleeping pell-mell on and under tables, in heaps all over the guard-room. A purple blue light (visible only at short distance) gave a mysterious look to the scene. These men would

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sleepily get together. The corporal called the roll, inspected the rifles (with me supervising at a distance, as became my dignity) and then with a few whispered commands, the relief would disappear into the blackness. At first it took one hour and fifty minutes to complete the relief. This was cut down to twenty-five minutes by Corporal Henry, who could take those twenty-two men through this ship just like a rat.

There is an artillery outfit on board. They despise us because we're not soldiers (they being regulars) and jeer at our guards. So many of our men were sea-sick that we simply could n't do all the guard duty, and they were picked to relieve us every other day. Their officers boasted to ours: "Now we have a real military guard over this ship," they said, and St. Gaudens was sore as a crab. Their first night on duty two men went to sleep at their posts. A court-martial gave them six months in prison at hard labor. Our officers and men tease theirs continually about it, and the situation is a bit strained.

A poor devil in the regiment died of pneumonia today. Measles and mumps are rather prevalent and we fear a quarantine when we land.

There has been a row among the colored troops below — of whom there are vast numbers — and three are in the hospital, cut up with razors.

We reach the Gulf Stream, the third day out. It is as warm as summer. Blue sky and blue sea look too wonderful. There is no wind, but a long gentle roll. The boys are sick as pigs.

Do you remember the boy with pleurisy that was dropped off the litter into the snow three times? He was corporal of the guard. I was commander at the time. He started out with the relief about midnight. Presently four or five of them come back, having lost the rest of the crowd. I rounded them up, and started out on the trail of the corporal. I bump into someone in the darkness, and challenge him. It turns out to be a few more of that relief, also lost, wandering around. The whole relief was lost. I kept them with me, and started to post them

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myself. On the aft stairway there's a light. As we passed the stairway a strange bent figure went sneaking up — seat of trousers dragging on the ground and hand firmly clapped over mouth. It is the corporal of guard searching for air, so seasick he could n't unbend his knees. Can you think of anything funnier?

When I got to post No. 4 (way down in the bowels of the ship) the guard, — by name, very ugly with ears like a bat, is spinning round and round his gun — the gun being a pivot in the middle — and blowing right and left as he went around. Vastly disagreeable, and cheerful for the man who relieved him. Luckily, I have n't even known a qualm of sickness. Hope it continues.

Twice a day the bugle blows "Abandon the Ship." Every man knows exactly what to do — they come up the hatchway in a fixed order. Thirty-one men and four non-coms for the first life boat; nineteen men, three non-coms for the first raft, etc., etc. We've got it down to a science.

There is very little to do. I play cards with — and — and — most of the time, and have strengthened my meagre bankroll a bit. They are miserable bridge players.

We are getting into the danger zone. It is a curious sensation, to know that somewhere around you, beneath the waves, the enemy lies hidden, waiting his chance to finish you. To think that at this moment he may be discharging his torpedo. Rather unpleasant, *n'est-ce pas?*

Di Colonna is Commander of the Guard. The officer of deck (*Mogul* on board ship) comes down to the guard room. "There's two soldiers sleeping on deck, against orders," he says. "Throw 'em in the brig; we can't have any of that stuff!"

Colonna gropes his way on deck, searching his prey. He trips over one, in the blackness, and sprawls on the deck. "Are you soldiers?" he asks. "Of course we are," this bird answers. "All right, honey," says Colonna. "You two babies get the hell out of the captain's back yard, right now, or I throw you both in the brig, see?"

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And these fellows grab their bedding and duck below like prairie-dogs! The joke of the matter is that they are both officers! Imagine it! A captain and a lieutenant of the — Engineers. Of course the other officers don't stop kidding them *at all*, and Colonna is so afraid of a court-martial that he's blowing bubbles. There is no danger, though, as he was perfectly right. They were out there, in the mortal dread of being torpedoed and getting drowned in their berths!

I was on guard again last night. We are within 300 miles of France, and in the worst of the danger zone. *All* lights except the dim blue ones go out one hour before sunset — until 7 A.M. We get two meals per day — at 7.30 and 2.30. You can't conceive of the complete blackness of the boat after the lights go out.

Lieutenant Fry asked a sailor the other day if it was pretty bad in the danger zone. The sailor said, "Hell, no! It's just exactly the same then as any other time. You do *everything* just the same — except you sleep in the hall or on deck fully dressed with a life preserver on."

Just the same as usual!

It is a relief to be on guard and have something to do. This morning at 3.30 Faulkner leaps out of his berth and says "Boys! The ship has stopped!" Of course we woke with a start — hearts in mouth, etc. Then we heard a few strange bangs and crashes — the ship rolling fearfully — and expected to hear the siren which announces that she's sinking, at any moment. Nothing happens, so Griswold and I go back to sleep another wink. Although no one admits it, the tension is quite severe.

It is very rough when I'm on guard this time. This causes continuous rumblings and creakings and groanings, which adds to the general uneasiness.

All night long the colored troops, way below in the hold, pace up and down the narrow aisles like wild animals. I have a guard over their stairway, and he's nearly as frightened as they are, as the first thing they'd do in a panic would be to clean him up and clear the stairway.

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A most impressive sight, that. Almost incredible, it is so stage-like. Hundreds of black men, with the fear of death on them, squeezing their way up and down, back and forth all through the night, in the faint light of the swinging blue lights.

The men are no longer sea-sick, but sick to death of the sea. Grass and trees have been an attraction hitherto unknown. We get along with the Artillery bunch as pleasantly as two strange wild cats. One day they arrest as many of our men as possible (when they are on guard) for all kinds of trivial things. The next day our men *rush* to volunteer for guard duty — something unknown before — in order to arrest as many Artillery men as possible in the next twenty-four hours. Our officers and theirs are on pins and needles trying to avoid a row. If it came to that, every one else on the ship would be with us, as the cocky, self-satisfied inefficient regulars have made themselves hated by every one.

I'm still on guard. We have n't moved during the night — supposedly awaiting our convoy. Pretty ticklish business — standing still in the war zone.

About ten this morning, without any warning of its approach, a destroyer comes leaping through the waves, rapidly followed by two more. They appear from all sides at once. All are strangely camouflaged, according to some new system. We have studied them carefully from all angles, and they are apparently just as visible as any other boat. One was pretty good — the first one that came up. In fact it looked like two boats about a mile away.

They were greeted with wild cheers, and all hands felt that danger was past. Two of them darted back and forth in front of us. One on each side would slack off until even with our stern and then chase up to the bow again. Slack off again, etc. The other two brought up the rear. . . .

Last night we began to bet on when we'd land. Bridge had inside dope from a ship's officer and tried to skin us, but we let him choose his time, and then we bet him his dope was wrong.

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We also made a pool on the exact hour of landing. Bridge bet we'd land before this morning.

Day broke rather interestingly. At 7.15 no land was in sight — so we collected from Bridge. At 7.30 we had a brush with a submarine and their torpedo missed us by about twenty feet, passing under the stern. The submarine did n't come up at all, so nobody got a shot at him — he probably took a chance at long range and came pretty near getting away with it. It shook the boys a bit.

Then Embury and I did a lot more betting about when we'd land. It was rather misty, and no land was visible until 10 o'clock. Suddenly a great rocky headland loomed up in the mist. You can't imagine what joy it brought to our hearts.

The sea got suddenly very calm, and yellowish green in color — and we knew that one phase of our adventure was nearly over.

We follow the coast, getting in nearer and nearer. A more beautiful shore-line would be hard to imagine. The cliffs are dark purple, with green — probably moss on the rocks, and all outlines are soft and indistinct in the mist. A great surf beats on the rocks at the foot of the cliffs, and we see the white foam leaping up in the crevasses and dashing against the rocks. Suddenly there is a break in the cliff. Picturesque trees hang over the sides and beyond them stretches a wonderful pattern of brilliant green fields — all shades of green — here and there spotted with low white farm houses, all fading away into the mist. Then we pass, and the cliff is before us, apparently without break, until suddenly we catch another glimpse of the inland through another break.

We are in an estuary. The shores converge and the water continues to get smoother. Suddenly we are surrounded by vast quantities of boats of all sizes riding at anchor. They were hidden in the mist until we were right on top of them. We anchor in their midst.

Camouflaged boats of all strange descriptions are on every side. The *Harvard* I hear is among them, but I have n't seen

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her. Would n't it be great if I caught a glimpse of Bough! There is little chance, as we get no leave on shore; I am going with a detail to attend to baggage, tomorrow, acting as interpreter.

In about three days we shall go ashore and probably straight to our quarters behind the lines. I may not get a chance to write for a long while, as we shall be sleeping on trains for days and days. Also we find the censorship very strict.

Good fortune did not appear to follow Herter, for shortly after landing he contracted mumps and spent weeks in quarantine. Finally, recovering from that and working through the miles of red tape which seemed woven to keep the soldier who had been unfortunate enough to be sick from returning to his own outfit, he got to Dijon, where the factories of the Camouflage were stationed and all the material they used was manufactured and built. Most of his friends had already gone to the front and on April 20 he received his orders to follow. He went first to the Verdun-St. Mihiel sector and early in June to the Château-Thierry front. It was there, on the thirteenth of that month, that he was killed with shrapnel, while out camouflaging a big gun.

A diary he had been keeping ended on June 11, with a paragraph of peculiar interest in view of its proceeding from a soldier who was first of all an artist, sensitive, highly organized.

This life is curiously different from the Verdun front. Up there the lines have been stationary for four years, and every few feet is an *abri*, fifty feet deep often, and always a dugout of some kind into which you can duck when the shelling starts. Here there is no protection whatever. All you can do is to hit

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the ground — in a ditch if possible — and let the splinters go over you. Even then if the shell happens to be shrapnel you are out of luck. A man either gets callous or his nerves go back on him. I am a little nervous at times, but generally callous. I always sleep at every opportunity. One night — with all my clothes wringing wet, wrapped in two soaking blankets on the wet ground, my teeth nearly chattering with the cold — I slept ten hours, while a battery within seventy yards of me fired 1200 rounds. Two of the guns were thirty feet away and the explosions lifted me off the ground when they fired. I was not particularly tired that night, either, having had sleep regularly before, but I never knew a shot had been fired.

A few days earlier he had written: “The curious part of it all is that we are literally on the eve of battle — one of the great battles, too — [he did not know that it was the deciding battle of the war] and you’d think we were on a picnic. I believe the fearful tension just before going into battle, that we read about, is more or less an artificial condition, and can be created or avoided by the right or wrong word at the psychological moment.” To this his wife has added: “I am sure, and I have heard from his comrades, that he always had that right word, and that ability to control the tenor of the thought around him, with his sense of humor which was peerless, his democratic and fraternal spirit toward all men; and his courageous and uncomplaining desire to serve made him the most beloved man in his Company. They named their Legion Post the Everit Herter Post in his honor.”

Well may those who cared for Herter believe all that was said in his praise. A few days after his death his commanding officer, Captain Homer St. Gaudens (Harvard, ’03), wrote thus to Mrs. Herter:

EVERIT ALBERT HERTER

He was the most universally loved and admired man in the company; one we could least afford to lose. He had only been at the front a short time, yet had made himself the most valuable member of the detachment. I have had more expressions of regret from officers for whom and with whom he worked than I could have dreamed was possible. Two days after his death there came a telegram from Major Bennion ordering him to Tours for his examinations for a commission. I am enclosing the lieutenant's bars and insignia that I had bought for him some weeks ago, planning to give them to him when his commission arrived in some out of the way corner. They are cheap little trinkets, but I believe they will remind you of what we thought of him.

He was in charge of the work on a regiment of 75's that occupied an advanced position. As nearly as I can make out from the confused stories that have reached me, he was sitting in a gun emplacement on the morning of June 13th, waiting for a detail to bring up material when an entirely stray shell exploded near by and sent a fragment through his body just below his chest. He managed to reach the main road less than one hundred yards away where he was picked up by an ambulance and taken at once to a hospital for the seriously wounded.

I could not go to see him myself in this time of stress. The first news that came to me the next day was that he had a chance of living, the next that he had died. He was buried in the Cimetière de la Ferté, American Section 14. . . .

Your husband fulfilled his task as courageously and as devotedly as any member of the division, which in the last few weeks has distinguished itself above others with brave men about it. After all it is not when a soldier dies but how. Of that how you and your children may have the proudest memories.

I write you as his captain and his friend.



RALPH HENRY LASER

CLASS OF 1920

To Ralph Henry Lasser, a freshman in Harvard College when the United States entered the war, his Jewish descent and faith were objects of so peculiar a pride and devotion that they should be mentioned first in any account of him. But if three things could be named at a single moment his devotion to America and to his mother should be recorded at the very same time. Not yet twenty years old, he was a private in Company E, 101st U. S. Engineers, when he was killed at Beaumont in France, June 16, 1918. These statements of fact will suffice for introduction to the following passages from two letters which he wrote his mother from France. It will be strange if those who read them do not wish to know more about their writer.

RALPH HENRY LASER

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
December 31, 1917.

MY DEAR OLD MOTHER,—

. . . Today is the last day of 1917. Quite a year that has been for me, and for you, mother dear. As I look over the past year, as I think of all that has happened, though sad as it seems, in fact I am so happy, so content. How can it be, I ask myself, but it is so.

But ever as when I sit and think, I see you before me, mother dear. I see you as you were before I left, and I see you on that night of farewell. Oh, mother dear, I have so much I want to say to you; but how, oh, how can I say it!

I have often wondered, mother dear, just what you think, and feel, and ask. Before my last step, you know that you were to me the dearest, the greatest, the noblest that I had. You know that for you was my all; for you my ambition, for you my endeavor, for you my love and devotion. And then, as it were, you perhaps think I found something greater, something nobler. Perhaps you feel that though before you were first, now you are only second. Perhaps you feel that today I strive for that first, my ambition, my endeavor for that. Before I went, mother dear, you know it was mother first. But perhaps you think that after I went it was country first. But let us be frank, dearest mother, and let us see the fact as it is.

Yes, I have given myself to my country. Perhaps you think that in thus giving myself I have taken myself away from you, I have deprived you of myself. Yes, I consider my country first. Perhaps, then, you may think that you can hold but second place. Yes, my ambition, endeavor, my love, my devotion is to my country and for my country. Perhaps you think, therefore, that it is not for you.

But, mother dearest, and here is where I want to be clear, and lay the emphasis.

What is my country? Is it the land of America? Yes. Is it the world under God? Yes. Is it the peoples of the world who are brothers under one father? Yes. Is it the institutions

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of America and the world? Yes. Is it the ideals, the hopes, the aspirations of all? Yes.

But what personally and nearest to me is my country? You. Mother dear, *you*, who through hardship and privation, through sacrifice and almost slavery, through pain, through toil, through all difficulties, have nourished me, cared for me, reared me, educated me, strengthened me, put the light of hope into me, given me vision; you, who gave me that life which today I offer for the good of all; you, mother dear, the first in my soul, the first in my heart, the first in my ambition, my love, my devotion, *you, you, you*, are my country, you are my world, you are the embodiment of what I fight for, sacrifice for, labor for, and if need be, die for.

Oh, it is hard to make myself clear, it is hard to be exact. But I trust that you can understand what I am trying to say.

Oh, mother dear, when I, as it were, tore myself from you and left you, I know not for how long, it was to *you* that I gave myself. I took myself away from you, the seed that you had sown. I gave myself to you the full grown fruit.

There are two of you, and two of me. One of me I took away from one of you, the smaller. The other of me I gave to the other of you, the greater, the real one. I took from you the body around my soul, and the soul that's in me I give. Oh, mother, I am 4,000 miles from you, farther than I have ever been before, and yet today I am nearer to you than ever before. Today you have me as you never did. I used to be your son, now I am *you*.

And it is just because things are so, mother dear, that I know how it will affect you if it be necessary to sacrifice me. But I know you, mother dearest, I know your power of endurance, I know your courage. And I have ever perfect faith in you. . . .

And so I say to you, mother dearest, and I give my message on the last day of the old year, keep up your spirits, and hope on, strive on, fight on, and keep your faith in God.

Your Son.

RALPH HENRY LASER

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
February 4, 1918.

MY ALL, MY MOTHER:

I remember, mother dear, my promise to you as I left you on that night historic in my life. To you I would remain faithful, devoted, and true. Thank God, I can truthfully say that I have remained to you as I promised to, and it is because no matter what the consequence may be, I am still going to, that I take pen in hand today and write as I promised to, the truth!

Your sorrows, your grief, your great sacrifice have been enormous, I know. You have been put to a hard test indeed, and oh, how proud I am to know that you have not been found wanting. But just as you have so bravely, so courageously, so heroically stood the hardships, the sorrows, the sacrifices so far, so must you now, mother dearest, summon up all your energy, all your loyalty, and above all, all your faith, and stand the next great test that comes before you in this struggle to do your duty, to do your share in the great task that today confronts all the children of God.

Where will you get that strength? Where can you find the power to keep you steady, trustful, hopeful, after so much has been absorbed in the tests already passed? My dear mother, there is but one way that I know of for you to take.

Man is a wonderful creature. He can do many things, endure many hardships, overcome many foes, and gain many victories. But there is a limit to the power of the human race, and there comes a time when the strength of man himself cannot stand the test before him. Let me recall to your mind the sufferings, the hardships, the mighty tasks before our people, the children of Israel. You know, mother dearest, how in doing their mission in the world, the Jews, time and time again, were on the point of failure. Every bit of strength, of power, even of hope was gone. They could not mass up enough strength to pull through. What then did they do? How then did they come forth gloriously victorious in their mission to the world?

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They did, mother dear, just what I want you to do. They may have lost all strength, all hope, all trust; but never did the children of Israel lose faith, faith, faith, unflinching in their God, the God of Israel. And ever in their distress, with a heart and soul faithful to their God, they would call upon Him, they would pray to Him, and Him they would ask for the necessary strength.

And not once was He known to be wanting, when implored by His people with a faithful and true heart. He turned defeat into victory. He turned weariness into freshness. He turned stone into water. He turned water into dry land. He turned despair into hope; and a people defeated, weary, hungry, thirsty, down-trodden, depressed, mocked at, jeered at, and suffering the greatest hardships in the history of the world, He made the glorious messengers of His gospel. He did so because they had faith in Him, and because with a faithful heart they asked for His aid, believing that they would receive it.

And so I say to you, my dear mother, if you find that the hardships are becoming too severe to bear, if you find that you lack strength enough, courage enough, hope enough to stand the test before you, if you find that the sacrifice is too great, if you need strength, courage, hope — and oh, I hope you have enough of all, — I know you have, for I trust you — then, my dear mother, above all, keep your faith, unflinching, undaunted in your God, and ask Him for help, pray to Him, and believe that He will help you, have faith in Him, ever, and I know He will help. He must help; for He is a kind God, a good God, a true God, when once you learn to understand Him. No matter how hard you may have to suffer, no matter what tests and sacrifices you must endure, *keep your faith, your faith in God.* . . .

I have often heard you say, mother dear, that you were sorry your mother gave you birth. I know you did n't mean it. Your life has been a hard one, an exceptionally hard one. Your sacrifices have been many and very great. But, mother dear, you have been blessed. For as I look about at my comrades,

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as I associate with them, as I learn their thoughts and ideas, I am given one impression especially. The greatest blessing God gives carries with it the greatest hardships and sacrifices. For I am firmly convinced that the greatest blessing God has to give is the blessing of being a mother. For the meaning of "mother" to a son is too great for words. "Mother" means almost something super-human. "Mother" is an ideal. "Mother" is the angel of God sent to a son. . . .

You have been to me my love, my happiness, my all — my mother. I have tried to be to you

Your faithful
Son.

The boy who wrote these letters was the only son of Morris Lasser, of Houston, Texas, and Fanny (Antin) Lasser. He was born in East Boston, Massachusetts, October 17, 1898. His mother's maiden name will recall to many American readers that extraordinary book, "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin, which describes the transplanting of a Russian Jewish family from Polotzk to Boston, and revealed in particular the response of its writer to the opportunities of a new land. They will perhaps recall in particular the many references to an older sister, living after her marriage in East Boston, where the baby romped in his high chair when the visiting school-girl aunt read her translations from Latin poets to the ardently interested young mother. It was of this sister also that Mary Antin wrote: "Her eyes shone like stars on a moonless night when I explained to her how she and I and George Washington were Fellow Citizens together."

From such sources of patriotism, rather than from ancestry of the kind that explains and places many other

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young soldiers as Americans, Ralph Lasser drew his passionate devotion to the country of his birth. A considerable portion of his boyhood was passed in Houston, Texas. A contributor to a Jewish journal of that place wrote of him after his death: "He was an eleven year old boy when I first knew him. But even at that age, all who came in touch with him could see that there was the making in him of a genius and of an idealist. The delicate features, the black silky hair, the soft dreamy eyes, the thin lips, the gentle voice, all these gave evidence of refinement and of depth of feeling." In 1912 he returned to Boston and attended the Latin School, from which he graduated in 1916. He entered Harvard College in the autumn of that year, without a definite purpose beyond that of educating himself; but in the course of his abbreviated freshman year he decided to become a rabbi. He joined the Menorah Society, and received a Franklin Scholarship.

Of what he meant to those who knew him best in these days, his friend and classmate, Arthur W. Marget, wrote in *The Jewish Advocate*:

Ralph was nineteen years old — well under the draft age; he was, at the moment of his embarking for France, about to enter the Sophomore Class at Harvard; he died as a Private in the 101st Engineers. Every point of the glorious story of his sacrifice, it seems to me, requires to be explained to those who did not know of him and of his idealism.

Already a college man, detesting the idea of war with all the power of his great soul, he went to France and to his death not for the love of the fight or the thrill of the moment; he went only after long communion with himself and with another Power he felt to be with him in all that he did. Under the draft age, and

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barely eligible for service in the army, he enlisted at the outbreak of the war in the old First Corps Cadets — now the 101st Engineers — he, a college man, as a Private; because this seemed to him, at the moment, the only way in which he could satisfy his conscience. . . .

The afternoon before he left, as we were walking together in Franklin Park, he in his uniform and I in my civilians, he told me, very quietly and very calmly, that he felt his duty to be threefold: to his country, to his God, and to his mother, — who felt as only does a mother feel when she sends her only son to war. The first two, he said, he could reconcile; the third, he could not at that moment reconcile with the other two; but he had enough confidence in what he was about to do to believe that when the final reckoning came, the three would be blended to a perfect unity.

He told me again, on the same afternoon, just as quietly and calmly, that his whole sacrifice had already been made. He had hurt his mother by his going, — and that was his sacrifice. As for what was to come, he had no fear. If the worst was to happen, he did not believe — because he could not — that it all ended with the machine-gun and the shell-fire. There must be something, he said, beyond; and in that “beyond” he placed his faith.

One more word, in this letter to be read by the Jewish community of Boston, about the Jewishness of Ralph Lasser. His life was, he felt, his Judaism vivified; not because he was meticulous about religious observance, but because he was steeped to the depths of his great soul in the spirit of Jewish sacrifice for Jewish idealism. Lest I should be thought to be viewing the whole matter from a twisted angle, I mention this one fact. He had intended, if he lived, to study for the rabbinate, not through desire for the position it offered, or the openings it afforded, but for the one opportunity that it presented above all others — service.

“My only aim in life — is to serve,” he told me in his quiet

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way, a year before America entered the war, as we were walking together one evening in the Harvard Yard,—the thoughts of both of us far removed from the war, of all things. “If I can serve humanity best as a flower peddler or a bootblack, at six dollars a week, I’ll do that; only—I must serve.”

The war came. His ideal was still to serve, God knows how he had sacrificed his all, to the last ounce of his strength, to the Jewish ideal of a mission, for service to humanity. He wrote to me a few months before he died, begging me to send him some Jewish books. Surely, wherever the soul of Ralph Lasser is at this moment, he would not wish to be remembered other than what he stood and lived for, even to his death: a Jewish soldier in the service of humanity.

In a memorial collection of themes written by members of “English A” at Harvard and preserved at Warren House, the headquarters of that course, there is a page of Lasser’s manuscript. It describes the securing of his mother’s consent to leave college and enlist for the war. Thus it reads:

After several minutes of silence I said, “We must all give everything we have, even that which is nearest and dearest. I do, mother dear, realize your sacrifice, your feeling, your devoted affection and care. But I am sure that in this hour of test, you will give all and make the greatest sacrifice. We have received from our dear country everything, and now we are called upon to render service in return. I want to serve my country; I want to serve you, my dear mother. Can I not do them both, or must I do one and not the other? Must I make a choice? Please don’t make me choose, but do you as a true American mother give me your consent and let me feel when on the battlefield I lie that I have left behind not only a mother than whom none is dearer, but a true American than whom none is more loyal.”

For almost a quarter of an hour there was silence. My

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mother was sobbing bitterly, and from my eyes a tear fell now and then. Soon I heard my mother say, in sobs, yet with forgiveness, "Go, my son, I will not stand in your way, only may the good God save you and bring you back to me."

With this consent Lasser joined the regiment of Engineers, the 101st, into which the First Corps of Cadets in Boston was converted. In the summer of 1917 he and his comrades received their special training for service overseas at the Wentworth Institute in Boston. On September 26 they sailed from New York for Liverpool. Besides the letters from France that have already been quoted Lasser wrote many others, charged with the same intensity and exaltation of feeling. The same spirit of idealism and devotion found expression in the pages of the two pocket note-books, in the first of which, inscribed "Important days and days of thought," Lasser began to record his impressions and sentiments from the very day his regiment left Boston. From these pages, and from those of a smaller "Line a Day" diary in which he made rough jottings even through part of the final week of his life, the following passages are taken. On their significance, in the light of the boy's age and personal history, it is needless to comment.

Monday, September 24, 1917.

. . . Left Boston about 12.30 [A.M. Sept. 25] from train yards behind Mechanics Building. Thought only of the folks at home and fell asleep thinking of my dear little sister.

Wednesday, 26.

Left port [New York] at 7 A.M. Saw the shores of America for the last time for I know not how long. Proud to be able to go and serve that land of liberty and democracy.

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Friday, 28.

At about 2 o'clock we saw the first bit of land, and my heart was filled with joy at seeing it. About half an hour later we entered the port of Halifax where we saw many battle and troopships. As we passed the ships of our allies, our band played their national anthems and we stood at salute. In the distance I saw what looked to me familiar, and sure enough there on high proudly floated the Star Spangled Banner. You can't realize what it means to see Old Glory until you are on a voyage such as ours, and have been beyond her folds for several days. The flag floated over a small American cruiser, the smallest in the harbor, but there was a part of America, and maybe we did n't all cheer ourselves hoarse.

Saturday, 29.

I am on guard on the boat today. About 5 P.M. we pulled out of Halifax, our band playing as we passed the ships of our allies. There are about eight ships besides our own, all with British flags, including ours, going together. There are two or three troopships and the rest are convoys. It feels good to see other ships always in sight. We put on our life belts when we left the harbor, and must keep them constantly with us through the voyage. During my relief on guard, from 3-5 A.M., I thought of the dear old folks at home. And ever there comes to my mind how bravely my dear mother sent me off and now I realize that I was right, and not without ground did I have such faith in her and claim that it was only a temporary change that had taken place in her. Only God can repay her, for her brave and heroic sacrifice. The country can't and I can't enough, though I will try as much as I can.

Sunday, 30.

. . . The day is dark and dreary, and as I lean over the rail and gaze into the distance I can see such an immeasurable expanse of water, water, water. And just as I always like to do at night and on dark days, I look for that dim light that I always

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used to find beyond the darkness, usually from some street lamp or window.

But today as I look there is not a light to be seen, only water, water. And at the end of my vision it seems as if the water all rolled off, and there's the end.

But though no real light is there, yet I *can* see a light, for I know that the water does not roll off but extends further and further, inevitably on. Just as that thought to Columbus meant the discovery of God's last great gift to mankind, America, so does that fact to me mean the discovery of God's newest and greatest gift to humanity, not a continent but an ideal, universal, everlasting peace, accomplished through the unflinching service and enormous sacrifice of the sons and especially of the mothers of that country which God last gave. . . .

And so with the rest of the boys I go on, and get nearer the land where the deeds must be done. And I have my little battles long before I reach the firing line. The greatest of these at present is homesickness, that everlasting love and devotion which draws me to my loved ones.

Through those battles I can ever find happiness, the true, real, only happiness. And though the dark be dark and dreary, though I'm, as it were, sad, lonely, homesick, yet, as I say, in my heart glows the fire of hope warming my whole body, and in my soul beams the light, of, of — happiness. Oh! may my dear, brave mother share that happiness with me.

Tuesday, 9.

When I woke up I could see land far in the distance, and I cannot tell how glad I was to see it. There was much beautiful scenery along the English coast. Arrived in the harbor of Liverpool at about 6.30 P.M. Thus did my faith in God at the outset lead me safely to land, and thus did I best the Kaiser in the first lap of the race. It certainly has every indication that we will thus win the whole race and victory.

Pulled out of Liverpool about 12.30 A.M.

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Wednesday, 10.

About 4 A.M. we stopped at a station where we were served hot coffee. I was greatly impressed by the eagerness of the young women, who, though they looked all tired out, were anxious and glad to serve us. In them, there at four in the morning, working hard, I saw the spirit I wanted to find among the English.

Passed through some very beautiful country this morning. Stopped at Oxford for a while. Passed a German prison camp. Saw many straw huts and many small cottages on the farms. Arrived at Southampton about 10 A.M. Marched through a section of the city singing and cheering, and were cheered by the townspeople. Encamped at the Rest Camp for British troops and all troops that are soon to cross the channel. . . .

Thursday, 11.

A little English girl today shouted to me that if I would catch the apple which she had in her hand I could have it. I declined on catching it, but she insisted that I keep it. As I walked away I thought of how perhaps that was the only apple she could get for a long time, and how eager she was to give it to me. Her father or brother is very likely at the front, or perhaps he is no longer there. I am proud indeed that I can make my humble sacrifice that she may find the world better when she grows up than it is today. And my mind flies away, and I think of my dear little sister at home, and oh! I'm so homesick and yet so happy, truly happy.

Wednesday, 17.

Today is my birthday. Little did I dream a year ago that today I would be where I am, doing that which I am doing. But ever since I have been old enough to understand I knew that should such a need for my service arise, I would never fail my country and my God.

Little did my dear mother dream nineteen years ago that she would have to sacrifice that which she suffered so to bring into the world. And little did any one think at that time that the

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child born in the tenement of East Boston would go forth to give his all that the children later to be born might have a better, truer, peaceful world to live in.

Thank God He gave me life and strength these nineteen years to be available to my country. May He continue in His goodness and may He make me able to be of service in the present crisis. If He will it so, may He send me back to my dear folks to do my duty to them as they have done theirs for me and my country. But if it be fated otherwise, and my God wills that my life be one of the many sacrificed in the achievement of our cause, then in true faith to Him, and ever trusting in Him, I shall make my sacrifice as a man, an American, a son of Israel.

Friday, 19.

Awoke to find myself in the French port of Havre. Thus am I now safe from the peril of submarines, and, thank God, I'm through crossing waters. Whatever waters I cross from now on will be in a military manner, perhaps I will have to help bridge the waters. How proud I am to be on the soil of that plucky, heroic, unconquerable Republic which has been such a friend, a true and faithful friend to my own dear country since its birth. Thank God I have the chance to help my country repay its debt to France, and to help that Republic in its fight with us for peace, universal and everlasting, for democracy, for freedom. We had a long, hard, uphill march from the docks to camp. It was very hard indeed and taxed the strength and endurance of every man. Many had to drop out and be taken in automobiles. What kept me going I don't know, but somehow I think the spirit I felt, the determination and zeal that has ever been with me, put strength into my limbs and renewed effort into my powers all over, and I made good, stuck it out, and marched into camp in as fit condition as any man. . . .

Monday, 22.

After a whole day of traveling we arrived about 3.30 P.M., at a small French country village known as Rolampont, not

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far from Langres, near the river Marne. We encamp in the barns and empty rooms of the inhabitants. We, as it were, invade the little village — only as friends not conquerors. How glad the people are to see us, and how they love us all. My little French, and you bet it's but little, helps me along greatly. We get out barrack bags and I get out my French books and manage to converse with the townspeople. I learn that we are not over 80 miles from the front, and about 120 miles or so from Paris. We are just north of Switzerland, and not far from Verdun. The river Marne flows within seven miles of this place, and through the town there runs a canal leading to that river. Thus, you see, we are very near the place where the bloodiest fighting of the war took place, and where the French heroically withheld the invader. . . .

November 1, 1917.

The first day of the month, and a red letter day indeed for me. In the afternoon the regiment marched up to a fort nearby. . . . Quite a remarkable piece of work. But I enjoyed much more looking out over the country from a high place. As I looked over the country, beautiful indeed, and as I saw the many hills nearby, it reminded me of the New England hills, and oh, how homesick I felt.

But what awaited me that night — the greatest thing I could have gotten at that time, mail from home, the first mail. Maybe my heart was n't filled with joy. Quickly and eagerly I read my six letters and then went on a night walk all by my lonesome. And as I looked into the starlit sky the world was mine, and my faith and trust is with ground indeed.

How happy I am to learn of my dearest aunt's good fortune, and by it I see my trust in God to take care of my dear ones is very much worth while. All the letters cheer me so, but of course the one I saved for last, my dear mother's, though it makes me happy, sends a tear down my cheek.

And as I walked 'neath the starry sky of France, I think, and think but I cannot write, my pen simply won't move. This

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I know. I am so happy, truly happy, the happiness that comes when you least expect, from quarters where sadness seems to fill the air.

How I was glad to see the line of eager soldiers as they went to get their mails. I have seen a line of hungry soldiers eager for their food, but a line of eager soldiers hungry for the first mail from home is a scene that it takes a poet to describe.

Now as I stop this scribbling and poor attempt to write what I want to, I am going to sleep and think, and think, and dream. My trust, my zeal, my spirit, my faith I know will keep me on and on, and to my dying day I shall be happy, happy, happy. Here's to my dear ones' love and love again, and, still thinking, let me stop writing.

Sunday, November 4.

Today I attended Regimental Church services and am determined hereafter to attend them every Sunday. Though my thoughts have been deep right along, I feel the need of such inspiration as the services give me.

I am glad to see the human side of soldiering, but oh, how glad I am to see and take part in the superhuman side. As the regiment stood at attention, the engineer flag was slightly lowered and the Stars and Stripes raised on high. Then we all raised our right hands, and, led by the chaplain, we pledged allegiance to our flag. What an impression that made on me, words can never explain. For here we are reciting that well-known pledge, and in every syllable I can hear the trueness of those words. Never can we be accused of saying those words without meaning them, for on a quiet day we can hear the roar of the cannon on the front where soon we will take our stand to live up to the pledge we make to that flag. Thank God I can be one of those proud young Americans to stand beneath that flag today and pledge allegiance to it.

A gentleman from the Y. M. C. A. of America came to us today and spoke to us on the romance of religion. He told us of how soldiers can see romance in the darkest things of war.

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And what gladdened my heart was when he said that the soldiers in the trenches could see in the mud of France, in the bullets overhead, in the hardships of the war, the onward march of liberty and freedom, and the coming of peace everlasting.

For so it is with me. Hard as work may be, uncomfortable as conditions may feel, I can see in the very hardness of the work, in the uncomfor of conditions, in the mud and dirt about me, in the blood and wounds and dead, I can see the brighter side and, as Julia Ward Howe, I can see "the coming of the Lord." For, after all, He is coming to us with His help, and in a victory for the Allies He is bringing to us blessings such as we have never known before.

I sit as I write beside the canal that runs through this town. Of all the slow things I have ever seen, the slowest is one of these canal boats pulled by horses. It almost makes me nervous to watch it. But then I think of how we are moving forward in this war. Just as the boat goes slow, so, too, do we and our allies. But also, just as the boat goes sure and reaches its goal in the end, so, too, are we going sure and I know we will reach the goal. . . .

November 29.

Thanksgiving Day. Had a real Thanksgiving Dinner.

But the real significance of the day ever remains with me. How much today I have to be thankful for. Now when it appears that I have least I really have most. For today I have health, strength, courage, hope, and faith. What more could a man ask for at once.

December 31.

. . . It is the last day of the year. And some year indeed has this been for me. And now as I look out of my window, comfortable and content as I am; as I look out upon the snow-covered street of this French village; as I see passing before me children, women, old men, and fellow-soldiers; as I think of the war, and all that hinges on it; as I let my mind leap across

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the ocean to my dear ones; as I think, and think, and think, of the world and those to come into it; through it all hot and cold seems to come through my whole frame. I am chilled, and then, I'm hot; and where I try to say something, I cannot. I am clogged, as it were. But this I say to myself as I have never said it before, to myself as I have never said it to anyone; and with this I say goodbye to the old year and go courageously into the new.

Tuesday, January 22, 1918.

Went up to a small camp for German prisoners nearby. They live there under very favorable conditions. Have plenty to eat. Cut wood. Had an extended conversation with a German non-com. He was well satisfied. Said that the German people had no real hatred for their enemies. Said the Kaiser did not rule Germany. Said the people did. Is he deceived or not? How well the Germans and the French guards get along. Oh, what war is! Takes men who love each other, as is the natural love of man for man, and makes them enemies. Oh, may God make us able to gain such a victory as will make this war the last war for man on earth and thus let us give vent to the real worth of man, God's product, and thus we may rise nearer to our ideal, when earth shall rise nearer to heaven, and when man in rising shall get nearer to his God.

Wednesday, 23.

Left Chantraines today for a small town very near, Liffol le Grand, where there are many infantry, machine gun, and ambulance. Nice big Y. M. C. A. At last I will have a chance to spend my evenings in a place other than the cafés so unpleasing to me. Saw a basket ball game in the P. M. Saw infantry drilling and heard the machine guns roar away. Smoke all about from the firing. We are now very near the front and undoubtedly after a short, stiff training we'll go forward to take our place in that line which keeps the rest of the world safe for democracy. War is becoming more real every day. I am glad to get away from barrack buildings in jerk towns on

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this condition. Although I realize the dangers and hardships before me, I am by no means upset, or weakened in my determination and zeal. I hope to be one of the lucky ones to come out all right, but if my fate be otherwise, I am ready and willing.

Thursday, 24.

Today was a warm, beautiful day, just like spring in the dear old States. I stood up on the hill where our barrack is and looked down into the plain below where the other troops are. I could see the scattered lines of infantry drilling. I could see the smoke of guns, I could hear the steady roar, and the repeated shots of machine guns. All was a beautiful, a wonderful sight. And oh, what a feeling came over me. First of joy, then sorrow. I thought of it all and what it all meant. I thought of those men, and how many would never come back. I thought of those guns, and how they would mow down our brothers in the enemy's lines. I thought of these men, and how they would sacrifice all for the noble cause. I thought of the mothers, and wives, the sweethearts, the children at home, who may never again see their dear ones. And oh, what a feeling, oh, what thoughts. Words were never made which could describe them. Oh, it was God that was with me, God that spoke to me. But what He said must be felt, it cannot be told in words. But, somehow as in a dream He seemed to say to me:—"Ralph, your turn is soon to come. Are you ready?" And still as in a dream, with chills going through me I felt that I straightened up, peered into the beautiful skies above me, and not from my mouth but from my heart, my mind, my soul, my all, I answered, "I am."

Monday, 28.

Started in digging practice trenches today. Now the real tough training starts, six hours on and twelve off. Night work. And I'm mighty glad to get down to the grind of war. I know it's got to be done and I know I'll make good. Soon I expect we'll be doing the actual work at the front, and I'm willing and

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ready to take my place in that line of men which holds back the enemy. . . .

Saturday, February 9.

Arrived at Soissons today. That city shows the ravages of war, simply awful. Hardly a building with a roof, and all were of stone. So many razed to the ground. Almost no window panes in the town. . . .

Went through a section of the trenches and fortifications formerly held by the Germans. Situated on a high hill, the city of Soissons in the valley below was an easy target for the guns of the enemy, and the enemy certainly used them as a target, too. How on earth they were ever driven from that stronghold I cannot comprehend, but they were, and that is why tonight I can sleep on that hill.

Expect to hike further on tomorrow, nearer and nearer to the front. All our moving now is on foot because we are too near the front to go by train. And maybe that pack of mine is n't heavy, it's awful! But I know I'll make good. I'll exert all the strength I can summon, and onward we will go to our places.

Must wear gas mask all the time now. Can have no lights at night. Must always be prepared to take shelter from airplanes.

I've seen the devastation of war, I've seen the line formerly of the enemy, I've walked across what was once "No Man's Land" in one of the most terrible and bloody sections of the fight. And with my spirit, my determination, and my hopes undaunted I go on, on to my post, with faith in God ever, and love, love, love for my dear ones, my dear old mother there at home. May the Lord bless her and keep her and may it be His will to bring me back to her. Amen.

From this time forth the entries, confined to the "Line a Day" diary, are mere notes, chiefly recording the day's work — on trenches, roads, sick horses, dugouts, the

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receipt of letters and packages from home, and the boy's delight in getting them. There are many notes of "heavy artillery at night," and on May 5 comes this item: "Went to the front line tonight to dig. First time in front line. Some sensation. An awful dark, rainy, miserable night. Nothing doing, so all came back O. K., only *so* hungry and *so* sleepy." Often there is nothing but the single word "Worked": on May 23 it is "Worked; saw Elsie Janis" — this on May 23, while back of the front line. On June 5 the jotting reads: "Worked. Left about 6.30 for Beaumont, about nine kilos nearer the front. Arrived there about 11 P.M. Live in dugout much better than some. This town pretty well shot up. We believe A Co., who's been having it here for two months." June 7: "Was captain's orderly and answered the telephone. Some strain! On gas guard from 9 P.M. to 1.30 A.M. Gave two alarms for a few gas shells. Bombarded at midnight and about 1 A.M. shrapnel fell near me while I had my gas mask on and was in the doorway of a dugout." June 9: "On guard from 9 to 1.30. A good-sized bombardment evening, hit ammunition dump and caused a big fire which lasted all night. Some gas came over and many shells. An awful night, and I was tired out and my nerves are on edge."

The last entry of all was on June 11: "On guard. Big bombardment on both sides. *Some night!*" The days of the week, for two weeks more, are pencilled opposite the dates in the little book, but beyond Sunday, June 16, he saw none of them. That day he was killed while on gas guard duty.

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To Lasser's mother, the captain of his company, John E. Langley, wrote on June 18:

All of us have to die at some time and when our time comes: surely a soldier's death is the most glorious of all, and your boy's death is that of one who has left a name behind him "whose memory is as sweet honey in all mouths" for he died at his post of duty, while as guard to protect his comrades.

It happened on Sunday, June 16th, in the early morning. We had been subjected to a heavy bombardment by the Boche, and Ralph, who was a member of the gas guard, was at his post keeping watch to see that his comrades might be warned in the case gas came over. A heavy shell burst in the air near his station, and his death, which was instantaneous, resulted from the shock, so that there was no suffering whatever.

Reverent hands closed his eyes, and his casket was borne to the grave draped with the flag he loved so well and for which he died. The firing squad fired the last volley, and taps was blown. He has been buried on American soil even though it is in this country, and the grave will always be cared for carefully, for it is the grave of a hero and "E" Company will always cherish his memory. The entire company joins me in expressing to you our sincere sympathy.

One of his comrades, writing to a friend, in the following month, said further:

I was doubly honored in being picked for the squad firing the salute above his grave. The service was of course Jewish, and I could not help but feel the depth and seriousness of it, and I noticed the earnest comradeship in the faces of the other men at the grave — boys of all nationalities and creeds, but all Americans of the creed of Democracy and God.

If you can only tell this to his mother, I am sure that it will serve to lessen her grief and make her very, very proud of her boy. And tell her, please, that one of his own company, telling

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me about Ralph, said, "Lasser sure was game, for he stuck right to his post (he was a gas guard) through the heaviest bombardment ever seen." And he certainly meant every word of it.

Thus did the young idealist confront the reality of war, and prove himself the man he had hoped to be.



EDWARD BALL COLE

CLASS OF 1902

MAJOR COLE, of the United States Marine Corps, was one of the few Harvard men who had long pursued the life of a professional soldier when their country entered the war. He was therefore exceptionally equipped to render valuable service. This ended with his death in valiant action at Belleau Wood in the effort which enabled Presi-

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dent Wilson to write: "Thereafter the Germans were to be always forced back, back; were never to thrust successfully forward again."

Though the annals of the Cole family relate its descent to the traditional "Old King Cole" of England, it is enough for the present purpose to chronicle the fact that Edward Ball Cole, born in South Boston, Massachusetts, September 23, 1879, was a descendant, in the ninth generation, of that James Cole whose name is perpetuated in Cole's Hill at Plymouth. Charles Henry Cole and Mary (Lyon) Cole were his parents. He was a younger brother of Brigadier-General Charles H. Cole, of the 26th Division. As a boy he attended a private school in Plymouth, the Boston Latin, and the Hopkinson Schools in Boston. From the last of these he entered Harvard with the Class of 1902. There he remained two years, in the course of which he played on the freshman football and baseball teams, and joined the Institute of 1770, D.K.E., Phi Delta Psi, Fencing, and Owl Clubs. A classmate, at both school and college, has written of him: "Eddie was quarterback on his freshman eleven and a good one, winning in a driving rainstorm from Yale at New Haven, 9-0. He was second base on the ball team, and again we won. He was one of the leaders in the class at college, jolly and care-free, always ready for anything that turned up, especially if it was anything mischievous. He was decidedly popular." Summing up his memories, this classmate writes: "A good companion, a good friend, and a good soldier. What more can a fellow be?"

It was through a long course of training that Cole became the good soldier he was. Leaving college in 1900, he

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was employed for a portion of that and the following year in mining at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. He then returned to Boston and entered the brokerage business. In the spring of 1904 he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps, and from May 7, 1904, to February 11, 1905, served at the Marine Barracks, Annapolis, Maryland. From this time forth he performed the duties of a Marine officer both at sea and in many shore posts in the United States and the Philippines. In 1914 he served in Porto Rico and, twice, in Mexico. He was promoted to first lieutenant February 22, 1907; to captain May 1, 1914; to major May 22, 1917. For several years before the war he made a special study of machine guns, on which he wrote and published a number of articles. He was the author, also, of a field book for machine gunners, and invented a tripod for machine guns and a portable cart with pneumatic tires and wire wheels to carry the Lewis gun and ammunition. When the United States entered the war he was already the Marine Corps member of the joint Army, Navy, and Marine Corps Machine Gun Board. In this capacity he served both at Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington and on special temporary duty at arsenals and factories where machine guns were made. In July, 1917, he was detached from Headquarters and joined the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Virginia, where the 1st (later renamed the 6th) Machine Gun Battalion was organized, August 17, 1917, with Major Cole in command. With this organization, developed to a high state of efficiency under his leadership, he sailed, December 8, from Newport News, Virginia, in charge of all the troops on the U. S. S. *De Kalb*, which, after stopping at New York, pro-

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ceeded to France. His command remained unchanged until his death in the following June.

The 6th Machine Gun Battalion, a unit of the 4th Brigade (Marines) and of the 2d Division of Regulars, made a notable record from its arrival in France until after the Armistice, when it marched into Germany with the Army of Occupation. In the six months of Major Cole's command of it in Europe it was stationed first, until March 15, 1918, in the Bourmont training area; then, until May 14, in the front line sector with the other elements of the 2d Division, to the south of Verdun; and after a fortnight of open-warfare training was ordered suddenly, on May 31, to quit the training area round Givors-Chaumont-en-Vexin and move to the Château-Thierry section of the front line. While it was in the Bourmont training area, the Lewis machine gun equipment of the Marines, of which Major Cole had made so close a study, was superseded by other apparatus. It was after the consequent work of readjustment was accomplished that Major-General Harbord took command of the Marine Brigade of the 2d Division. Of Cole he has more recently written in retrospect: "He had made a pre-war study of machine guns and was in the front rank of experts in the use of that arm, knowing the details of their manufacture from actual inspection in the factories, and being familiar with the principles that governed their technical use in war. We all had confidence in his judgment and deferred to him as an authority in his special arm." From this statement the value of Major Cole's services both in the training of his men and in leading them in battle may readily be inferred. When they entered the

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Verdun sector they met with experiences summed up in the official "History of the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion" as follows: "During the period of service in the front line trenches in this sector the companies participated in repelling raids, patrolling No Man's Land, repairing barbed wire, constructing trenches and machine-gun emplacements, indirect fire, barrage fire, and harassing fire." After two months of this and a fortnight of special training for open warfare, they were ready for the first of their most costly and rewarding operations.

On June 2 the companies of the battalion were in position. Early the next morning this order was received: "The French troops received orders to retake the positions they have just lost. The American troops will maintain at all costs the line of support they occupy — Bois de Clerembault, Triangle, Lucy-le-Bocage, Hill 142, north corner of Bois de Veuilly. They will not participate in the counter-attack which will be made to retake the position of the French. General Harbord directs that the necessary steps be taken to hold our positions at all costs." For several days violent attacks were successfully resisted. Then the Marines began to advance. "On June 10th," says the "History" already quoted, "the American artillery laid down a heavy barrage from 3.30 A.M. to 4.30 A.M. on Belleau Wood, preparing the way for the attack by the 1st Battalion, 6th Marines. At 4.30 the attack went forward supported by the guns of the 77th Company and six guns from the 23d Company. The objective was gained and all guns consolidated the position. . . . Four guns from the 23d Company, five guns from the 77th Company, and two guns from the 15th Company, went forward with

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the infantry. The machine guns from these companies and the guns under Lieutenant Hart in Bouresches laid down a barrage, for half an hour before the zero hour on Belleau Wood, thereafter on assembly points of the enemy. During this attack Major Edward B. Cole, the battalion commander, fell mortally wounded."

Before going into such a fight a soldier like Major Cole knew well what might befall him in it, and wrote thus to his wife:

I am leaving tonight hurriedly for the big battle and expect to be in it before many hours. Should I not return, sweetheart, remember that I love you and am thinking of you and our dear boys and mother. You have been a dear and noble wife and mother, and I am leaving my dear little boys in the best possible hands. In after years they will comfort and take care of you. Kiss them for me and tell them that I consider that I am honored in being able to offer my country my life. God bless you and them and keep you safe from all harm.

After he was wounded and before his death on June 18, in a military hospital at Coulommiers, the following account of the circumstances was written from France:

On June 10, an infantry attack, supported by machine guns, had been ordered to clear the woods of the enemy and his machine gun nests. Ned was in command of the machine guns, and moved forward from his regular post of command to his battle post of command. His adjutant tried to dissuade him from moving, telling him that he could direct his machine guns better from where he was than from the forward position. Ned replied that he (the Adjutant) could look after the fire of the machine guns as it was all laid out, but that he would go forward, and that, in view of the high explosive and gas shells that

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were landing around his regular post of command, there would be no more danger in the battle post of command than where he was.

On going forward he found seventy-five or one hundred men who had become separated from their officers, and who were lost and did not know what to do. Taking in the situation at a glance, he saw an opportunity for a flank attack on the nest of machine guns which was holding up the frontal attack.

He directed the men he had collected to follow him, and led them in a flank attack. The attack was a surprise to the enemy, and he and his men had nearly reached the machine gun nests before they were discovered. It was then too late for the enemy to turn their machine guns on the attacking party, so they resorted to hand grenades.

Ned was wounded in the arm and in the leg by grenades which he did not see when another one was thrown at him. He grabbed it up in his hand to throw back before it exploded to save his own men from the danger of the explosion, but it went off while his hand was raised. The fragments went through both arms, both legs at the thigh, his ankle and into his face. His right hand was shattered. His men went right ahead and captured the machine gun nests and thirty-five guns. Not satisfied with this, they kept on going and attacked a German offensive that was about to start and broke it up, chasing the enemy out of their positions.

Ned, left alone, started to crawl back under rifle fire. He got back some distance when he was picked up by some of his men and carried to the rear. During this time he had lost a great amount of blood, and with the shock was left in a very weakened condition, so weak, in fact, that they did not dare to take him further than the first operation hospital.

They started to operate on him the night of June 10-11, but had to stop on account of loss of blood. He was given two saline solutions to try to save him and finally a transfusion of blood from one of the members of the Field Hospital. The doctors gave him up as a hopeless case with no expectation that he would

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recover. He himself, however, never gave up, and his grit carried him through that night, June 11-12. In the morning he was a little better, and improved a little during the day. I saw him that night, June 12. He was irrational, though he knew me. I saw him again in the morning, June 13. His mind was normal, but he was utterly exhausted. He improved during that day and the next night. The next morning, June 14, the doctors said that, barring unforeseen conditions arising, he would pull through successfully.

His act was a most courageous one, and was highly successful in bringing about the capture of the machine guns. It was an act that he was not called upon in his line of duty to perform, because he was a machine gun officer, but he saw the opportunity, realized the necessity for it, and took upon himself the leading of this attack. His whole record upon the front has been a wonderful one, and his machine guns have done more toward stopping the enemy on this front than any other single agency.

When his brother, General Cole, visited him in the hospital, Major Cole begged him to bring oranges and champagne to the other wounded men about him, believing their sufferings to be worse than his own. In this and in the flowers his brother brought to him he found much happiness. "I have been thinking of flowers all day," he said, pressing them to his face, "and now I have them." He spoke continually of his soldiers, and sent his wife and children the message that if the Germans were defeated by the time he was well enough to walk he would come straight home; if not he would insist on returning to the battle. Only an hour before the news of his death reached General Harbord, that officer received from Major Cole the message that he would soon be out of the hospital and fighting again. He was buried in the American military

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cemetery at Mouroux, with permanent burial to follow in the American Belleau Wood Cemetery at Belleau.

It is a familiar fact that the general commanding the 6th French Army issued an order before the end of June, 1918, that the Bois de Belleau should henceforth be known officially as the Bois de la Brigade de Marines. In special honor to Major Cole the United States Navy gave his surname to Torpedo Destroyer Number 155, launched in January, 1919. In July, 1918, the Distinguished Service Cross was awarded to him in the following terms:

In the Bois de Belleau, on June 10th, 1918, displayed extraordinary heroism in organizing positions, rallying his men and disposing of his guns, continuing to expose himself fearlessly until he fell. He suffered the loss of his right hand and received wounds in upper arm and both thighs.

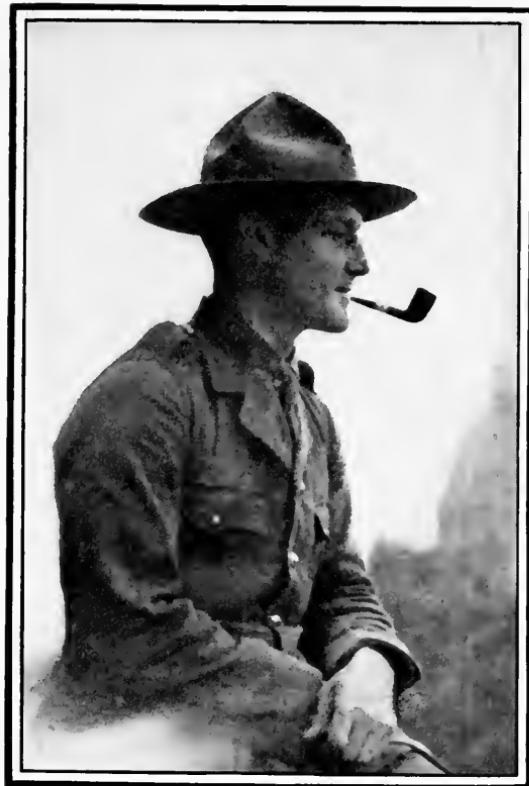
His memory was honored also by the award of the Navy Cross, the *Croix de Guerre*, with palm, and the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Besides these official recognitions there are such words as those of Major-General John A. Lejeune, Commandant of the Marine Corps, describing Major Cole who served under him in the Philippines, Mexico, and the United States, as "one who, from his entry into the Marine Corps to the hour he fell in battle, over fourteen years, faithfully adhered to the principles of a gentleman and officer of the United States, and added to the traditions of his Corps. Personal conduct and character," General Lejeune went on to write, "count ever for most in those who would faithfully serve and be true to the ideals of their country, and Major Cole stands out as an exemplary possessor of those virtues,

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which are the requisites of a real American. . . . As during life he was an inspiring example to all, so in death — a soldier death on the battlefield — his spirit hovered over his comrades urging them on from victory to victory."

From General Harbord comes the declaration that "it was the gallantry of men like Major Cole which won from the French High Command the order that the Bois de Belleau should hereafter forever bear the new name of the Bois de la Brigade de Marines. The story of their valor reads like a romance of the First Empire, and has forever immortalized the splendid brigade to which Major Cole and the men he led were proud to belong. Peace to his brave soul, and may the story of his death for his country stir the sons of Harvard as long as men honor gallant deeds and manly lives!"

A single letter remains to be quoted. It was written by Major T. G. Sterrett of the Marines, to the older of Major Cole's two sons: "You can always remember your father as one of the biggest heroes of this war. He gave up his life gloriously in the battle that turned the tide and was the beginning of victory. The world is grateful for his sacrifice, which has meant for you the loss of your dear father. I give you my sincere sympathy, but I know that you and your brother will always be comforted in the knowledge that his life was given to make the world a safe place to live in."



ALVAH CROCKER, JR.

CLASS OF 1905

ALVAH CROCKER, JR., was born in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, April 3, 1882, a son of Alvhah Crocker (Harvard, '79) and Charlotte Trowbridge (Bartow) Crocker. His brothers are Douglas Crocker, '10 and John Crocker, '22. He prepared for college at Groton School, entering Harvard in 1901. There he played on his freshman football team, was a substitute on the University team, and cap-

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tained his junior class team. He was a member of the D. K. E., Institute of 1770, Hasty Pudding, and Delta Phi Clubs. After completing his course in three years, he returned to receive his A.B. with his class in 1905.

From 1905 until the spring of 1909 he worked at Fitchburg in the paper mills of Crocker, Burbank & Company, of which his father was president. While thus engaged in learning the paper business, he was married, October 19, 1907, to Harriet Greeley of Chicago, a sister of Samuel Arnold Greeley (Harvard, '03). Though business was not congenial to his tastes, he stuck to the preparation for it through manual labor until he was offered a position in his father's firm. By this time he had satisfied himself that he could never be happy in business, and determined to study the profession of architecture. Accordingly, in the spring of 1909, he went to France to begin his studies. From the beginning he exhibited an aptitude and love for his new work which ensured his ultimate success. In June, 1911, he was admitted to the *École des Beaux Arts*, and needed but three more points for his *diplôme* when the *École* was closed on account of the war with Germany.

Crocker and his wife immediately entered upon the work organized for the help and relief of their French colleagues by the American students of the *Beaux Arts* (*Comité des Étudiants Américains de l'École des Beaux Arts*). Besides giving aid to the families of *Beaux Arts* men at the front, this committee rendered great service by keeping these men in touch with their families when the German invasion drove them from their homes. Later on a "Gazette" was published monthly and sent to each

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man at the front, giving news of his fellow-students, and serving as a valuable aid to morale.

When the United States entered the war, Crocker immediately sought an opportunity for service—a matter none too easy to accomplish in France. On July 13, 1917, he became a civil employee on duty with the Engineers attached to the First Division. On October 6, 1917, he returned to Paris, where he remained until November 20, 1917. On that date he was commissioned second lieutenant, Engineers Reserve Corps, and ordered to Brest, where he took an important part in the colossal task of building that great port and base—a feat in construction remarkable both from the magnitude of the project and from the speed with which it was accomplished in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

A few passages from Crocker's letters, both as a civil employee with the Engineers of the First Division and as an officer at Brest, will serve to suggest equally the nature of the work he performed and the manner of man he was.

GONDRECOURT,
July 14, 1917.

I've been getting acquainted *some*, believe me, not with one but with many persons and finding out how to be useful. There is much long-winded patience needed and a fair amount of brains.

We've been sitting around a table before a provincial hotel, watching khaki uniforms and *chasseurs* uniforms go back and forth. I'm hungry and tired, out of doors the whole time. The major is a good man in his line. I wish they could say as much of me. I worked till late on water questions—wells, springs and sanitation. I go at it again soon. There's plenty to do and not half enough done, and little Willie is damn near dead.

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July 15, 1917.

I've got a real job, without my *galons*, to be sure, but I've got here in time to be useful and before our American Engineers Regiment. So when they come I'll be as useful knowing the ropes as any of their lieutenants. My good old boss leaves tomorrow. He sure is a peach or I fail in judging human nature, which Monsieur Thiers, the historian, says is the basis of law.

Meanwhile I work and feel fit.

July 17, 1917.

Today I interpreted between three *aumoniers*, two priests and a *pasteur* — (1) Mr. Armstrong from Chicago, the Episcopal minister from your country-side; (2) A snappy young *chasseur Pasteur*, French Protestant; (3) A Roman Catholic priest, in almost the same garb! They were trying to get together, and Mr. Armstrong suggested they combine forces in the chapel now being knocked up. I hope they do forget differences of theology and get to business. They are all three right and stand for character. Then the Y. M. C. A. secretary wanted me to apply for club barracks. I hope to obtain them. I'm being given an object lesson by the finest trio of French engineers in one branch of work I ever knew. They are so capable and patient. I'm aghast at their efficient methods. Our men are splendidly organized too. The difference in French and American temperament, different ways of doing the same kind of work, is most interesting. Our men grind things out; theirs take things differently under different circumstances.

July 20, 1917.

I am dead tired and have a hard day's work (not bad fun) ahead of me tomorrow. It is a shame I cannot get in touch with the boss as it seems to take ages to get anything moving and there is such quantities of interpreting to do and so few interpreters. I think it is a good thing in the long run as the men will learn French that much quicker. It is funny to be here. I like it and yet I'm not clever enough to please everybody.

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July 25, 1917.

I have a large report to put in today and so I cannot write at length. I have gotten awfully fatigued during the time since I got here moving around between the various departments in both American and French authorities for every nail or plank or hammer that I had to have. Having no workman yet I am doing both the work of design, executive and messenger service to the various heads without even a bike and I have to walk from one town to another. I do not *faire la bile*, but yesterday I was sorely tried, not being able to get documents, but which I have obtained since.

August 6, 1917.

The French General here got off some hot air about my French, intending a compliment. He said that there was only one foreigner he knew could talk French as free from accent as yours truly (Guess — you never will!) *Le Tzar de la Russie!* The boys here say he wanted me to know he knew the Czar.

August 10, 1917.

Again I am left as sole survivor with this division and hope I get something done while Major — is in Paris. He is fine, though he makes no allusions to a commission for me. *Tant mieux!* I do not in the least mind, although I am continually impeded in my work not having *galons*. Major — admits now that I have been up against unusual odds and, although no word has slipped by, all blame at least has escaped my shoulders.

I am far from giving up, or in or out, but turn up smiling in the morning and putt, putt up and down this camp where our boys are getting the training that we all hope will make good soldiers out of good material. Meanwhile it would seem to me that much real energy is wasted by the bushel that might be avoided. However, energy, like expanding our muscle, renews itself by use and although misdirected forms a reservoir of more energy which may become directed after training and experience has proved the value of knowledge.

The French may have faults, but we have inexperience, and

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when they act it is to the point and our intelligent men understand that quality better every day. It is interesting to see the difference in the national characteristics at work in the army after seeing the difference in the atelier. And with the training I feel sure that by degrees we will pull together with the French through our innate sense of pride to be brave, intelligent, and energetic. We are like an uncut stone — still full of rough edges. Did I tell you that I had had the experience of interpreting for General de Castelnau. He's a big, strong, simple person with extraordinary sensibility and handled a delicate situation with tact and strength and almost with humor. There is one quality which we seem to lack and that is this — all our efficiency, energy, and singleness of purpose in most cases lacks the saving grace of humor. Our humor when it shows itself is tinged with the smart element of "Am I not clever!" Yes, clever, my boy, but not humorous. It is too soon to look for humor, and yet why not? If we had just one little bit more humor it would be with such lightness of touch that we'd be learning war. The hand of steel need be none the less strong beneath, and so much less difficult would each day be. But no — press, press, press. Try to do what is just around the corner, nor take time to enjoy what you are doing right now. Restless inanity and missing out in true efficiency. Ye gods — nay rather may God Himself shower the earth and smile on sunny days — or in warm hearts, this His most blessed of saving graces! Humor, all-comprehending, cries out to deaf American ears. Rare as a day in June, or a day in peace-time.

September 3, 1917.

I fear my prognostications are true and that we are very thorough on the whole, but utterly lacking in certain humorous phases which give life the charm it might possess even in wartime — although it's a dirty business and I wish it were over.

There is a great *esprit de corps* among the men from north and south, east and west. Would that hecatombs were not the

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sure fate towards which we were working! Madness — madness. If I knew some other way but this warlike method — and I secretly revile myself for not having discovered one — methinks Our Lord might have! He was of a different race, and a race far more intellectually sensible to the meaning of humility than we are.

September 9, 1917.

. . . Forgive a letter written by a man whose brain is confused with excessive application to R. R. forms and numbers a mile long. — As Major Graves said when I told him I did n't want my kid brother to get ahead of me — "Well, he could n't get a commission in the Engineer Corps." Cock-a-doodle-doo! I have n't got it yet.

September 12, 1917.

I desire to make use of my years of experience to help put a drop into the bucket for freedom. Although I feel that victory would help to establish an immortal world democracy, yet I am sanguine of good results only in so far as I see the suffering develop men's hearts and unselfishness. This is by way of explaining that if I do not climb the ladder, it is to be of use and very humbly.

September 22, 1917.

I look upon the war as merely an incident even if it prove to be the closing incident, though I hope it be only one more experience. . . .

My appointment is so long in coming that I begin to doubt if I'll get a lieutenancy. *Tant pis!* If it does n't come through, I regret that my sphere of usefulness will be the more limited, that's all. I'm sure, however, that some day I'll get some sort of a job, and I'm sure that my appointment damn near went through.

September 29, 1917.

It's blessed to be neither dead, prisoner, nor *estropié*, and to live in the hope of seeing you soon again. I wish we had regular intervals which we might count on as the French do for returning to the bosom of our families. Perhaps some day we'll have

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regular *permissions* like the French. If not, it will continue to be the hardest thing we do to fight the longing, the dull ache, for our beloved ones.

[Through all these weeks Crocker was ardently hoping for the commission to which he had been recommended, in the following terms, by a captain of engineers: "Mr. Crocker has been working with me on construction and repair work in the First Division area and has been of great assistance by reason of his clear knowledge of the French language and people." At length the commission came. The remaining letters were written from Brest.]

BREST.

November 21, 1917.

Have some *type* in my companion, who's a fine chap. Saw and reported to a colonel for whom I've already done work. He remembered me and was cordial. Says we're up against another tough proposition — someone's got to do it, so if we fail we'll be replaced. Hence, we're going to leave no stone unturned. Air here is fine salt air. Sunny for three hours after our arrival — weather's our least worry. It's like having a big horse to ride — whether one can jump on or not is the only question — once on there's no doubt of being taken over fences, but precious small chance of being able to get on his back! Another such as was mine in July.

November 28, 1917.

Things are beginning to look less desperate here. However, we've not done as much as we hoped to in a week. I'm kept hard at work and so is everyone. Oh this cruel war — such waste of material and life, and I was going to say time — but time seems to count for little these days.

November 29, 1917.

Today . . . has been a good example of a hard day. Got to work immediately after breakfast, a ten-minute walk from the

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hotel down by the old castle. Did some interviewing and trotting around, and all the time find French indispensable. We came back to the hotel for lunch and returned at once — stopping for a cup of coffee and cigar at a café on the way back — no real loaf — just a stop for ten minutes and then push on. The hardest thing is doing work and obtaining what you think is a definite thing to go on — and find that you have a repetition of the work to enforce the well-meaning intention into action. You know these dear happy-go-lucky people as well as I do, and they do try so hard and get so far and have to be driven tactfully without getting their goat, and behind you the fear of not getting enough done. Yes, still the steed is to be mounted and he gets bigger every day and the chance of getting on seems near, and then you are let down by some occurrence or circumstance and have to begin again. However, we have done a lot and it does n't show for much either, and yet we have every hope of accomplishing our mission.

December 6, 1917.

We are accomplishing much more than we did upon our arrival, doing everything that we can lay our hands on! However, even at that we are hampered by the lost effort of adjustment between American and French ways, and I get pretty tired translating. There is every advantage in taking a large point of view and I insist upon myself to come up to the mark in this matter. But you know how hard it is to force French people, and we've about given up trying to — personally I should never have tried.

December 12, 1917.

I have just had my first experience employing German prisoners. There was a boss, a German architect, and four men. We had to give them a small tip for working them in the noon hour. The big Prussian architect was n't a bad looking fellow, and they did my job loading boards and unloading the same on and off a big motor truck.

Today was a full one — suddenly we had to prepare for many,

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many men on short notice, requiring us to work preparing quarters for them. We will have a company of laborers to look after, and that may prevent my getting off for Christmas! Don't get too blue: as one black negro said today — "I jest doan write as it done gone make me sad and sorrowful to think of my wife grieving for me, so I jest doan write at all," but he added, "guess I'd better write her to send me some money — say boss, when do you think dey's gwine to pay us off?" He said his wife could n't write him because she did n't know just what part of the States he was in!

December 28, 1917.

Perhaps better days are in store for us — for all of us — and the poor sufferers who have nothing much to live for — sufferers because of the war. To think that cupidity, lust for power and selfishness, dressed up in the garb of a so-called civilization, should bring people who know what Christ stood for to each other's throats! However, so far we have proved inapt to comprehend the true meaning of our Enfant Jesus' teachings — so now we must fight, leave our homes, our children, on Christmas evening, and follow the herding of the Americans. Let us hope our national help may pull the Allies over their difficulties.

December 31, 1917.

This base hospital is Lieutenant H's favorite job. The doctors are hard workers and they have lots of pep! And we have been getting them into something like shape — electric lighting, water-pipes, etc. — in fact, helping them to help themselves. The nurses are overworked — about 40 for 300 beds and insufficient quarters — this for your ears only — poor fellows — the sick I mean. When I think of being one of many who are suffering, it seems as though no one was better than the worst of human sufferers. When one reflects on the seven-day week of the hospital workers, my job is nothing like that. I need a dressing down and I'll get it if my brain does n't begin to act reasonably. These days if a man has brains, he has got to use them; and if he has n't many, he's got to use the ones he has.

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In particular we have to face the fact that Germany must be trimmed and that right properly, in order that Bobs and Teddy, Nannan and Pink Toes, need not experience a war like this one right away again. Very soon now this job will be accomplished. It seems that any course that will take me into Pioneer work in some regiment is the thing for me to do. I have a method of procedure mapped out which will get me there by the time the spring offensives are on.

There is no doubt that this is going to be a busy spring — in fact, I should not be surprised if another February, like the Verdun attack, were repeated. But if I am going to get into the fighting Pioneer work, my entrance into a school at Versailles should not be later than three weeks from now. It seems brutal to tell you this. I, nevertheless, am of the opinion that the more children you have, the more you want to fight for their protection — the more too it's one's duty to fight for them, although all of the sweetness and joy of innocence seems to go out of the world with the madness of war. Yet to lie down and be trodden on without pride or combativeness is mere complacency, and to me this is the time! . . . But I had rather be killed than submit to much of the ignominy, immorality, and selfishness one sees — almost shares in — in our heathen civilization of which we are so proud. Perhaps later days may see Christianity dawn from these dark ages and a good yeast permeate the loaf. Oh, teach the Bible to those kids of ours. Let the salt get into them and tell them not to hide their light under a bushel. For the end of all is sacrifice. Why not start by being unselfish and raise a brood who can pull together from New York to San Francisco, helping each other to be happy!

What does not appear in these letters is that Lieutenant Crocker's command of the French language, and his experience and ability in dealing with the French gave to his service a peculiar value. It is perhaps easier to read between the lines that the work at Brest was a heart-

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breaking task for all and that Crocker's share of it was taxing his strength beyond the limits of his endurance. Though he realized fully that he could not continue to stand the strain of this job that must be finished at top speed, he stuck to it until it finally broke him down completely and resulted in his death, at Brest, on June 25, 1918.

Crocker was survived by his wife, two daughters, and two sons. He received a posthumous citation "for exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous services at Base Section, Number 5, France." On June 8, 1921, the *diplôme* of the Beaux Arts was awarded to him. A poem in his memory, by his friend Arthur Ketchum, containing many lines of beauty, begins with these:

No tears for you
O Very Dear, and true
To that high soul in you that would not let you rest
Contented with the half achieved, the lower best,
But stirring at the summons of the Word
Of your unseen Commander forged ahead
Unconquered,
And keeping step to rhythms all unheard
By duller ears
Followed a trail, unguessed.
O Bugles, on the last redoubt
 Sing triumph out;
A new adventurer waits
 At your high gates,
Amid the pennons and the flash of spears;
O Heavenly Bugles, sing
His welcoming!
But — no tears, no tears!



ELLIOT ADAMS CHAPIN

CLASS OF 1918

ELLIOT ADAMS CHAPIN, as his name suggests, was of pure New England descent. From before the Revolution his ancestors, on both sides of his family, were born in or near Boston. He himself was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, May 10, 1895, a son of Cyrus Smith Chapin, of the Chapin and Adams Company, a Boston commission firm, and Alice (Bigelow) Chapin. His mother's father, George E. Bigelow, was killed in the Civil War, at the Battle of Fredericksburg; her grandfather, Captain John Bigelow, was a soldier in the War of the Revolution. His elder brother is Robert Bigelow Chapin, of the Harvard Class of 1908.

After attending the grammar and high schools in New-

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ton, Massachusetts, he went to Phillips-Andover Academy, graduating with the Class of 1914. In "Phillips Academy, Andover, in the Great War" he is recorded as "still remembered on Andover Hill as a boy of unusual personal charm. Unlike most of those who spend only one year at Phillips Academy, he made a host of warm friends. He played for some weeks on the football squad and was elected to Phi Delta Sigma; and he was also exceptionally popular in his class and in the school at large."

In the autumn of 1914 he entered Harvard College with the Class of 1918. Here, in his freshman year, he played on the Gore Hall football team, which won the interdormitory championship, and in the spring of 1915, was captain of the Gore Hall baseball team, which, also, won the interdormitory championship. In the autumn of 1916 he was elected to membership in the Pi Eta Society, and became active in its management. Always interested both in his studies and in athletics, he was popular with his classmates, and had more than an ordinarily wide acquaintance in college.

Near the end of his junior year, in April, 1917, he enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve Force, Coast Patrol, a minor defect in one eye having prevented his admission to the U. S. Aviation Service. Feeling that in the Coast Patrol he was doing less than that of which he was capable, and still eager to become an aviator, he secured, on August 24, 1917, an honorable discharge from the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, effective upon his enlisting in the British Royal Flying Corps, which he did on August 26. After having passed a satisfactory physical examination, he reported at Toronto, on September 6.

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He received part of his ground and flying training at Long Branch, and Deseronto, where he remained until November 15, when he was sent, with three hundred other cadets, to Camp Hicks, Fort Worth, Texas, for further training. There, in December, he received his commission as second lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps.

At the end of a furlough beginning December 31, 1917, Chapin sailed from Halifax, January 27, 1918, on the *Tunisian*, in the same convoy with the *Tuscania*, torpedoed off the Irish coast on this, her last ill-fated voyage. When the captain of the *Tunisian* called for an "extra submarine watch," Chapin volunteered and afterwards wrote his family that "it was the most exciting three hours he had ever spent." The *Tunisian* docked at Liverpool, February 6, and Chapin, having spent a few days in London, was sent to Salisbury, where, after further intensive training, he received his first lieutenancy in April, seven months from the beginning of his training.

Early in May, 1918, he was ordered to France, and, together with his observer, flew his plane, a large De Haviland bomber, over the Channel and across France to the aerodrome of the 99th Bombing Squadron, Royal Air Force, to which he was assigned. Its station was about six miles south of Nancy, and its duties were to harass the enemy by bombing his lines of communication, railways, ammunition dumps, and aerodromes.

On June 27 Chapin was detailed, with others, to bomb the railway at Thionville, north of Metz. On the successful accomplishment of this purpose, the formation was attacked by a large number of Fokker scouts. During a desperate fight, a shot passed through the petrol

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tank of Chapin's plane, causing an explosion, which sent the plane down in flames from 1300 feet. This was about two miles southeast of the town of Thionville and twenty-five miles within the enemy's lines. Lieutenant Walker, of Chapin's squadron, flying at the time only fifty feet away, bore witness to the scene: "When he saw death staring him in the face, I saw him turn around to his observer, reach out his hand and shake hands with him."

Such a final action was characteristic of one of whom it could also be written by a fellow-officer that "he was one of the best: he always had a smile and a kind word for everyone"; and, besides, that "we all loved him. In fact he was the finest type of Christian manhood that could possibly be found."

At the Harvard Commencement of 1919 Chapin received the "war degree" of Bachelor of Arts as of the Class of 1918.



GOODWIN WARNER

CLASS OF 1909

GOODWIN WARNER was the only son of William Pearson Warner, of the Harvard Class of 1874, a member of the Boston brokerage firm of Parkinson and Burr, and of Hetty (Rogers) Warner, who died in 1908. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 17, 1887. One of his three younger sisters is the wife of Francis A. Harding, secretary of the Harvard Class of 1909.

In his preparation to enter this class, as throughout his life, Warner had to contend with the handicap of severe chronic asthma. He went to Harvard from Noble and Greenough's School in Boston, but had previously spent two years at the Thacher School in California and two years in the Maine woods. How serious his physical

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handicap was few of his closest friends realized, since his unfailing cheerfulness and courage concealed the suffering to which he was subject. Through the necessity of living much outdoors, he was enabled to cultivate a love of nature, especially in the study of birds, and became an expert in New England ornithology.

On graduating from college in 1909 Warner entered the Boston office of Stone and Webster, but left it, by reason of illness, in January, 1910. A trip to Bermuda in the spring brought him to the decision recorded in the 1915 Report of his class: "No more office for me." He then began to investigate the possibilities of orcharding in New England, studied in the first half of 1911 at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and in August went west for several months to look into the opportunities for apple raising in Montana, Washington, and Oregon, with the conclusion that the "only people who made money were those who sold to Easterners like me." What ensued is told in his contribution to the 1909 Decennial Class Report:

In November the College Office offered me a chance to go on a trip as companion to a convalescing 1912 man. Went to Memphis, Tennessee, on December 1. Bought a 42-foot cabin cruiser there, got two young fellows for cook and engineer, and went down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. Picked up another man and dog in Arkansas. Tied up to the banks wherever we wished and got some good hunting. Not knowing river, had some close calls but made it O. K. Returned to Boston in February, 1912. Spent spring looking for a farm, and in August bought 160 acre farm in Littleton, Massachusetts. Have been farming it hard since then, and am specializing in apples.

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Warner was making a success of this work when the United States entered the war. Impatient to take his part in it, he sailed for France, and on June 2, 1917, joined the American Field Service. It was a time at which this organization was rendering a service of peculiar value to the French Army, through meeting a demand for a large number of camion drivers, whom it sent to the *Réserve Mallet*, a branch of the Motor Transport service, which is said to have carried to the front more ammunition than the whole American Army used in the war. To the arduous and dangerous work of this service Warner was immediately assigned as a member of *Transport Matériel* 184, operating at Jouaignes, Aisne, not far from the Chemin des Dames. Here he became *Sous-Chef* of his section, and, after graduating in October from the French Automobile Officers' School at Meaux, was appointed *Commandant Adjoint, T. M.* 133. At about the same time, when the American Army was taking over the control of the *Réserve Mallet*, Warner enlisted as a private, and on December 18, 1917, was commissioned second lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Army. On that day he became commanding officer of Motor Transport Company 360, and for the remaining months of his life, contending constantly with the disability of imperfect health, pursued his work with an energy and effectiveness which won him highest praise. "In June, 1918," to quote from the Tenth Anniversary Report of his Class, "after returning from a long tour of exacting duty, during an epidemic of influenza, which greatly reduced the strength of his group, his command was again called out on convoy duty. Although beginning himself to feel the effects of the disease, he

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remained with his command against the protests of many, was out two nights and a day and shortly afterwards developed a severe case of pneumonia, from which he died at Camp Hospital No. 4 [Joinville-le-Pont] on June 29."

During his illness, and after it was too late for him to learn the fact, he was promoted to the command of two hundred fifty men and about a hundred camions. When he was buried with military honors, at Suresnes, Commandant Mallet, under whom he had served since coming to France, said of him:

His fellow-officers cannot speak too highly of him as a good and trusty friend; his men have always known him as a kind and reliable leader. As for myself, it is my desire to acknowledge before you all the deep debt of gratitude the French Army owes to Lieutenant Warner, who came to serve our country before his own needed him, and so he has ever since been performing his military duties with such devotion and efficiency. In the name of the Director of the French Automobile Service, in the name of my Reserve, I wish him a last farewell, and address the expression of our deep sympathy to his family and to those who are mourning today an affectionate friend, a promising officer, and a perfect gentleman.



FREDERIC PERCIVAL CLEMENT, JR.

CLASS OF 1916

IN the death of this uncommonly skillful and daring aviator at Dallas, Texas, on July 4, 1918, the American Army lost one of the flyers from whom most might have been expected had he lived to reach the front. "If ever a man were ripe for overseas work," he wrote less than a month before his death, "it is I. If I were a horse I would paw the ground." The friend with whom his relations

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were closest during this final month of his life has declared that his eagerness for the front so preyed upon him as to increase the recklessness of his flying. Near the end of June he said to this friend, while they were lying awake in the heat of a Texas night, "I'm going to be killed in the next month." In less than a week the foreboding, all uncharacteristic of one so filled with happiness and hope, was realized.

This son of Frederic Percival Clement, of New York City and Rutland, Vermont, who graduated at Harvard with the Class of 1888, and of Maud (Morrison) Clement, was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey, March 20, 1895. His father's family, descended from Robert Clement, who came from England to Salisbury, Massachusetts, in 1642, has been conspicuously identified since 1809 with the state of Vermont. Through both his father and his mother he traced his ancestry to Pilgrims of the *Mayflower's* company. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries his forebears rendered honorable service in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

The friends of his earliest years noted the keenness of his mind and the strain of unselfishness in his character which endeared him to young and old. In those years also he manifested a strong love of nature and all outdoor pursuits. Among them was a fondness for heights—he was a venturesome climber—and for free spaces. It almost seemed that he was destined to fly.

Through a part of his boyhood his family lived at Watertown, New York, where he attended the public schools until he entered the Morristown School, Morristown, New Jersey, then recently established by three of

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his father's classmates and friends. In each of his three years at Morristown he won the highest general scholarship prize and more prizes for scholarship in separate studies — Greek, Latin, French, History, and English — than any other boy in the school. He was also a member of the football and track teams, took an important part in the school plays, and in many other activities of the school. Entering Harvard with the Class of 1916, he held a corresponding place in the undergraduate life of his time. Throughout his course he served on important committees of his class, of which he was secretary-treasurer in his junior year; from the assistant management of the freshman track team he passed to the position of manager of the University track team; in his senior year he was a member of the Student Council. He did his part in the Harvard Regiment, and joined the St. Paul's Society, the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., the Republican, Morristown School, Varsity, Stylus, Signet, Hasty Pudding, O. K., and Delphic Clubs. The friend who has already been quoted, Lieutenant Rex P. Arthur, did not meet him until they had both entered the aviation service, but his characterization of Clement shows clearly what he must have been in college:

I soon learned that Freddy was of a very nervous, eager temper; extremely engaging in manner and impulsively friendly — apparently impulsive in everything, but this was pure appearance, as in reality all his actions were directed by principles based on the finest character I have ever known. This was the astonishing thing about him. He had an extraordinary Puritan conscience. I say "extraordinary." I found in college, and especially during the war, that such a conscience, especially in a boy, was extraordinary. Freddy was the only

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boy I ever knew who was absolutely good and at the same time wonderfully popular. . . . When I think of his character, I always think of a steel lance.

In the autumn after graduating from college, Clement entered the Harvard Law School, but, instead of living in Cambridge, became a member of the household of Robert H. Hallowell (Harvard, '96) at Readville, Massachusetts. Of the influence he exerted there, Mr. Hallowell wrote to Clement's father: "What a joy and satisfaction it is to have Fred one of our household! I do not know how we ever got along without him. But O! how you must miss him! I have rarely seen so lovely a character; always cheerful and happy, with the rare gift of imparting his cheerfulness to others, and so straightforward and just plain honest that you feel certain he never could do or think a mean thing." After Clement's death the same good friend wrote again: "You talked to me a moment about the bringing up of boys. If I could only bring up mine to be like Fred, I would feel that one of the greatest missions of my life had been fulfilled. In my own mind I had planned that Fred was the one to whom I could point as an ideal for my boys to follow, and I had more often thought how he would help them to avoid the pitfalls that are invariably encountered by youth."

For such a young man as Clement the only question of his relation to the war was that of how and when. On April 27, 1917, he answered it thus, in a letter to his parents:

As I wrote you a long time since — I would go when the call came. I have now gone.

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I have thought it over carefully and have determined the right thing to do was for me to apply for Plattsburg. I passed the physical exam and the required mental tests Thursday morning when I filed my application. Today I heard from the War Department that I had been recommended for Plattsburg. The notifications and "marching orders" will come any time. . . . The camp lasts three months and it is supposed we shall then be fit to train the first 500,000, and then . . . ?

Please write and say you are glad I have done this or that you approve. Although I am sure you do, it would be nice to see your letter saying so.

Don't be worried as to what might happen. It will be six or eight months before there is a chance to cross and by that time the war may be over.

Clement went to Plattsburg in May, and in June secured a transfer to the aviation service. One of the friends he made at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Ground School, where he enlisted, June 18, as a private, first class, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, reports that Clement gave as the reason for this transfer his feeling that his youthful appearance would make it difficult for him to convince the officers at Plattsburg that he was of serious age, but that the real reason, in this friend's opinion, was the spirit of adventure moving within him. On July 20 he was detailed to Mineola, Long Island, where he qualified, September 1, as reserve military aviator. His next detail was to Kelly Field, Texas, where on October 5 he received his commission as first lieutenant, Aviation Section. On October 26 he was detailed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as an instructor; in February, 1918, to Camp Dick, Texas; and on April 1 to the School of Aerial Gunnery, at Taliaferro Field, Texas. He was still at this

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post when he met first with a minor accident and then with his death.

In all these stations Clement's charm of personality won him a multitude of friends. At the same time he was making a reputation as an aviator in which some anxiety on the part of his superiors was inevitably mingled with admiration. This appears in one of Clement's own letters from Taliaferro Field (May 12, 1918) from which the words revealing his impatience to reach the front have already been quoted:

I also find I have flown over 300 hours, which is quite a number. They often send one over the lines with 60. I can't seem to think of anything but practising for overseas. Friday I was right on my toes and went up in one of the new planes with a man in the front seat to work the camera gun on the top plane. I pretended I was Guynemer and in the other planes were Huns. We dove at a plane, shot it down (merely taking a picture) then made an Immelmann turn like this [sketch of turn] and took the man from the rear. Did this to several planes and ended by sideslipping into the field, which is a stunt they practise abroad in order to land in a small field. The officer in charge of flying saw me and when I landed he "grounded" me and confined me to the post — both until Monday — three days. Then he did admit that the turns were very good and the sideslipping very pretty, but that stunting was n't allowed. If I don't practise when it does n't harm the work I shall go batty. S. R. and I are inventing quick manoeuvres to outwit the Hun, and we think they are pretty good stunts. Of course it was wrong to stunt without permission, but I hope to get permanent permission, so I can be absolutely sure of the position of the plane with my eyes shut. There never will be a better opportunity.

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The man who flew with him on the fatal day, Sergeant A. L. Held, of the aviation service, who suffered serious injuries in Clement's fall, and has recently written, "were he alive today, I would not hesitate to go up with him, or do any stunt he wanted to do with one in the plane," has thus described also an instance of his flying alarmingly close to camp buildings:

On one occasion he did this while up one evening about sundown, when he did the "falling leaf" while coming down to land and dived right over one of the hangers, making the men believe he would crash into a bunch of them, who all fled. He then leveled off his plane and made a perfect landing. The officer in charge ran out and called him for this, telling him how risky it was and that they would take him off flying if he did not stop stunting near the buildings. Lieutenant Clement sat quiet and listened to it all until the officer got through, then turned to him with a smile and said, "Say, George, was n't that a dandy, though?" just as though he had not heard what the officer told him, and the officer could not help himself but had to turn away and laugh. This happened time and again until finally they threatened to take him off flying, which would have broken his heart.

A letter written by Clement on June 30 may well have caused apprehension: "I am back on the job as gunnery pilot and we are arranging to visit Camp Dick on the 4th to stage an aerial battle. We have a plane painted like a Hun, and I am to fly it and drop some fake bombs at Camp Dick and then be attacked, while attempting to escape, by four planes with machine guns firing blank cartridges. It should be excellent fun."

A great crowd assembled on the afternoon of July 4 at Camp Dick on the State Fair Grounds at Dallas to

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enjoy the “aerial circus.” The “stunts” were performed in such a way as to win from Lieutenant Henri Le Maître, a French ace, the highest commendation, especially of Clement’s skill. In the letter from Sergeant Held already quoted, it is described in technical detail, and the tragic outcome of the day is narrated as follows:

Coming close to Camp Dick, he shut off his motor and glided quietly up to the grandstand, then threw his motor on full power just as he went over it, not missing the grandstand very far. We then circled around the camp until we were up about a thousand feet, when I let out a small parachute, which sailed slowly down on the field and was very pretty. Shortly after that I saw the other planes coming and I showed them to Lieutenant Clement, who then started to gain altitude to meet them. When we got up to them the fight started and, all being daring fliers, we had some close calls, for they were all diving at us and they came so fast that Lieutenant Clement could not keep his eyes on all of them, so he shouted to me, “Keep your eye on them, Held,” which were the last words he spoke, for just then Lieutenant Martin dived at us, which was pretty close, and Lieutenant Clement thought it looked pretty good so he started his “fake fall” which he had planned, by turning into a “barrel roll,” and letting it go into a tail spin, from which he never took it out until it was too late. He enjoyed the tail spin because he turned to me and laughed, and never did he lose control of his plane like some people thought he did, but had it under perfect control until we hit the ground. Misjudging his distance was the cause of the accident, and, although he had the plane out of the spin just before we hit the ground, he did not take it out in time, which forced him to the ground and it was impossible to avoid it in such a short distance.

They told me he was killed instantly when I regained consciousness later in the evening at St. Paul’s Sanitarium. When the train left Dallas with his body, his fellow-flyers dropped

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flowers on the train from planes until it was well on its way from Dallas. I do not think that there was another man in our field that had as many friends as he had and it gives me great pleasure to write about him.

As commander of the fliers in the Dallas exhibition, Clement had selected the men who were to take part in it. In his cardease a diagram was found after his death, showing the positions and manoeuvres he had planned for his fellow-fliers and himself. At the very last he was scheduled to make the tail spin, which resulted in his death.

His devoted friend, Lieutenant Arthur, must be quoted once again, and finally:

He was an unusually modest boy, a Harvard man every other Harvard man should be proud of. Extremely fond of his Alma Mater, it was almost impossible to draw from him an account of his own achievements there, as an undergraduate. He was completely without affectation or snobbishness, yet he believed that only the worth-while people were worth making his intimates. So he told me. But the entire Field mourned, from the lowest private up, when he was killed. I never saw such universal sorrow. I believe it was because Freddy's actuating, big principle in life was to make other people happy. As a flier, he was the ideal type — very expert and absolutely without fear. But it made us hate the game and hate war, when we lost him.

Of the deep affection in which he is remembered by a host of others the record is both poignant and abundant. A silver tablet awarded for his acrobatic flying at Dallas was sent to Clement's parents. He was buried July 9 at Rutland, Vermont.



DONALD FAIRFAX RAY

LL.B. 1912

DONALD FAIRFAX RAY was a North Carolinian, a graduate of the University of North Carolina and of the Harvard Law School. At the annual meeting of the North Carolina Bar Association at Greensboro, in that state, in 1919, Captain Ray's law partner, N. A. Sinclair, Esq., of Fayetteville, North Carolina, presented a memorial paper upon him which provides the best possible basis for this memoir. In substance it read as follows:

Donald Fairfax Ray was born in Fayetteville, September 26, 1888. He was the only living child of Captain Neill W. Ray and Mrs. Laura Tatz (Pearson) Ray. His father died when he was only nine years old, and nothing could be more beautiful than

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the perfect sympathy and comradeship that existed between him and his mother for the remainder of his life.

After attending the Fayetteville schools, he went to a well-known school for boys at Woodberry, Virginia, where he remained for two years. He then entered the University at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, on August 12, 1905, where he was graduated, taking the A.B. degree in June, 1909. The following September he entered the Harvard Law School where he took the full three years' course in law, graduating in 1912. After leaving Harvard, he went to Europe and traveled extensively over the Continent for the greater part of the next year.

He was admitted to the bar of North Carolina at the fall term of 1911, a year before finishing at Harvard, and upon his return from Europe he entered upon the practice of law in Fayetteville, where his great natural ability, his splendid equipment, and his application to his work won recognition immediately. From the very beginning, he rose rapidly in his profession, and even at his early age had won for himself a distinguished position at the bar. He became a member of the law firm of Sinclair, Dye, and Ray in January, 1915, and with an active practice in the Superior and Supreme Courts, developed into a strong and successful advocate before both court and jury, often winning the highest encomiums from the judges before whom he appeared.

He made a profound study of the European War and its underlying causes, and was regarded as an authority on all questions pertaining to it. He became convinced in the beginning of 1916 that America would be drawn into the war, and, therefore, entered the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York, in the summer of that year. When the United States declared war in April, 1917, he immediately arranged his business affairs so that he might enlist, and entered the first class in the Officers' Training Camp at Oglethorpe, Georgia, from which he was graduated, and was commissioned, August 15, 1917, as first lieutenant of Field Artillery.

DONALD FAIRFAX RAY

On August 18, 1917, he was married to Miss Ann McKimmon, of Raleigh, North Carolina, and after a few weeks' leave was ordered to duty at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. In December, 1917, he was promoted to captain in the 156th Field Artillery, and a few days thereafter was offered, and accepted, a position on the staff of General William J. Snow. He remained at Camp Jackson until the spring of 1918, when he was ordered to Post Field, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to take a course of six weeks' training in aerial observation. He had all but completed this course, lacking only six flights of finishing, when his strength gave way under the terrific strain in the intense heat, and he suffered an attack of something like sunstroke on returning from a flight. From this attack he never completely rallied, and in a few days, on July 6, 1918, he died. His devoted wife, who was with him at both Camp Jackson and Fort Sill, was with him during his illness and death, and brought his body home where he was laid to rest by the side of his father in Cross Creek Cemetery.

Thus ended a noble life crowned by a successful career. Though his life was short, he had "lived much." His life was full of usefulness and was an inspiration. The worthy son of a great lawyer and soldier of the Confederacy, early in life he set his mark high, and always lived up to it. He was a member of the American Bar Association, and the North Carolina Bar Association, and if his life had been spared, would beyond question have become a great lawyer. As it was, he had prepared, tried, briefed and argued, and participated in suits involving not only important interests, but also grave and complicated principles, and in such manner as to win the admiration of his professional brethren. His training was thorough, his tastes scholarly, his mental processes clear and logical, and his literary style at once vigorous, informed by good taste, and remarkable for its purity. The charm of his personality and his fine sense of humor made him a delightful companion. His judgment was unerring, and his advice was frequently sought by men much

DONALD FAIRFAX RAY

older than he on important matters of business. He was gentle and modest, and yet he was uncompromising in his convictions. He was an antagonist to be feared in any contest for what he believed to be right. He took an active part in business and political activities, and his influence for good in public affairs is felt as a living force today.

In Cross Creek Cemetery today, beneath a granite shaft, beautiful in the purity of its lines, which typify their lives, are resting side by side the ashes of two men whose lives have been a benedict on — lawyers, patriots, soldiers, Christians — father and son, Captain Neill W. Ray and Captain Donald Fairfax Ray.

To this tribute from a professional associate in the law may well be added the following words in a personal letter from Major-General William T. Snow, Chief of Field Artillery, U. S. A., to whose staff Captain Ray was attached for a short time:

I had never met him prior to the Camp Jackson days. However, he was so well recommended to me and created such a favorable impression upon my personally observing him that I detailed him as a member of my staff. He had a most pleasant and agreeable personality, and was a consistently hard and thorough worker in an effort to learn his new profession, the military. I not only was strongly attached to him personally but also had the highest regard for his ability, and I think he would have made a most efficient officer had he lived.



MAXWELL OSWALD PARRY

GRADUATE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES 1911-12

CONNECTED with Harvard only through taking one course of drama study in the Graduate School for a single year, this Yale ace with three German planes to his credit contributes a shining name to the Harvard Roll of Honor.

Maxwell Oswald Parry was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, December 28, 1886, a son of David McLean Parry

MAXWELL OSWALD PARRY

and Hessie Daisy (Maxwell) Parry. His grandfather, Henry Parry, was a well-known engineer in Indianapolis, president of the Parry Manufacturing Company, and in 1902, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Through the Pennsylvania Welch ancestry of his father, Maxwell Parry, as he registered himself at Harvard, was descended from General John Cadwalader of the Revolutionary Army. His mother's ancestors came from England to Cecil County, Maryland, in the seventeenth century. She was a descendant of George Read, of Delaware, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Parry's preparation for Yale, where he graduated in 1909, was made at the Culver (Indiana) Military Academy, the American College, Strassburg, Germany, and the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Connecticut. In the "Yale Obituary Record," from which this memoir is chiefly drawn, it is recorded that "he received a second dispute Junior and second colloquy Senior appointment, and won the first Ten Eyck Prize at the Junior Exhibition. He contributed to the *Courant* and the *Record*, was Fence Orator Sophomore year, and in Senior year was elected Class Orator and a member of the Triennial Committee. He took part in the various plays of the Dramatic Association, and was president of that organization Senior year."

All this bespoke a vivid interest in literature and the drama. But for a time after graduating at Yale, he devoted himself to business, first as secretary and advertising manager of the Parry Automobile Company, of Indianapolis, and afterwards as secretary of the Golden Hill Estates Company. More personally he expressed himself

MAXWELL OSWALD PARRY

through writing many articles and dramatic reviews for the Indianapolis *News*, and through contributions to magazines. He also wrote a number of plays, "Boys of Gettysburg," "The Lie Beautiful," "The Flower of Assisi" (in memory of a classmate), "Dad," and "Stingy," which was produced in the year after his death at the Punch and Judy Theatre in New York by the Stuart Walker Players. He became a member of the Drama League and the Little Theatre Society, and established a connection with the Washington Square Players. At the end of his year of study in the Harvard Graduate School, he received the degree of M.A. at Yale.

His military career is thus summarized in the "Yale Obituary Record":

He entered the Air Service on August 27, 1917, and after completing a course at the Ground School at Columbus, Ohio, was attached to the Royal Flying Corps for training. He flew at different camps in Canada, and was then assigned to the 147th Aero Squadron at Camp Hicks, Fort Worth, Texas.¹ He went abroad with this unit early in 1918, and about the first of July was ordered to the Château-Thierry front. About two days after their arrival, Lieutenant Parry and five other members of the squadron met and conquered the famous "Richthofen Circus," and within the next week Lieutenant Parry had in all three enemy planes to his credit. On July 8 he attacked alone a German formation of thirteen Fokkers and was killed. He was at first reported missing in action, and it was not until March, 1919, that definite word of his death was received through the War Department. He was buried by the Germans in the Military Cemetery at Vaudreuil. The French Government has awarded him the *Croix de Guerre*, with palm, and the

¹ His commission was that of second lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

MAXWELL OSWALD PARRY

American Distinguished Service Cross has also been given to him.

The following citation, in a general order of the Army, accompanied his award of the *Croix de Guerre*:

Pilote de chasse de grand courage et d'une habilité hors de pair. Le 2 juillet 1918 faisant partie d'une patrouille de sept qui attaqua douze avions ennemis, a abattu un de ses adversaires.



DUDLEY GILMAN TUCKER

CLASS OF 1907

ON the day before Sergeant Dudley Gilman Tucker of the Lafayette Flying Corps fell in aerial combat he surrendered to a friend, who wished to go to Paris for his transfer to the American aviation forces, his own *permission*, sorely as he needed change and relaxation after nearly eight months of continuous service at the front. "Do you know, Harry," he said to this friend as they were smok-

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ing together on the evening of July 7, 1918, "I believe I ought to take that *permission* myself. Something seems to tell me I ought." "All right," answered the friend, "go ahead. It's yours, you know." Then they smoked in silence, broken by Tucker's saying, "No, you take it. You have a real reason for going, and I have only this feeling which comes over me so strongly." Tucker's own life was so far removed from the commonplace that this premonition of his death strikes no incongruous note.

He was born in New York City, April 7, 1887, of New England ancestry in which such names as those of Governor Thomas Dudley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and Nathaniel Gilman of Exeter, New Hampshire, are found. His parents, Gilman Henry Tucker and Caroline Low (Kimball) Tucker, were lovers of books, art, and travel. They established a Free Public Library at Raymond, New Hampshire, the early home, and afterwards the summer home, of Tucker's father, who for many years was secretary of the American Book Company. His mother was one of the organizers, in 1883, of what is now called the Messiah School, Spring Valley, New York, a home-like school for dependent children; of this she became honorary president.

Tucker prepared for college at Dr. Louis Ray's School in New York, and at the Hackley School, at Tarrytown, New York. He entered Harvard in the autumn of 1903, a good student, who learned quickly and easily, and found no difficulty in completing the studies required for his degree by the middle of his senior year. In college he became a member of Kappa Gamma Chi, of his class lacrosse team in the freshman, sophomore, and junior

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years, and of the class hockey team in his senior year. As a freshman he suffered a serious disappointment through breaking one of his ankles while playing football. This was his favorite sport, but, in conformity with his father's wish, he gave it up. For his mother's gratification he played the violin and sketched a little, and for his own pleasure he cultivated his good voice.

Leaving Cambridge in February, 1907, Tucker made the last of the four European trips which were a definite part of his parents' scheme of education. These were not mere tourist travel, but were sojourns here and there. In 1907 he stayed in Sicily and southern Italy, enjoying early morning swims in the Ionian Sea, tramping, climbing, tennis and all the life of the English colony in which he found himself. On earlier trips he had visited the Tyrol, Switzerland, Germany, England, Scotland, and Wales. His mother recalls his coaxing her to climb Snowdon — "just we two." As the gathering mists warned them to turn back, he pleaded, "Only a little farther": thus they reached the top and both were glad. She writes also:

Life at his country home at Raymond was always very full for him, with his pony, his canoe, and his house-parties, when he and his guests danced in the moonlight on the lawn, and swam, and drove, and tramped over the hills. Always he had books — best of all pleasures to him — and he was constantly collecting them. During his months in camp in France his companions wondered that he would burden himself with so many books, with all the frequent changes of base; but they enjoyed the stories which he found in them. One, Jean Marchet, wrote: "He was always making fun for us, reading or telling stories or making up plays. *Il était un très bon camarade.*"

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For the academic year, 1907-08, after leaving Cambridge, Tucker attended the Columbia Law School, trying to like the lawyer's profession in order to please his father. Not succeeding in this, he entered the employ of the American Book Company in 1909, and after five years turned the executive training thus acquired to account in a position which greatly interested him — that of business manager of the Washington Square Players in New York. The history of this organization of true devotees of the dramatic art — a history abundantly written in the public press of the two years preceding the entrance of the United States into the war — contributes a bright spot to the theatrical annals of New York. Tucker's part in it all was important, and the path that led him to France had its beginning in an enterprise directly connected with the stage, for it was while he was in Panama, with his friend Austen ("Billy") Parker, on their way to China and Japan to study the Oriental theatre, that they fore-saw their country's surely joining the Allies, and set their faces at once towards France. Of the Panama experience each of these friends subsequently wrote. In a letter from Tucker to a cousin are these words:

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,”
June 27, 1917.

A lot of things culminated finally in Billy Parker and myself setting sail for Panama *en route* to China and Japan, where we intended to study and write about the native theatre. Our idea was to grab a cargo boat at Panama, but we found that that sounded easier than it was. Most of the cargo boats were carrying munitions for Vladivostok and would n't take a passenger at any price. So, after waiting about two weeks, we decided to occupy our time by a little exploring. Consequently

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we set off into the jungle to be gone two weeks. Our trip stretched out to six, however, and most of our friends gave us up for dead and the military authorities sent a torpedo-boat destroyer down the coast looking for us. We fooled them, though, and after a ten-day trip in a native dugout reached Panama City, battered and weary but safe and sound.

We found to our sorrow that our boat for Japan or China was just as far in the distance as ever, and as war with Germany seemed certain we decided to beat it over to France and get in the game. The decision was hastened by discovering that a boat was leaving that night direct for Bordeaux, so we hustled like sin, cashing checks, seeing consuls and "sich" (for our passports were for China), buying steamer passages, but in the end we made the boat with several hours to spare. The voyage lasted twenty-one days. We stopped at about every port on the northern coast of South America and, in addition, at the islands of Trinidad, Martinique, Dominica, and Guadeloupe. After Trinidad, Billy and I were the only English-speaking people on board, which did not tend toward making our trip lively, but it was mighty good practice in brushing up our French.

From another point of view the Panama experience is recounted in a letter from Tucker's friend, Parker, written in retrospect from 1922:

When two men have lived together, worked together, struggled through jungles and both been laid flat with fever, and flown together, they come close to knowing each other. Dudley and I did all of those things, and I knew him as one of the most lovable men I have ever encountered. There seemed to be no outrageous set of circumstances through which he could not go — and emerge grinning. There was one time I shall always remember when I think of him. We had left the jungle and were coming down a steep mountainside in the Darien, following a

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creek bottom, wading up to our waists and slipping over huge boulders. The water — we had been in it for five hours — was as cold as ice and the sun was blistering all of us that was out of water. At last, when the guides said that we would strike a "rancho" one mile farther down, we stopped to rest and smoke. Then one of those torrential rainstorms broke, and it was as if a hose had been turned on us.

In the scurrying to get to shelter, the guide who was carrying our pack stumbled and fell into the creek, drenching our dry clothes and blankets, ruining the tobacco and most of the food. Dudley and I sat under a ledge while the rain poured down, contemplating the uncomfortable night ahead of us. Then, suddenly, Dudley broke into song, — "Panama, Panama, land of milk and honey, skies so bright and sunny. . . ." And he put back his head and laughed. It helped us over a rough spot.

When we came out of the jungle we found ourselves on the ranch of a German who, suspecting that we were acting for the Intelligence Department of the Army, deceived us with false hopes that a steamer would soon be along to take us to Panama. From his point of view, we had landed at Puerto Pinas on our own hook, and we would have to get away on our own hook. I think that it was only when I intimated that a destroyer would arrive for us if we did n't land back in Panama City soon that he changed his mind. At least, we were on our way within twenty-four hours.

Dudley did not want to go to war; he hated the idea, and he had his heart set on going to China. But, after we returned to Panama City and discovered that war was breaking, we thought it over — thought about it, and said little. Dudley finally decided that it was a plain case of duty; and, on eight hours' notice, we sailed eastward instead of to the Orient. That, too, was typical of him.

I don't know of a man among the Americans in French aviation who was better, or more generally, loved than Dudley. Everyone liked him for his cheerfulness and for his utter willing-

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ness to see the thing through to the end. Though none of us knows exactly how the end came, we all know that he went down fighting, with his teeth set and his hopes high. And to most of us that means far more than knowing the painful details.

The two friends reached France in March, and on March 28 Tucker entered the Foreign Legion. Early in April he transferred to the Lafayette Flying Corps. From May 22 to January 26, 1918, he was in training at the aviation schools of Avord, Pau, and Le Plessis-Belleville. He was breveted *pilote* (Caudron) and promoted corporal, September 30, 1917, and before going to the front, January 28, 1918, won himself the record of a skillful and courageous pilot. He was assigned first to Escadrille Spad 74, and transferred later to Spad 15, in the famous *Groupe de Combat* 13. In June he was promoted sergeant. There was heavy fighting to be done on those memorable summer days of 1918. It is written in "The Lafayette Flying Corps": "All the way from Rheims to Montdidier the enemy was strong in the air, and Spad 15 was always in the thick of it: ground-strafing, infantry *liaison*, balloon attacks, and constant offensive patrols."

In the letters written by Tucker from France there are passages reflecting his life both before and after he was ordered to the front. The letter of June 27, 1917, from which a quotation has already been made contains these paragraphs:

A lot has been written about Paris in war-time, and I am not going to bore you with my particular variation on that theme. I will, however, inflict a short word of my vicissitudes. In the first place, although this was my fifth visit to Paris, it was the first time that I ever really felt as if I belonged there, and the

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first time that I found myself liking the city. This was partly due, no doubt, to the utter absence of tourists and to the fact that it was the most beautiful season, when the city is at its loveliest with all the horsechestnuts in bloom, the fresh green of spring everywhere; but it was more, I think, that now for the first time I was not a transient. I looked on it as my home where I belonged. I did no sightseeing, not even going to Nôtre Dame, but I did play around a lot both with the Americans — there are oodles of them here — ambulance men, aviators, correspondents, and “sich”; and with the French, talking as much French as possible, going to the theatre, and, when I had the price, eating extremely well at the famous restaurants and getting a good working knowledge of the best wines.

All in all, I had a perfectly bully time. Finally all the red tape was rolled up and I signed my freedom away, becoming a second-class soldier in the Foreign Legion, detached for Aviation. It gave me a real thrill to find myself a member of that famous Legion which I had heard of and read about so often and which in my wildest flight of imagination I never expected to join. Of course so far I've seen nothing of the War, and it is even hard to realize in this little country town that there is a war; and it will probably be quite a considerable time before I see any more because this training takes two or three months even in the summer when the weather is favorable.

On March 30, 1918, he wrote his niece, Miss Margaret S. Huddleston, a daughter of J. H. Huddleston (Harvard, '86):

Just a line in answer to your letter which came yesterday. At last, I am at the front, but from all I have seen of fighting I might just as well be at one of the schools. We are quartered about forty kilometres back of the line, our barracks half hidden in a small wood across the road from our hangars and the flying field. For the first ten days I was here the barracks were not quite ready, so we lived in billets in the town, a quaint

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old town on a hillside. My room was at the top of the village and my landlady was the quaintest little old Frenchwoman, who slept in a cupboard-bed in her kitchen, where she cooked over an open fire in a huge fireplace.

Besides a bedroom, all the *pilotes*, who were not officers, had a mess room in the town, where we live when not working or sleeping. It's rather like a club, for the *pilotes* form a separate caste, and a corporal seems to outrank, although of course he really does n't, an adjutant mechanic.

Now we are in barracks, where we have a big common living and dining room and a number of small sleeping rooms, in each of which two or three of us sleep.

Our escadrille is one of four making up a group of combat. All of them are equipped with the latest and best type of single-seaters, a big 200 H. P. brute; but as yet I have only driven it over the field and practised a few stunts getting used to it, for I have never before driven this type of machine. It has two machine guns, both fixed and firing through the propeller, which are aimed by aiming the whole blooming machine. I have never fired them yet, but the other day, when I thought I might get somewhere near the lines, my mechanic solemnly loaded them just before I started and I felt very important indeed.

Every once in a while, as a matter of fact two or three times a day when the weather permits, five or six of the fellows go off on a patrol over the lines, their object being to prevent German machines flying over our lines to get information. An hour and a half or two hours later they come back, occasionally with a story of a German or Germans shot down, and sometimes with bullet holes in their planes. So far they have always all come home, and everything is so peaceful hereabouts that it is almost impossible to believe that they have been playing an active part in the war. Many of them, too, have been at it for two or three years, so it does n't seem very dangerous, and I am beginning to have a sort of sympathy for those who call the aviators *embusqués*.

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I'm mighty glad you met Arthur Bluethenthal, but I'm sure he gave you a false idea of how I look. I can't possibly fill out a uniform the way he can. Besides you must realize that there is no regulation uniform in the French Aviation, and, as long as we conform to a few general rules, we can wear any doggone thing we please. On account of the loss of my baggage, which now seems to be definite and permanent, I have had to buy a new uniform and some other necessaries, which is a great burden on the exchequer, and I've still got a few things to get. Your socks came at the psychological moment and saved my life; I've worn them almost to bits, but I still have their fragments and also the wristers.

More socks will always be welcome, but I have a superfluity of knitted helmets, wristers, and mufflers. Thin sleeveless and neckless sweaters are also welcome, but our great and crying need is cigarettes. Being in the French Army, we are not allowed to buy from the American Commissary.

I've strayed a long way from "Bluey," have n't I? He and I left the general base together on our way to the front, and were together a few days in Paris. He is doing an entirely different kind of work from mine. He drives a big two-seater, which does bombing and reconnaissance.

Oh, by the way, before I forget it, your new President, Dr. Neilson, was my adviser, freshman year at Harvard, and one of my best beloved professors, senior year. I fear I was a great trial to him, and it's only a bare chance that he will remember me; but I wish if you get the chance that you will remind him of me and tell him I wanted most particularly to be remembered. The few real talks I had with him are a memory I will always treasure. He is a man it is a great privilege to know.

To his mother he wrote, April 18, 1918:

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER,

Well, D. L. M., I've been over the lines several times now and it is n't so very terrible. You sail around in the sky and

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watch other aeroplanes doing the same thing and looking like nothing in the world so much as a big black tadpole in a pool of water. You know you hear nothing except your own motor, and, as there are no Boches just now on our front and no very definite perils, the country seems quite peaceful as observed from a height of 4000 metres. Of course a village here and there is noticeably knocked about or perhaps smouldering, while the ground in places is quite heavily pock-marked with shell holes, the effect of which against the green is as if some genii had been sprinkling the fields with fuller's earth from a giant shaker.

The white blots of clouds like white wool which appear suddenly and mysteriously all over the sky are the most innocuous looking things in the world in spite of the fact that they are really shrapnel and shells from anti-aircraft guns; and really they are almost as innocuous as they look, as not one plane in a thousand do they bring down, their only purpose being simply to keep the planes at a respectable height.

I'm mighty glad you have seen pictures of Spads. I've got a big 200 H. P., one that runs beautifully, and on its side is painted the emblem of our escadrille. At both ends there are machine guns, so you see I'm doubly protected. Tell Margaret I'm thinking of naming it after her, it is so husky and well able to look out for itself. [He did name it "Margot" for her.]

By the way, did I tell you we'd moved? Well, we have. We are no longer quartered in the schoolhouse but have a little house in the village all to ourselves, a kitchen, a dining- and living-room, and three bedrooms where we sleep, snug and comfortable as can be, three in a room. It's such comfort to have our mess, sleeping, and living quarters together, which was impossible before.

Well, last night, while I was lying comfortably on my cot, after dinner, reading the February *Scribner's* (which with the two *Green Books* had just arrived), I heard voices through the open window proceeding from the doorway of the little café across the street, struggling hard in very, very bad and un-

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mistakably American French. I went at once to the rescue, and found two American soldiers trying to ask their way to a nearby town and incidentally to get something to eat. I interpreted for them and then, as the resources of the little café were limited as to food, I went back to our mess to forage. When the fellows found out what my mission was, they insisted on my inviting them over, which I did. We gave them some good fried eggs and cold meat, to say nothing of bread, butter, and coffee with real sugar in it. They enjoyed it hugely, as they were pretty tired and hungry. They were part of an advance party sent ahead of their unit on bicycles to find lodgings for the rest. It was mighty pleasant for me, too, to have some one to talk United States to.

They were both regulars and among the first of our troops to see actual French fighting. One of them was a real old soldier of seventeen years standing, who had seen service in China and the Philippines. The other was much younger. The Frenchmen were much interested in them, and kept Collins and me (Collins is the young Englishman who is in our escadrille) busy interpreting. Finally we set them on the right road and went home to bed.

And again, on June 21:

DEAR L. M.:

I started a letter to you two or three days ago, but my letter was lost before I could finish it. I cabled to you two or three days ago, because for two or three weeks I had no chance to write. At the beginning of the last big attack in May we moved to be nearer the front. We got bombed out of the next place we went to, and since then we have moved four times; in the consequent hurry and confusion of moving I really have not had a chance to write. Harry Forster,¹ whom I know you remember, is now a member of the same escadrille, and, though I expect

¹ Henry Forster (Harvard, '11), brother of Frederick Allen Forster, '10 (see Vol. II, pp. 138-140).

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him to leave every day for American Naval Aviation, while he stays here he is great company for me, because I have been long without another American to talk to.

I've done quite a bit of flying over the lines lately, but have had practically no fights. One time my lieutenant and I attacked five Boches, but we almost immediately turned and ran, sending our machines down in a steep glide, zigzagging to escape the bullets of our pursuers. I could see the tracer bullets going by my companion's machine, and when we finally shook them off, we had dived full motor for nearly two thousand metres of height, and immediately we turned and climbed to continue our patrol. On landing one hour later, we found that the lieutenant's machine had ten or twelve bullet holes in it, while I got off scot-free.

Now we are in a little town about thirty kilometres from the place we originally moved from, but still within reaching distance of the cathedral town I wrote you about. I was there this morning, as it was *maurais temps*, and I managed to get a few cigarettes from the Smith Girls' canteen. I tell them about Margaret, but they are all too old to know her — but it gets me cigarettes.

My *permission* has been refused, because all *permissions* to the States are forbidden for the present; but I have been assured that as soon as these *permissions* are renewed, I will get one. I don't know whether to hold out for a *permission* home or try to transfer to the United States forces. What do you advise? I do so want to get home if only for a short time. But I am confused by a morbid sense that I would not pass the physical examination. I am not in good shape, not that I am sick, but I am not well. My group is a fairly typical French one, and incidentally contains some of the best *chasse pilotes* of France. I shall hold out in the French Army at least until I hear from you. I will be largely guided by your letter.

The life, at present, I like very much, but I am handicapped in that because of my hopes for a *permission* home. I do not

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dare ask a *permission* here in France, and it is now eight months and more since I have had one.

At present we are quartered in a large village in the midst of a heavily rolling country which reminds me very much of New England. Nearly all the houses here have large windows with rows of geraniums inside. It is the prettiest French village I think that I have ever seen. . . .

It's bed time now, and it's early work tomorrow. Your system of first-class registered mail with the cigarettes works to perfection; I don't think I've lost a package—keep it up. The packages sent by my friends seem to have hard luck.

Lots of love to all, D. L. M., and especially to you.

How much Tucker was sacrificing in forfeiting his *permission* on July 7 to his friend, in ignoring his own need of change—for he had never wholly thrown off the effects of jungle malaria contracted in Central America—and in stifling his strong premonition of disaster, this letter clearly suggests. On the next morning, July 8, he went on his regular patrol over the lines. This ended in an unequal combat in the vicinity of Soissons and Château-Thierry with fifteen German monoplanes against five single-seated Spads. The other four, manned by Frenchmen, returned in safety to their base, but Tucker never came back and was reported missing.

All along the Château-Thierry front the Germans were preparing for their great retreat, or trying to prevent it. Skirmishes were frequent, reports were made carelessly, the wounded were cared for as well as possible, but facilities were indifferent.

On this great battle field Tucker fell, in a level, sunny grain field beside the Longpont-Chaudun road. Pieces of

DUDLEY GILMAN TUCKER

an aeroplane were found there even two years later. The Germans reported to Berlin his fall, wounds, and death while unconscious. Their record is complete — the type of plane, Tucker's name, and New York address — but though it tells of his removal to a hospital in a little parish church at Chéerise and his burial in the adjoining church-yard, there is stronger evidence that his body was found on the battle field at Vierzy. In spite of unremitting search by the Red Cross, these facts were not ascertained until the Berlin records were examined in August, 1920, and Tucker's body was identified in the following month. It now rests in the care of his home country in the United States Military Cemetery at Seringes-et-Nesle, near Fère-en-Tardenois, with friends and countrymen.

Two long summers spent in searching for traces of his fate and the place of his burial confirmed his mother's belief that it is the spirit only that counts; and in the summer of 1921 she placed a bronze tablet, commemorative of her son's devotion to right and liberty, on a beautiful spot given her by the owner, the Marquis Guy de Loubersac, a French aviation officer, on the height of Violaine-Longpont, overlooking the field where he fell and the whole region over which he had often flown, filled with the pure joy of flight. This spot can be reached by taxi from the railroad station at Villers-Cotterêts, or by a mile climb up the hill from the station at Longpont. It is on the farm of M. Léon Maurice, *maire* of Violaine-Longpont, Aisne.

At the end of the service diary which Tucker, like his comrades, was required to keep, his commanding officer wrote:

DUDLEY GILMAN TUCKER

Le Sergent Tucker n'est pas rentré.

SECTEUR 25, 10 juillet 1918.

À mon brave pilote Tucker pour toute l'estime que je lui ai portée et pour toutes les satisfactions inoubliables qu'il m'a données durant son court séjour à mon escadrille a toujours donné le plus bel exemple d'énergie et de dévouement.

I^{ER} AOÛT 1918

*Le Capitaine Commandant
Escadrille Spad 15
Chevillion*

In the summer of 1922 Tucker's family received notice that the *Médaille Militaire* had been posthumously awarded to him, in the following terms:

Citoyen américain venu s'engager dans la Légion Etrangère pour servir sous les plis du drapeau français. Affecté pour la suite dans une escadrille de chasse s'est révélé comme un pilote plein de bravoure et de sang-froid. Tombé glorieusement pour la France au cours d'un combat aérien au dessus la forêt Villers-Cotterêts le 8 juillet 1918. Croix de guerre.



WILLIAM VERNON BOOTH, JR.

CLASS OF 1913

THE exploit in which William Vernon Booth, Jr., met his death has been described in the history of the Lafayette Flying Corps as "certainly one of the finest examples of cold daring the war has produced." The record of Booth's life shows it to have been a natural climax of all that had gone before.

He was born at Chicago, October 8, 1889, a son of William Vernon Booth, once president of the Booth Fisheries Company, and Helen (Lester) Booth. While he was in college his family moved from Chicago to New York, but nearly all his preparation for college was made at Southborough, Massachusetts, where he attended the Fay School before entering the first form of St. Mark's in 1903.

WILLIAM VERNON BOOTH, JR.

There, according to "St. Mark's School in the War against Germany," he "took a distinguished part in athletics, playing for two years on the football, hockey, and baseball teams, and being made captain of the baseball team in his sixth form year. He was a good scholar and was appointed a monitor." Still more significant is the following statement from the same source: "At school, Vernon Booth's physical build could not account for his efficiency in athletics and apparent immunity from injury. Usually it was he who at a decisive point in a contest, and often a discouraging point, applied that extra ounce of fight which neither he nor his companions knew existed in the team, and which won victory or staved off defeat. The spirit, stronger than the body and stronger than pain, was beyond all estimate and check; the ordinary measures of morale and courage could not explain it, for the greater the need, the more surely he met it. And in the classroom, shy, quiet, and observant, with shining eyes, he made and maintained high rank without the self-complacency which so often attends it, assimilating as he learned."

Coming to Harvard in the autumn of 1909 and graduating with his class in 1913, he continued his interest in athletics as a member of the freshman baseball and hockey teams, and soon won himself the nickname of "The Battler." Later he became manager and captain of the Varsity golf team. He was also a member of the 1913 finance committee in his sophomore year, and joined the Institute of 1770, D.K.E., Polo, Kalumet, Hasty Pudding, and A.D. Clubs.

Booth's course at Harvard was followed by professional study at the New York Law School. Upon his graduation

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there he entered the law office of Platt and Field in New York, where he was at work when the United States made its declaration of war. Booth at once volunteered for service in the Army, but, because he was under weight and height, failed of acceptance. Determined upon some form of military service, he then sought the American representative of the Lafayette Flying Corps, for which he was tested at the Newport News field, with the result that he was promptly ordered to prepare for sailing overseas. On May 19, 1917, he sailed from New York, and on June 3 enlisted, at Paris, in the Lafayette Flying Corps. With this organization he remained throughout his career, although offered a commission in the event of transferring to the American Expeditionary Forces.

Booth received his training in aviation at the schools of Avord, Pau, and G. D. E. (Plessis-Belleville). It began June 19, 1917, and lasted until January 8, 1918, when he was ordered to join Escadrille Spad 96 at the front, and with this he served from January 10 until he received his fatal injuries on June 15. On October 16 he was breveted *pilote* (Caudron), and was promoted corporal, October 17, sergeant June 13. His service at the front was continuous, except for a leave, during which, on April 27, he was married in Paris to Miss Ethel Forgan of Chicago, who was working in Y. M. C. A. canteens. On May 14 he returned to his escadrille.

A few of his letters to his parents contain passages illustrating his life as an aviator.

WILLIAM VERNON BOOTH, JR.

PAU, November 26, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER:

Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day and also my last day at any school, if it is half way decent, for tomorrow morning I do the acrobatics and then will be through, for they have cut out the last two classes and we will get that training for the first two months with the escadrille. It is the new system and I think it should be much better. The acrobatics consist of *vrides* — a spinning nose dive with the motor out; *renversements* — a method of turning by pointing the machine up, flipping it over on the back and then pulling back so that you come back in exactly the same line in which you came; vertical *virages* — another way of turning by snapping the machine around 180 degree corners; and wing slips — a way of losing altitude very quickly and very hard to follow, by reducing the motor and turning the machine on its side so there is no supporting surface. They say the sensations are rather unpleasant at first until you get used to them and are hard to do correctly, but easy enough to try and get out of. When we get our planes at the escadrille we have to practise them until we can do them perfectly — here we only learn to go through the motions necessary and get somewhat used to them. So I shall be glad when it is dinner time tomorrow.

The American colony in Pau are going to give all the American pilots a big T. dinner. The flying here has been great fun, bully small, fast machines that are well looked after, but the weather has been very cloudy. Today I finished *val de groupe* in 110 H. P. 15 m. Nieuport. Went up the river right over the promenade at 300 metres as the clouds were low as far as the base of the mountains, then saw a rift and went up through it and saw the peaks of the mountains for the first time since I have been here. At 1500 metres it was a beautiful warm sunny day, with a mass of soft white clouds below, through which now and then I could see the ground and close by were the mountains sticking up through the clouds. There was not a movement in the air so I just sat there and took it all in. I throttled the motor

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down so it would n't climb, let go the stick and watched the clouds change their formations. I lost the machines I was flying with in the clouds and mists below and, as I could n't see any other machine up there, felt absolutely alone in the world. I could judge my approximate position by the mountains, sun, and an occasional glimpse of the river, so did not worry about getting lost. However, it got lonesome after an hour, so came down and began to dodge the clouds again as I had to stay up two hours and a quarter to finish up.

A couple of days ago we had great sport diving at horses, cows, etc., in the fields down the river. We cut the motors and then piqued down at one of them, trying to keep the crossed front strut wires on the animal. This served instead of the sight which we get later. It was quite hard to do as it was very windy and bumpy, so I was thrown around and had to keep correcting continually. When we got within ten or fifteen feet we flattened out, put on the motor and went on our way jumping a hedge, house, or row of trees at the end of the field. When we tired of that we got down about ten feet over the river and tried to follow its winding course. Many times we could n't do it as the turns were too sharp, so had to pull up fast so as to clear the trees on the banks. That was when you realized the speed, as the trees were a green streak on each side going by well over a 100 miles an hour.

I get forty-eight hours *permission* in Paris, then to Plessis-Belleville to wait to be assigned — two to three weeks probably, and then two months' practice before going on regular patrol work.

As this will probably reach you about Christmas, I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and wish that I could be there.

Hope you are all well, I am fine,

Much love,

VERNON.

WILLIAM VERNON BOOTH, JR.

February 1, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER:

The weather has eased up and the past week has been like spring. As a consequence we had patrols over the lines every day, and a few days ago had the good fortune to bring down a Boche machine. It was only the second time, very far within the German lines, so was all the easier. We were flying in formation, the Lieutenant ahead as *Chef de Groupe*, Ferguson and myself just behind on his right and left respectively, and another behind us, when, as we approached the end of our sector, we saw the Boche plane about 2000 metres below us. It was a large bi-plane, probably a Rumpler, regulating artillery. The Chef signaled to go after it, so down we went, weaving in and out trying to get into a good position to dive. When he was about 200 metres over it, he dove and opened fire shortly afterward. I was about 150 metres behind, so dove immediately. I got in position, which happened before he pulled up. After we got out of the way, I opened up and pulled out of the dive just above him—the Boche. We then looked around to see what had happened—but we could n't have hit him very seriously, as he was flying all right. The other two stayed above us to protect us from any stray Boche who might have come unexpectedly on the scene. We worked around again for position and repeated, this time with better luck for on the way down I saw the tracer bullets going into the fusilage, and when I was quite close he fell over into a *vrire*. A moment after we saw him crash into a wood. I doubt whether or not it will be counted officially as at the time he fell he was eight kilometres within the lines and only eight hundred metres high so that the French observers probably did not see it.

March 14, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

Yesterday was quite a big day with a review of the whole *Groupe de Combat* by General Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies in France, with numerous other "big bugs."

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He looked us over and said that Ferguson and I looked like Frenchmen and that we could all stay with them as long as we liked, so now all the talk about compulsory transfers should be stopped — we shall stay at least until fall. I had not done any flying here since I flew out from Paris until yesterday morning, as my machine would not run. We finally got it going, and I went up to try it out. It seemed all right, so I finished with a *vrire*. When I came out I found some of the wires were jumping around like a skipping rope and others simply waving like wet towels in the wind.

June 2, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER:

We came down here, as I last wrote you that we would, and and today we are moving again. In fact I have already taken one machine down and am back for my own which is having a new motor put in and will not be ready for an hour. The old one was a corker, but it had so much work they would not let me fly it any more for fear it would give up the ghost some day over the lines. But the last couple of days I have been using a new man's machine, who had never been over the lines, and although only 180 H. P. it went very well. We have been very busy with this new drive and have had a lot of shooting up the troops, which is the best sport of all. The cavalry make the biggest fuss and make rather sporting targets when they dash across the fields, while a herd of cows are no fun, they just stand, look up and wonder what goes on. A couple of days ago we made that mistake as they were in an orchard and we could not see them very well. Yesterday I had a little show all my own, when, during a regular patrol, all the others had left on account of some kind of motor trouble. As I had half an hour's essence left, I decided to straff the Huns on my own account, so went down looking for them. The lines were not known exactly, as the Huns had advanced considerably during the day. I looked over three columns before I finally found a Boche outfit. It happened to be an ammunition train, so I came down and gave

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them all I had, I saw some horses and several Huns fall over — the rest running up the road or into the ditches on either side. I was only a few metres above, so could see it all and was quite pleased with the result. . . . The advance is slowing up somewhat, and I hope it will be stopped altogether in a couple of days.

June 17, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

A few days ago we moved again and from the present look of things I think we shall probably stay for some time as we can work on two fronts equally well from here and they will be the busy ones when things start up again. There is one peculiar thing about it though and that is, I can look up any time and see about where — is working and yet I cannot go there. . . . We were out on a low patrol and I saw a Hun observation plane coming up the lines and went down the lines to have a whack at him. I was just getting around to get into position to get him good and at the same time keep out of his fire as much as possible, when my motor stopped. We were not very high at the time, but I had some wind at my back so figured for an open spot in the woods, the only one in sight but well within the lines I thought. It happened the Huns had advanced a couple of kilometres on that section since we had left, so the lines on my map were wrong — and when I was only one hundred metres up, I saw their front line trenches in front of me. I had been fooling with the *menets* on the way down and just then, as luck would have it, the motor gave a few extra coughs which enabled me to lengthen my *pique* and get into our lines. Just in front were nothing but large shell holes and trees, neither of which looked very inviting. A few more kicks carried me over them with a little space and I finally landed on the side of a hill between some trees, just in front of the second line trenches. It did n't take me long to climb out, taking such instruments as I could grab off quickly and beat it for cover. I finally wandered back to division headquarters and was sent back to rail-head by auto. That night the Huns advanced further, taking the ground

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where the machine remained, but they did not get it, for I left orders to burn it up in case of a further retreat. The lucky thing about it, I had to go to Paris in order to reach the esca-drille—so had an afternoon and evening with — before returning.

These letters afford no indication of Booth's actual achievements as a combatant in the war, nor is it possible to suggest them more fully than by saying that he co-operated in engagements at Amiens, Montdidier, Chemin des Dames, Compiegne, and Forêt de Villers-Cotterêts, and that he was officially credited with the destruction of two enemy airplanes. It was in a fight between seven French and eighteen German planes that this "Battler" fell on June 25, with injuries that resulted in his death on July 10 in the Scottish Women's Hospital at Asnières-sur-Oise after he had undergone the amputation of one of his legs. The operation was performed in the hope of stopping the spread of the poison with which it was believed that he had been infected by an explosive bullet fired in the action. His wife was with him when he died.

The circumstances of his last engagement are best described in a paragraph taken from "The Lafayette Flying Corps":

On June 25, above the fighting to the south of Soissons, Booth was engaged in bitter combat with a swarm of Fokkers. Hemmed in, outnumbered and maneuvering desperately, always on the offensive, Booth's machine was suddenly set on fire by an incendiary bullet, and at the same instant an explosive ball shattered his right leg, inflicting a terrible wound. Enveloped in flames and in an agony of pain, he still kept his head, and after a straight plunge of 6000 feet succeeded in putting out

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the fire. But by now the motor had stopped for good, forcing him to land near Longpont, by misfortune at a point exactly between the lines, forty yards from the Germans — thirty from the French. The Germans promptly turned rifles, machine guns, and even 37 mm. cannon on the Spad, but in spite of a storm of lead and bursting shell, severely burned and dragging a mangled leg, Booth painfully extricated himself from his plane, *deliberately set fire to what remained of it*, and crawled to the French lines. In the hospital, on July 4, this splendid act of courage was rewarded with the *Médaille Militaire*, and on July 10 Booth died from the effects of his wounds. He was the best-loved of comrades and a soldier who upheld with honor the finest traditions of his country.

The terms in which the *Médaille Militaire* was conferred upon Booth as he lay in the hospital were these:

Pilote d'un splendide courage. Au cours d'un combat contre quatre avions ennemis a été grièvement blessé, son appareil ayant pris feu en l'air, a pu grâce à sa présence d'esprit et malgré de fortes brûlures éteindre l'incendie et atterrir normalement entre les lignes à quarante mètres des tranchées ennemis. A incendié son appareil et regagné les positions françaises malgré un feu violent des canons et des mitrailleuses.

Les nominations ci-dessus comportent l'attribution de la Croix de Guerre avec palme.

*Le Général Commandant en Chef
PÉTAIN.*

In addition to this the Order of the Legion of Honor was awarded to him on July 27, 1918.



CLAUDIUS RALPH FARNSWORTH

CLASS OF 1917

CLAUDIUS RALPH FARNSWORTH was born in Providence, Rhode Island, March 25, 1895. His father, John Prescott Farnsworth, of the Harvard Class of 1881, a descendant of Matthias Farnsworth, an early settler of Groton, Massachusetts, was a prominent manufacturer and man of affairs in Providence, a trustee of the Providence Public Library, and at one time president of the Providence Chamber of Commerce. His grandfather, Claudius Buchanan Farnsworth, was a graduate of Harvard, in the Class of 1841. His mother was Margaret Cochrane (Barbour) Farnsworth.

Ralph Farnsworth, one of the three sons of John Prescott Farnsworth, had most of his preparation for college

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at the Moses Brown School in Providence. For the next to the last of his years at school he attended Phillips-Exeter Academy. Entering Harvard from the Moses Brown School in the autumn of 1913, he acquitted himself creditably as a member of the Class of 1917, with which he graduated. But for defective eyesight he would have gratified a natural liking for military life by trying to enter West Point. As it was, he came to Harvard with the intention of preparing himself for the medical profession. In his junior year he won a Harvard College Scholarship. He took an active interest in football and rowing, but was not one of the athletes of his class. He belonged to the Pi Eta Society, and was a member of the "show committee" in his senior year. He also joined the Harvard Regiment.

His military interest expressed itself, moreover, by his attending the Plattsburg camp in the summer of 1916, and enlisting, March 30, 1917, in Battery A, First Massachusetts Field Artillery. With this organization, which was federalized July 25, 1917, and designated Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division, he served continuously until his death. Promoted private, first class, in August, he sailed for France with his regiment in September, and was promoted corporal in November.

His experiences under arms were those of his regiment, with engagements in the Chemin des Dames and La Reine sectors, and finally at Château-Thierry. A passage from one of his letters, dated April 7, 1918, speaks clearly for the spirit in which his service was rendered:

It is well that you have come to realize at home that we are in for a long struggle, but the longer I am here, the more sacred

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our cause becomes. I am not trying to be heroic or impressive when I say that we are the crusaders of our day. We are anything but heroic or impressive in appearance, but beneath our often unkempt appearance, our undignified slides for cover, and our very human fear of shot and shell, I know there is the spirit of our crusading ancestors, well camouflaged, it is true, but there nevertheless.

In a later letter (June 14, 1918) he wrote:

From various points of the line come reports of various Yankee activities, and I know what my own comrades are doing here. On the whole I think we can honestly feel that we are beginning to stand up to the oar in our share, and that we are becoming more deserving of the term "Ally." Along with a deep hatred of the Boche has come the conviction that we are in to a finish, that an existence without victory is intolerable.

In the Triennial Report of the Class of 1917, the circumstances of Farnsworth's death in action at Montreuil-aux-Leons, near Château-Thierry, July 12, 1918, are related as follows:

It seems that his gun had been fired more than any other, and a comrade quotes his own words, "Its life was about ended." At 3 A.M. on the twelfth came an order to put down a barrage. Overheated by the rapid fire, his piece made a shell explode prematurely. The gun corporal had already been killed, and Farnsworth, although acting as sergeant and chief of section, was loading and sighting the gun. He had one other man only with him who pulled the lanyard. Ralph was leaning over to pick up a shell to reload when the explosion came. It was at the edge of the woods near Montreuil, and his body was buried at Bezu-le-guéri.

By a later interment the body of Ralph Farnsworth was placed in the Swan Point Cemetery at Providence, where his father and mother are buried.

CLAUDIUS RALPH FARNSWORTH

"Ralph," wrote his classmate J. W. D. Seymour in the 1917 Triennial Report, "had been a straightforward man's man always. He gave the best that was in him to any cause he felt to be right, and he never hesitated to give himself wholly and without reservations. He is missed by many who called him friend."



QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

CLASS OF 1919

IT is hardly more necessary to inform the readers of this book that Theodore Roosevelt, the father of Quentin Roosevelt, was a member of the Harvard Class of 1880 than that he was President of the United States. His youngest child, Quentin, was born to him and his wife, Edith Kermit (Carow) Roosevelt, at Washington, November 19, 1897, while he was serving as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the McKinley administration. Within six months came the Spanish War, with its effects upon the fortunes of Theodore Roosevelt, and consequently on those of his family, symbolized in the fact that the title of "Colonel," won at that time, remained to the end of his life the name by which he was most commonly known.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

The background of that life, at Washington and elsewhere, has been for more than twenty years so familiar an object of interest and knowledge to Americans in general that it would be superfluous here to do more than suggest it, especially since the publication of Theodore Roosevelt's "Letters to his Children"—a book in which the youngest of the family, "Blessed Quenty-Quee," inevitably appears with a peculiar distinctness: the conditions of Quentin Roosevelt's boyhood call for no detailed recital.

Yet the newspapers at the time of his death brought forth certain illustrations of his boyish characteristics which may be repeated here. One of them was in the form of a statement by the principal of the Peter Force Public School in Washington, which—besides the Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Virginia—Quentin Roosevelt attended before leaving home to enter Groton School. "Quentin's leading characteristic," said this teacher, "was determination to succeed in anything. Always at the forefront in every movement in the school, he was the liveliest kind of boy, showing even in those early years the qualities which made his father what he is. He was uncommonly bright intellectually, and was always at the head of any athletic movement in the school." His love of nature and of animals, warmly encouraged by his father, accounted for his menagerie of living pets at the White House. It was a pleasant thing to read about in the news of Washington. So was the story of the pony which he felt that his brother Archie, sick with diphtheria, must see if he was to recover. Smuggling the little beast into the White House elevator he succeeded—if the legend be true—in conveying him to an upper bedroom and

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exhibiting him to his delighted brother. There was even a rumor that his father might have thwarted the plan, but did not. However that may be, a likeable flavor is found in another story of Quentin Roosevelt, asked in his turn at school to state the occupation of his father, and declaring, "My father's just it." An indication of his boyish quality, with a prophetic suggestion of the future, appears, besides, in a letter he wrote from Europe, in the summer holiday before his twelfth birthday, telling a Washington schoolmate of the delight he found in watching the flight of aeroplanes at Rheims.

From the day schools in and near Washington, the boy proceeded to Groton School, at which he graduated in 1915. His contributions to the school paper, the *Grotonian*, revealed a marked quality of imagination, upon which the war in Europe, begun before he entered college, took a strong hold. An injury to his back, received during one of his summer camping and hunting trips in the West, handicapped his participation in athletic sports. One of the consequences may have been a fuller development in other directions. So, at least, the following passage from a newspaper "tribute" to Quentin Roosevelt, written immediately after his death by the Rev. Endicott Peabody, Rector of Groton School, leads one to infer:

He was an eager and intelligent reader, familiar with many branches of literature. When he was consigned to bed, as he used to be occasionally on account of his back, he would appear at the infirmary with an armful of books — standard works, or the writings of the real authors of the day. The power of concentration, a faculty possessed by many members of the Roosevelt family — which accounts for their enthusiasm and ability

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to do things — was highly developed in Quentin. He took much interest in printing, and spent many hours in the school press, acquiring a skill which would have qualified him without further preparation for the position of a journeyman printer. It was characteristic of him that he was often found sitting on a stool by the side of a clattering monotype machine which was noisily stamping out its letters, and as he gave himself up completely to the enjoyment of Browning or some other favorite author, he had an ear open to the slightest variation of the complex apparatus.

Socially he was a most agreeable companion for persons of all ages, for he had been much with his parents as their comrade as well as with his contemporaries. His sense of humor was keen and unfailing, and always of a kindly nature. He was mentally alert, sympathetic, interested in many persons and all kinds of things. He was a friend who did not forget.

Entering Harvard in the autumn of 1915, Quentin Roosevelt remained in college only until the United States entered the war. In his freshman year he was manager of the Gore Hall and 1919 interclass football teams. He served on his class entertainment committee and in the Harvard Regiment. In the summer of 1916 he attended the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. He belonged to the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, and Groton School Clubs. It was not a time in college when even the most studious were at their best in scholarship. At a freshman midyear examination in mathematics, Quentin Roosevelt, suffering from grippe, was more than commonly below par; but the verses which he wrote at the end of his "blue book" seemed to his examiner, Professor E. V. Huntington, worth sending to Colonel Roosevelt as an indication of something besides mathematical

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ability in his son. They will serve a kindred purpose here.

ODE TO A MATH A EXAM

“If it be not fair to me,
What care I how fair it be?”

I

How can I work when my brain is whirling?
What can I do if I've got the grippe?
Why make a bluff at a knowledge that's lacking?
What is the use if I don't give a rip?

II

Cosine and tangent, cotangent, abscissa,
Dance like dry leaves through my sneeze-shattered head,
Square root of a^2 plus b^2 plus k^2
Gibber and grin in the questions I've read.

III

Self-centered circles and polar coördinates,
Triangles twisted and octagons wild,
Loci whose weirdness defies all description,
Mountains of zeros all carefully piled.

IV

Still I plod on in a dull desperation,
Head aching dismally, ready to sip
Goblets of strychnine or morphine or vitriol—
How can I work when I've got the grippe?

On the entrance of the United States into the war, Quentin Roosevelt sought and obtained his father's permission to enlist in the aviation service, for which, both in temperament and through the possession of a strong mechanical sense, he seemed peculiarly qualified. The injury to his back, which might well have hindered other

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military employment, was not prohibitive here. In one of the letters contained in "Quentin Roosevelt: A Sketch with Letters,"¹ edited by Kermit Roosevelt, from which other passages will be quoted in this memoir, his light-hearted dealing with the processes of enlistment is characteristically described.

I trotted down to the War Department, to start in on a complicated game of catch as catch can with the Aviation authorities. Their policy is one of mystery. You ask for an application whereupon a little colored "pusson" takes you in tow through some twenty miles of stairs to an equally little white man who gives you a blank. The rest of your day is spent in taking that little blank for visits to various dens in the building.

Next comes your physical exam, over which a hypochondriac with the darkest views of his fellow-men presides. After two hours of a twentieth-century refinement of the inquisition you are pronounced fit, and travel on again for your mental test. The presiding deity there is a gentleman who feels like David — or was it Isaiah — that all men are liars. And the questions: "What is the average age of the Dodo?" the correct answer should be 37. "What is the average sex?" but to go on.

It really did take me two days to get by all the red tape, and apparently I was miraculously lucky at that.

His enlistment as private, first class, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, was achieved April 27, 1917. He was immediately detailed to Mineola, Long Island, and commissioned first lieutenant. On July 23, in company with his Groton and Harvard classmate, Hamilton Coolidge, he sailed for France in the first detachment of American aviators ordered overseas. His external experiences in France may be summarized in a list of his successive as-

¹ Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1921.

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signments: In August he was attached to the air service headquarters in Paris; in October was detailed as instructor to the 3d Aviation Instruction Centre at Issoudun; on February 28, 1918, to the Aerial Gunnery School at Cazaux; in March he returned to Issoudun Instruction Centre; in June was detailed to the 1st Army Acceptance Park at Orly; and on June 15 was assigned to the 95th Pursuit Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group. While attached to this squadron he was killed in action near Chamery, July 14, 1918, having coöperated in engagements in the Toul and Marne-Aisne sectors, with official credit for the destruction of one enemy airplane.

In all his experience preceding the final month at the front he acquitted himself admirably as an instructor and a supply officer, and won the affection and respect both of pupils and of fellow-officers. His energy and resource in the securing of supplies were quite exceptional. A characteristic story was told in the summer of Quentin Roosevelt's death by President Crawford of Allegheny College, recently returned from Y. M. C. A. training work overseas. He reported a meeting in the preceding winter with the young officer, to whom he said, "Lieutenant, there are large numbers of Americans who are very proud of the way the four sons of Theodore Roosevelt are acquitting themselves in this war"; and added, "I shall never forget how his face lighted up as he made reply, 'Well, you know it's rather up to us to practise what Father preaches.'" Throughout this practice there was, in addition to vigorous action, an abundance of thought and feeling, of which a full record is to be found in the "Sketch with Letters,"¹

¹ From the same volume many details of this memoir are also taken.

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already mentioned. From this volume a few significant passages are assembled in the following pages. They represent indeed both action and the sentiment of high-spirited youth—action the more remarkable because accomplished in the face of a physical handicap which led Quentin Roosevelt to write in one of his first letters from France, disappointed in the hope of going early to the front: “I wanted to get started flying, and have it over with. I know my back would n’t last very long.”

On August 22 he wrote of two motor-cycle smashups in which he was hurt on each of two successive days. But there was soon another story to tell:

August 25, 1917.

Today I was at Bourges and had my lunch at a queer little tavern, black with age, that lies in the corner of an old castle wall. Over the door-way hangs a faded sign, *Aux trois raisins noirs*, and up by the wall runs a little, crooked alley, half cobblestone, half steps, that is called Rue Cassecou. I know you would have loved it,—and Madame who stands at your table, red-cheeked and with the white cap that the peasant women wear, while Monsieur le proprietaire cooks the omelet. I took an hour off from my work, for there were places that cried for exploration,—narrow winding streets that might lead anywhere, and finally did bring me to the cathedral. It has one square tower, but all around the walls are buttressed, like those in Nôtre Dame. It is surrounded by a cluster of crooked little streets, whose houses seem as grey and ancient as the gargoyles on the tower. I went in, for there was no service. Once inside it seemed like another world. There was quiet so deep that I could hear the patter of the sacristan’s feet as he came toward me, and the whispers of two old peasant women who knelt at a little shrine in the wall. It is like Chartres, for as you come in you see only the sombre gloom of the vaulted arches, and then as you pass on you look back on the glory of a great rose window.

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There was one window — a virgin with a veil — before whom candles were lit, — that was so lovely that I burnt before her a candle.

I shall be very glad to get any books that you can send me. At the moment my library consists of the collected works of Gaston Leblanc, father of Arsène Lupin, and the "Pageant of English Poetry," and "The Wind in the Willows." . . .

I wonder if I ever told you my pet prayer, — almost the only one that I care for. It was written, I think, by Bishop Potter. "O Lord, protect us all the day long of our troublous life in earth, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." I've always loved it, and now, when life is hard, and all that is dearest to me is far away, it is a comfort to think that sometime all this will be past, and that we will have peace.

December 8, 1917.

These little fast machines are delightful. You feel so at home in them, for there is just room in the cockpit for you and your controls, and not an inch more. And then they're so quick to act. . . .

It's frightfully cold, now, though. Even in my teddy-bear, — that's what they call those aviator suits, — I freeze pretty generally, if I try any ceiling work. If it's freezing down below it is *some* cold up about fifteen thousand. Aviation has considerably altered my views on religion. I don't see how the angels stand it. Do you remember that delightful grey muffler you made me? It's very soft, — either Angora or camel's hair, I think, — and is now doing yeoman duty bridging the gap between the top of my suit and the bottom of my helmet. I think it is bringing me luck, too, for I am flying much better, now that I wear it every day. As a matter of fact I am wearing just about everything movable 'round my room now, and expect to for the next four months or so.

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I had an exciting time two weeks ago with a plane. I was taking off, and had just got my wheels clear when a bit of mud got thrown against the propeller and broke it. One of the pieces went through the gasoline tank and before the wheels were really down on the ground again, or before I even had a chance to cut the switch, the whole thing was in flames. I made a wild snatch at my safety belt, got it undone, and slid out of the plane on the doublequick time. It can't have taken me more than thirty seconds, and yet when I got out, my boots and pant legs were on fire.

[*Written while recovering from a mild attack of pneumonia]*

December 16.

I have just started to really convalesce, and am being allowed to read and write again. I was really quite sick for a while, a good deal sicker than I thought I was, and so, as soon as my temperature began to go down again I thought I was good for letter writing and reading. The medico sat on that scheme, though, so today is my first day of doing anything at all for ten days. I am to be kept in bed here until I am well enough to make the trip safely, and then am to be sent up for a two weeks' sick leave, when I shall see Eleanor in Paris, and get all fixed up again.

We have now got a real man-size organization over here now, and it has struck our school down here, for we now have my old Mineola K. O. He has made the most tremendous difference to the place. . . .

The Colonel, when he put me in command, told me I was to try and get things straightened out as far as possible, and then make a detailed report on the state of things. I started in and found I was up against a most tremendous job. The cadets had no organization at all. They were being used for guard duty and nothing else, and there is nothing more demoralizing for a lot of men than doing guard under frightful conditions, and nothing else. I started in, and after two days sent in a report as long as a presidential message, asking that more enlisted men

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be detailed to relieve the guard, that arrangements be made to ship off cadets to preliminary schools if possible, and that if there were any vacancies for non-flying commissions in the air service, they be issued to cadets on a competitive examination.

Then I got together the officers, and picked out six assistants who I knew would work and were good fellows, and arranged that the seven of us be excused from regular flying formations. Thus we could work at the cadets and tuck in our flying whenever we had a spare moment. Then we divided them up into organizations of two hundred and fifty and started to lick them into some sort of military shape. Outside of the non-fliers, I now have one hundred and fifty fliers, and twenty navy fliers — known unofficially as the flying fish — and we have got them working out fairly well, though it's a pretty unsatisfactory situation at best. I know if I were a cadet I should feel justified in kicking if, after being enlisted because I had a college education and was recommended by all sorts of people as good aviation material, I was used as a guard for an aviation camp with the prospect of flying in four or five months.

The doctor has come in and ordered me to lie down again, so I must stop. I have been a perfect pig about not writing more, and from now on you will see a vast change in the news from me, for I have loved your letters. The trouble is that writing home makes me get gloomy, for then you start looking at the war as a whole, — an impossible system. I have given it up entirely, and take it day by day. The only really satisfactory thing is that flying is wonderful fun on these new machines. I wish you could see them. We can do stunts that you would think were impossible after watching a Curtis wallow along through the air.

January 29, 1918.

. . . I have been having a continual fight with the doctors, though, and incidentally with myself. The trouble is that I have been getting in so much flying lately that I am tired out most of the time. The net result was that I collected another cough, as

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my lung was n't quite fixed up. I had been feeling rather poorly, but I was pretty anxious to get my flying done, so I was keeping on. Then today I dropped over to the main camp to see Ham, and there was caught by Major Goldthwaite. The first thing he decided, after looking me over, was that I had measles, because I had a cold, and a temp, and there was a suspicious rash on me. I finally persuaded him out of that, and then he turned on the other tack, and said that my vitality was low, and that I was very likely to get something if I did n't look out, and ended with orders for me to go on light duty, and do no work for a week. I don't know what I am going to do about it, for I certainly can't quit flying for a week right now, when I am finishing up. In the first place, they are getting ready to send a couple of squadrons up within a reasonably short time, and I am going to have a hard enough time anyway trying to get myself a place in one of them. I think I shall wait and see how things turn out.

In the meantime, I am going to bed at the noble hour of eight-thirty, which means that there won't be very much more to this letter.

February 21, 1918.

I'm at the moment indulging in the not over-satisfactory feeling of knowing that I've done what I ought to have done, even though it was n't what was pleasantest. I was given the chance of being permanently—that is for the next three months—stationed at Paris, to deliver planes to the various depots. You see, the heart of the aeroplane industry is Paris,—for all the big factories are there. Consequently, we have American testers, who receive the planes, test them, and then accept or reject them. If they are accepted they have to be flown to their various destinations. I was to be in charge of that particular branch, and to arrange for the deliveries. It would be wonderful fun, of course, for I'd be flying all over France—out to the front as well as to the various schools behind the lines. There would be a certain amount of good ex-

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perience in it, too, but the trouble is, it's a job for a man back from the front for a rest,—or one who's had a bad crash and lost his nerve. It's no occupation for me who have never been to the front. And so I turned it down, and I've been thinking, rather regretfully, of the good times I might have had in Paris. I would like to get a job testing, though, for I think that is valuable work. I don't think there's much chance of that. A tester is never an *embusqué*, for, after all, you can't call a man a slacker whose job is testing planes to see if they're strong enough, and well built enough to stand service. Besides, a tester gets wonderful flying experience, for he flies all kinds of machines, and in case he gets a machine that is what the French call *malréglé*, he has a slight sample of what flying at the front may be like with part of your controlling surfaces shot away.

So I am still in my old work here, and having a rather amusing time, for I am not exactly sure what I am. I feel a little like the song, "Am I the Governor-General, or a hobo?"—for no one, least of all headquarters, can make out just what my status is. I am hanging on like grim death, until I can get sent out to the front. Once I have had my three weeks or so with the French or English, I will have some sort of a foundation to base on, but till then, I'll probably remain an official mystery.

In the meantime, I am getting in all kinds of flying, and I think accomplishing a certain amount in the line of training the new men at the same time. Yesterday I took a group of ten off for a reconnaissance. They all had their maps, and the object was to make them keep formation and at the same time make out from the map where they are going. It's good practice for them, but by way of being dull for me,—so I thought I'd liven it up by doing a couple of *virages à la verticale* and generally fooling round the sky. I did that for about five minutes—always keeping the general direction I was going, but more or less wagging my tail *en route*—and then looked around for the formation, which should have been following above in two nice "V's" of five. Instead, they were scattered all over the land-

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scape like flies. I stopped doing everything at that, and flew in a straight line, so that gradually they formed up again. Then when I got back I asked what was the matter, and found that they had tried to follow my movements. Of course, it's absolutely impossible, in formation, to do anything like that, — and I told them so. I've also been polishing up my aerobacy a good bit lately, so that I can do it without thinking.

February 23, 1918.

Not much news this time, except one rather sad bit. Al Sturtevant has been shot down.¹ I heard it from Bob Lovett. He was patrolling, doing seaplane work, when he had the bad luck to run into a squadron of Boche planes, out on some sort of reconnaissance. Of course he did n't have a chance. They shot him down — so thoroughly that even the plane was totally destroyed and sank. Poor Al, — he's the first of that bunch whom we knew and played round with that is gone. Still, — there's no better way, — if one has got to die. It solves things so easily, for you've nothing to worry about, and even the people whom you leave have the great comfort of knowing how you died. It's really very fine, the way he went, fighting hopelessly, against enormous odds, — and then thirty seconds of horror and it's all over, — for they say that on the average it's all over in that length of time, after a plane's been hit.

March 30, 1918.

I had a most unpleasant time of it just at the end, for I was really scared, and it's the only time I have been, in the air. We were just about five miles from here, and I was getting ready to nose her down and come through the clouds to land when for some unknown reason I began to feel faint and dizzy. I'm free to confess that I was scared, good and scared. However there was nothing to do except trust to luck, so I nosed her down, and went for the landing. As luck would have it, I happened to have just hit it rightly, and I came in on that glide with only a

¹ See Vol. II, p. 256.

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couple of S's to slow me up. I was mighty glad, though, when I got on to good, solid ground again.

May 4, 1918.

It's been perfect ages since I last wrote to you, and I've got a variety of reasons for not having done so. The one real one is that I had one hand laid up in an accident and aside from that have n't been feeling decently for quite a while now. It started a little while after I got back from Cazaux. I had been feeling all-overish for quite a while, and then one day when I was off on a voyage my motor blew up on me, and I had to come down for a forced landing. As luck would have it, some fool people got in my way, just as I was coming in to land, and as between hitting them or crashing, I took the latter, and hung myself up nicely in some trees. I reduced the plane to kindling wood, and got out of it myself whole but rather battered. Among other odds and ends, I had a bad wrist which reduced my epistolary efficiency. That in itself was n't anything particular, but it was part of a vague general uncomfortableness. Ham and I talked things over, and found that we both were about in the same fix. It boiled down to this, that we both were heartily sick of the work we were doing, and that we wanted to get out to the front, or anywhere away from this mud-ridden hole. I had got to the point where even the sight of a flying student filled me with loathing. It is rather hard to teach men to fly, and send them on through the school, when you can see no future in sight for them. I knew that the men we were sending through would just be sent to a gunnery school, and then have to hang around goodness only knows how long until there were any planes for them to fly. And knowing that it was awfully hard to get up any enthusiasm for a job which I hated anyway. The long and the short of it was that Ham and I both decided, independent of the other, that we were stale. So I went to the major and asked him if he could not arrange to have Ham take a leave. He said that, on account of the offensive, leaves were being discontinued, but that he would allow

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Ham to take a plane on a cross-country to Paris. So he sent for Ham and told him this, whereupon Ham told him some long song and dance about me, resulting in our both being sent off with our planes for six days' rest in Paris. Don't you think that was pretty nice of him? It made the most tremendous difference to me, for now I am back here again, and though I don't like the work, yet I do see how useless it is to kick about it and not do it, when there is no chance to go out to the front anyway. The major has promised us anyway that as soon as any bunch goes out to the front he will see that our names are on the list.

May 4, 1918.

There are some nice things about aviation, really. It seems to be the one part of the war in which brother Boche has the instincts of a sportsman and a gentleman. Of course the service is as full of wild stories as a boarding-school, and this one I'm not sure about, — though I think it's so. After Guynemer was brought down a Boche flew over his squadron's airdrome and dropped a letter saying that his funeral would be on a certain date and that four Frenchmen would be given safe conduct to land on the German field and attend it. They accepted it, and flew over, landed on the German field, were received by the Germans, attended the funeral, and then went back. It's rather a fine thing if true, and I do know for certain that they know where Guynemer's grave is, so it may be true. Then just shortly ago, Baron von Richthofen, the German ace, was brought down by the English. They buried him with full military honors, — three French aces and three English aces for his pall-bearers. It must have been most impressive, the French and English soldiers standing to attention as they lowered him into his grave while the English chaplain read the burial service over him. All those are the little things that will make up the traditions of the service after the war's over. And it is a nice thing to know that the things that you are to some extent a part of will be the traditions of the service. That and

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the certainty that there will be plenty of war left even when I get up there, helps to make Issoudun a little more bearable.

June 8, 1918.

I've had so much happening to me, though, in the last ten days, that I have not had time to think even, which is just as well. Ham and I had almost begun to think we were permanently stuck in Issoudun when, with no warning, we were ordered up to Orly, which is just outside of Paris. No one knew anything about the orders, and Ham and I felt sure that it meant our first step out to the front. Once the orders came, though, we only had twelve hours' time to settle everything up and leave. You can imagine how we hurried, with all the good-byes to be said, and packing, and paying bills. I thought we never would get away, but finally it was through, and we got in the truck and started to leave for the main camp to get our clearance papers. Then they did one of the nicest things I've ever had happen. Our truck driver, instead of going out the regular way, took us down the lines of hangars and as we went past all the mechanics were lined up in front and cheered us good-bye. As we passed the last hangar one of the sergeants yelled after us, "Let us know if you're captured, and we'll come after you." So I left with a big lump in my throat, for it's nice to know that your men have liked you.

When Quentin Roosevelt and Hamilton Coolidge reached Headquarters of the First Pursuit Group, in the Toul sector, they hoped for assignments to the same squadron; but the two existing vacancies were respectively in the 95th and the 94th Squadron, and Roosevelt was assigned to the first of these, Coolidge to the second. Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker, commanding officer of the 94th, says in his book, "Fighting the Flying Circus,"¹

¹ Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1919.

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that "Squadron 95 contained much the same quality of material as my own squadron," and goes on to write of the new recruit to the 95th:

Quentin Roosevelt was one of the newly assigned pilots in 95. Both the enlisted men and his fellow-pilots found that Quent relied upon his own attainments rather than upon the reputation of his celebrated father; and it is safe to say that Quentin Roosevelt was easily the most popular man in his Squadron. To indicate Quentin's love for square dealing and fairness, I may divulge a little secret that were Quentin still living might not be told.

His commanding officer, moved perhaps by the fact that Quentin was the son of Theodore Roosevelt, made him a Flight Commander before he had ever made a flight over the lines. Quentin appreciated the fact that his inexperienced leadership might jeopardize the lives of the men following him. He accordingly declined the honor. But his superiors directed him to obey orders and to take the office that had been assigned to him. A trio of pilots, all of whom had more experience in war flying than Quentin had so far received, were placed under his command. And an order was posted directing Lieutenant Roosevelt's Flight to go on its first patrol the following morning.

Quentin called his pilots to one side.

"Look here, you fellows, which one of you has had the most flying over the lines? You, Curtis?"

Curtis shook his head, and replied:

"Buckley, or Buford,—both of them have seen more of this game than I have."

Quentin looked them all over and made up his mind before he spoke.

"Well, any one of you knows more about it than I do! Tomorrow morning you, Buckley, are to be Flight Commander in my place. As soon as we leave the ground, you take the lead. I will drop into your place. We will try out each man in turn.

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They may be able to make me Flight Commander in name, but the best pilot in my group is going to lead it in fact."

Until the day he died a gallant soldier's death, Quentin Roosevelt continued to fly under the leadership of one of his pilots. He himself had never led a flight.

At a later point in the same book, Captain Rickenbacker comes back to Quentin Roosevelt:

As President Roosevelt's son he had rather a difficult task to fit himself in with the democratic style of living which is necessary in the intimate life of an aviation camp. Every one who met him for the first time expected him to have the airs and superciliousness of a spoiled boy. This notion was quickly lost after the first glimpse one had of Quentin. Gay, hearty and absolutely square in everything he said or did, Quentin Roosevelt was one of the most popular fellows in the group. We loved him purely for his own natural self.

He was reckless to such a degree that his commanding officers had to caution him repeatedly about the senselessness of his lack of caution. His bravery was so notorious that we all knew he would either achieve some great spectacular success or be killed in the attempt. Even the pilots in his own Flight would beg him to conserve himself and wait for a fair opportunity for a victory. But Quentin would merely laugh away all serious advice. His very next flight over enemy lines would involve him in a fresh predicament from which pure luck on more than a few occasions extricated him.

The exploit which Captain Rickenbacker proceeds to describe after this passage is the subject of one of Lieutenant Roosevelt's own letters:

July 11, 1918.

I got my first real excitement on the front, for I think I got a Boche. The Operations Officer is trying for confirmation on it now. I was out on high patrol with the rest of my squadron

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when we got broken up, due to a mistake in formation. I dropped into a turn of a *vrille*—these planes have so little surface that at five thousand you can't do much with them. When I got straightened out I could n't spot my crowd anywhere, so, as I had only been up an hour, I decided to fool around a little before going home, as I was just over the lines. I turned and circled for five minutes or so, and then suddenly—the way planes do come into focus in the air—I saw three planes in formation. At first I thought they were Boche, but as they paid no attention to me I finally decided to chase them, thinking they were part of my crowd, so I started after them full speed. I thought at the time it was a little strange, with the wind blowing the way it was, that they should be going almost straight into Germany, but I had plenty of gas so I kept on.

They had been going absolutely straight and I was nearly in formation when the leader did a turn, and I saw to my horror that they had white tails with black crosses on them. Still I was so near by them that I thought I might pull up a little and take a crack at them. I had altitude on them, and what was more they had n't seen me, so I pulled up, put my sights on the end man, and let go. I saw my tracers going all around him, but for some reason he never even turned, until all of a sudden his tail came up and he went down in a *vrille*. I wanted to follow him but the other two had started around after me, so I had to cut and run. However, I could half watch him looking back, and he was still spinning when he hit the clouds three thousand metres below. Of course he may have just been scared, but I think he must have been hit or he would have come out before he struck the clouds. Three thousand metres is an awfully long spin.

I had a long chase of it for they followed me all the way back to our side of the lines, but our speed was about equal so I got away. The trouble is that it was about twenty kilometres inside their lines and, I am afraid, too far to get confirmation.¹

¹ After Quentin Roosevelt's death this victory was verified by the French and duly credited.

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It was only three days after the writing of this letter that Quentin Roosevelt met his death, on the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille. He had devoted the evening before this French festival to preparing some of his comrades to participate, with American ragtime and banjos, much appreciated by the French, in an entertainment planned for the observance of July 14. In the morning of that day he set forth on the patrol from which he never returned. The story of his death is told in a letter written to the father of Lieutenant Edward Buford, Jr., by that fellow-officer of the 95th Squadron, who accompanied Roosevelt on the fatal patrol, and, for a time, was himself reported missing:

You asked me if I knew Quentin Roosevelt. Yes, I knew him very well indeed, and had been associated with him ever since I came to France, and he was one of the finest and most courageous boys I ever knew. I was in the fight when he was shot down and saw the whole thing.

Four of us were out on an early patrol and we had just crossed the lines looking for Boche observation machines, when we ran into seven Fokker Chasse planes. They had the altitude and the advantage of the sun on us. It was very cloudy and there was a strong wind blowing us farther across the lines all the time. The leader of our formation turned and tried to get back out, but they attacked before we reached the lines, and in a few seconds had completely broken up our formation and the fight developed in a general free-for-all. I tried to keep an eye on all of our fellows but we were hopelessly separated and outnumbered nearly two to one. About a half a mile away I saw one of our planes with three Boche on him, and he seemed to be having a pretty hard time with them, so I shook the two I was maneuvering with and tried to get over to him, but before I could reach them, one machine turned over on its back and

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plunged down out of control. I realized it was too late to be of any assistance and as none of our other machines were in sight, I made for a bank of clouds to try and gain altitude on the Huns, and when I came back out, they had reformed, but there were only six of them, so I believe we must have gotten one.

I waited around about ten minutes to see if I could pick up any of our fellows, but they had disappeared, so I came on home, dodging from one cloud to another for fear of running into another Boche formation. Of course, at the time of the fight I did not know who the pilot was I had seen go down, but as Quentin did not come back, it must have been him. His loss was one of the severest blows we have ever had in the Squadron, but he certainly died fighting, for any one of us could have gotten away as soon as the scrap started with the clouds as they were that morning. I have tried several times to write to Colonel Roosevelt, but it is practically impossible for me to write a letter of condolence, but if I am lucky enough to get back to the States, I expect to go to see him.

A German *communiqué*, intercepted by American wireless two days after Quentin Roosevelt's death, gave the enemy version of the story:

On July fourteen seven of our chasing planes were attacked by a superior number of American planes north of Dormans. After a stubborn fight, one of the pilots — Lieutenant Roosevelt, — who had shown conspicuous bravery during the fight by attacking again and again without regard to danger, was shot in the head by his more experienced opponent and fell at Chamery.

The tradition of chivalry between opposing aviators was confirmed by the German burial of Quentin Roosevelt, witnessed, on July 15, by Captain James E. Gee, of the 110th Infantry, who had been captured and was on his way to the rear. Thus he wrote of what he saw:

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In a hollow square about the open grave were assembled approximately one thousand German soldiers, standing stiffly in regular lines. They were dressed in field gray uniforms, wore steel helmets, and carried rifles. Officers stood at attention before the ranks. Near the grave was the smashed plane, and beside it was a small group of officers, one of whom was speaking to the men.

I did not pass close enough to hear what he was saying; we were prisoners and did not have the privilege of lingering, even for such an occasion as this. At the time I did not know who was being buried, but the guards informed me later. The funeral certainly was elaborate. I was told afterward by Germans that they paid Lieutenant Roosevelt such honor not only because he was a gallant aviator, who died fighting bravely against odds, but because he was the son of Colonel Roosevelt, whom they esteemed as one of the greatest Americans.

When Chamery, about ten kilometres north of the Marne, was retaken by the Allies on July 18, American soldiers found a grave marked by a wooden cross inscribed:

LIEUTENANT ROOSEVELT
BURIED BY THE GERMANS

The broken propeller blades and bent wheels of his plane, the shattered remains of which lay near by, also marked the grave. A cross erected by the engineer regiment that had occupied Chamery bore the words:

Here rests on the field of honor
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT
Air Service, U. S. A.
Killed in action, July 1918

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Still another inscription, placed on an oaken enclosure reared by the French, read:

Lieutenant
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT
Escadrille 95
Tombé glorieusement
En combat aérien
Le 14 juillet 1918
Pour le droit
et la Liberté

It is a circumstance to be recorded that the German fighting pilot, Sergeant Greper, who brought Quentin Roosevelt to earth with two shots through the head, survived the war but was killed in an accident while delivering German airplanes to the American forces under the terms of the Armistice.

From friends like Hamilton Coolidge, from a multitude of others, came private and public expressions of the grievous sense of loss that followed the death of Quentin Roosevelt, and of admiration for the spirit in which his father and mother, who stood before the country as the national embodiment of bereaved parents, met and accepted their sacrifice. The youth who gave his life and they who survive him illustrated, alike and notably, the words: "To whom much is given, from him shall much be required."

Apart from all personal considerations, the death of Quentin Roosevelt produced an extraordinary public, even international, effect. This is clearly revealed in a letter to Colonel Roosevelt, from a clergyman of Northampton, Pennsylvania:

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

My brother Lieutenant Frederick M. Stoudt served abroad during the war in the Motor Transport Corps, and was stationed most of the time at Verneil, France, at the Reconstruction Park 772, where he had charge of a department in the Sheet Metal and Welding Shop. Towards the end of the war he had upwards of two hundred German prisoners working in his department. He tells of a young German officer, quite intelligent, who delighted in discussing the war, and who would ask many questions about America and our entering into the war.

This young officer told my brother the following in substance, concerning the effect upon the Germans at the falling of your son Quentin. That when he fell the fact was heralded throughout the German army, and throughout the Central powers. That photos of his grave and his wrecked plane were published and exhibited profusely far and wide. That the German authorities believed it to be good propaganda, with which to hearten both the soldiers and the people at home. But that it had the opposite effect and produced as far as they were concerned a negative effect or result. That no sooner had Quentin fallen but that it was whispered from ear to ear, from trench to trench. That in it one could see how in free America everybody was fighting. That though America was in the war only for a short time, the son of an American President, engaged in one of the most dangerous lines of service, was lying back of the German lines, while their country had been at war three years and that neither the Kaiser, nor any of his sons were ever so much as scratched. That it gave the soldiers a vision of the democracy of America, and helped to deepen the feeling that they, the common soldiers, were only cannon fodder for the Kaiser. That it made real to them the difference between autocracy and democracy, of which they had heard so much. That this feeling spread like wildfire, not only throughout the army, but also among the people at home. That those elements in Germany that were opposed to the war seized upon it and enlarged the suggestion. This young officer declared that in the

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

judgment of many this was the largest single factor in the breaking of the morale of the German Army.

With all that is suggested by this remarkable statement Quentin Roosevelt's contribution to the war must be measured.



GEORGE WAITE GOODWIN

LAW SCHOOL 1916-17

THE name of George Waite Goodwin is found on the Roll of Honor of three ancient New England institutions of learning — Phillips Academy, Andover, Yale, and Harvard. In all of these it finds a fitting place, for through his father he traced descent from the earliest settlers of Connecticut and through his mother from two *Mayflower* Pilgrims. He was born at Glens Falls, New York, July 31, 1895. His father, for many years a practising lawyer in Albany, was Scott DuMont Goodwin (Yale, '69); his mother, Sarah Coffin (Waite) Goodwin. He studied at Andover only a year before entering Yale, but in that year, 1911-12, won honors in all his subjects. At Yale, where he graduated in 1916, he received third division honors in

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his freshman year, a dissertation appointment in his junior year, and a first dispute senior appointment. As a junior he was a member of the University Orchestra.

Between graduating from Yale and entering the Harvard Law School, he attended the 1916 camp at Plattsburg, where he qualified as a marksman. At the Law School he pursued his studies in the manner to be expected from one with his school and college record, and established warm personal relations with fellow-students. When the time for war service came, he chose the part of going abroad at once and enlisting for the ambulance work of the American Field Service. This he joined June 25, 1917, and was immediately assigned to Section 69, operating in the neighborhood of Verdun. In evacuating wounded to the large central hospitals at Bar-le-Duc, in August, at other places through September and a large part of October, the section rendered important service, in which Goodwin played his full part. One letter to his father illustrates the nature of this work.

September 8, 1917.

Since last I wrote you we have moved up to Verdun and are camped in a big hospital, where we expect to be for an uncertain length of time as we are attached to no army division as yet and are merely reserves.

We moved out of our little village at four in the morning and wandered around most of the day before we arrived here. We had a little time before supper to get fixed up, and then right after that, five of our cars were sent out to get some *blessés*. We traveled along a road screened by painted cloths, and then, exactly on the dot of the hour at which we had heard that the attack would begin, we could see, through the cloths, hundreds of little spurts of flame off at quite a distance. It was like a

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circus of which we could only see enough to whet our curiosity. We crossed a river, or canal — hard to tell which around here — and then went along the road under the rows of poplar trees, which one invariably finds near roads and canals. On our right was a very high embankment with dug-outs, and at last we came to a tent — our destination — a receiving station for the wounded. The first four cars took out all they had and we were left to wait for new arrivals. We climbed the embankment and watched the firing on the whole battlefield — smoke, star-shells, red lights and thousands of little points of light from the guns, from far off on the left to as far as one could see on the right. The noise was not so loud as I had expected, because we were a number of kilometres away. Our noisiest member was a battery of *soixante-quinze*, just out of sight around the corner, which went off every now and then with a sharp crack. At last we scrambled down the steep sandy bank and sat on the edge of the river near the car, to watch the sun set and keep an eye out for incoming *blessés*. About half a dozen shells screamed past us and exploded at some distance. It became very dark, and we finally got our *poilus* to carry back to one of the numerous hospitals in and around the city.

After considerable searching around in the dark we found it — not far from our cantonment, a wonderful old Catholic Seminary — with all our cars drawn up in the court, going out one by one, shifting the *blessés* further back to larger and better equipped hospitals. A “Ford” section was bringing them in from the front and we sat in the courtyard until it became very chilly — watching them unload. Inside, by the light of a few candles and dim lights, was a rather interesting scene: a square, tiled room with a low ceiling, and a bench running around all four sides. For some reason, a stove in the middle of the room was burning away, though the air was stifling with smoke, bad air, and ether. At a table in the corner several officers were filling out the cards with which each wounded soldier is tagged. | In another corner were stacks of bandages and bottles, and the

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benches were filled with *brancardiers* and sleepy American *ambulanciers*. The wounded were carried in on the *brancards* and placed on the floor. Some idea was gained of their condition, and they were rated accordingly and assigned to various hospitals. Some of them were in pretty terrible condition, but very few were reserved as being absolutely immovable. All were given injections for tetanus.

Perhaps the most interesting person there was the black-robed priest — with rank of Captain in the French Army, wearing a *Croix de Guerre*, probably richly deserved, who knelt beside each man and muttered a few words of prayer or comfort. All night long he sat there, always wakeful for any occasion when he might be needed — the rest of us trying to snatch some sleep in any convenient position or attitude. We waited all night and carried a couple of *blessés* a short distance when our turn came. From now on we will have twenty-four hour shifts — the first ten cars one day and the other ten the next. I don't imagine it will be particularly thrilling with the present arrangement.

Goodwin's connection with Section 69 lasted until October 24. At about this time the section disbanded, and many of its members enlisted in the United States Army. Goodwin had always felt the appeal of aviation, and on November 5 enlisted for training in that branch of service. On May 15, 1918, after instruction at Tours, Saint-Maixent, Gondrecourt, and Châteauroux, he received his commission as second lieutenant. One of his comrades in training wrote of him after his death:

I need not tell you how popular he was with us. He could n't help but be, and he was easily that one of us who was best liked by the French officers and instructors at the school. Nobody was more eager to complete his training and get to the front as a

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chasse-pilote. No one of us was doing quite so well in his work here as "Goody." In fact, he was so apt in flying that his *moniteurs* released him after only four hours in the air. He promised to be the first to get through.

His own view of the object of all this training was expressed in an entry in his diary as early as December 11, 1917: "It is quite fixed now in my mind that if ever I get to the front I will go up against the Germans — no matter how many there be." Six months later, after he had received his commission, he had occasion to write, June 10, 1918, to the widow of a young Yale friend killed in action only ten days after his marriage. A portion of the letter speaks clearly for Goodwin's feeling about the war:

You must be very, very proud to have had your husband die so honorably. First or last the war will come very close to most of us and we would n't have it otherwise. My greatest horror would be to have to occupy a place of safety. We who can take any active part are fortunate. Certainly one could hunt through the histories from the beginning and never find a better time to live or better cause to die for. I'm glad I'm living and trying to do my bit. If anything should happen to me I would call my family foolish if they were n't glad rather than sad that I had done so well. So I'm quite cheerful about anything that may happen.

What did happen, in slightly more than a month, was one of those accidents to which the best of aviators were subject before their days of combat came. On July 15, 1918, he left the camp at Châteauroux for a "solo flight," and was passing a French machine, flying in the opposite direction, when it suddenly swerved from its course, and cut the tail from Goodwin's plane. They were about a

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hundred metres in the air. Falling from this height Goodwin sustained injuries from which he died that day without regaining consciousness. He was buried, with military honors, in the American Cemetery at Châteauroux. In September, 1920, his body was reinterred in the Rural Cemetery, Albany, New York.

The Aeronautic League of France honored Goodwin's memory by the award of a bronze plaque, designed for the recognition of meritorious students of aviation, but infrequently bestowed. The more personal terms of recognition are the more significant, and this memoir cannot close more appropriately than with a few words from a letter written by a Princeton friend (Andrew T. H. Kenney), who had been thrown intimately with Goodwin both at the Harvard Law School and in the aviation service:

George was straight and clean and fair. He played all life's games with a nerve and a full heart. We used to work together and dance together and play together. And now he has gone, leaving a life as full and swift and perfect as it is possible for one to be. He worked and fought for a cause that is as noble and fine as was his sacrifice. We can feel certain that he has aided to the fullest measure the coming of that era we all have been praying for. We who were his friends will be sure to fight more fiercely in war and peace for those ideals for which he died.



HOMER ATHERTON HUNT

CLASS OF 1916

THE parents of Homer Atherton Hunt were Francis Atherton Hunt, a brother of Atherton Nash Hunt, of the Harvard Class of 1887, and Mary Merrill (Lane) Hunt, a daughter of George Homer Lane of Boston. In his Hunt ancestry, he counted John and Priscilla Alden of the Plymouth Colony, and Enoch Hunt, an early settler of Weymouth, Massachusetts, where he was born December 10, 1894. While he was still a child his family moved from Weymouth to Braintree. In this place he attended the public schools and received his final preparation for college at Thayer Academy. He entered Harvard, a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts degree, with the Class of

HOMER ATHERTON HUNT

1916, but remained in college only two years. Between 1914 and 1917 he was employed by Cordingley and Company, wool merchants in Boston, and had become a successful wool buyer when the United States entered the war.

On October 4, 1917, he enlisted as a private in the army, and was assigned to the 301st Infantry, 26th Division, then in training at Camp Devens. In October also he was married to Susan Elmira Hagar, of Weston, Massachusetts. On March 11, 1918, he sailed for France, where he was transferred to Company E, 165th Infantry, 42d ("Rainbow") Division. This was formerly the famous "Fighting 69th" New York Irish regiment, the distinguishing characteristics of which are suggested on later pages of this volume in the memoirs of Lieutenant Oliver Ames, Jr., and Major James A. McKenna, Jr., both officers of the 165th.

Early in July, 1918, this regiment was summoned to the Champagne front to meet an expected attack of the Germans, and Hunt participated accordingly in the Champagne-Marne defensive. On July 15 he was killed in action at St. Hilaire-le-Petit. "We were in reserve," another private reported. "He was struck with a direct hit from a shell and killed instantly. He received a letter the day before he died with a picture of his baby only a few days old. One of the best fellows in the world. He spoke French fluently." Still another comrade, Private Lowell Holbrook, a Braintree boy, reported the circumstances a little differently. Hunt and Holbrook were liaison runners for Battalion Headquarters. It was their duty to take messages for their major to one company

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and another. When a barrage was put over it was their work to set out with a message, one keeping about fifty feet behind the other, so that if the first should fall, the second could take the message from his pocket and carry it on. This is Holbrook's brief statement: "I was right beside Hunt when he was killed. We were lying on the ground and Hunt was leaning his head against the post. A high explosive burst near us and the vibration of the post caused by it killed him. He was buried that night about thirty feet from where he was killed." After the Armistice his body was reinterred in the Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse, and there, in accordance with the wishes of his father and widow, it has remained.

At the Harvard Commencement of 1920, the war degree of A.B. was awarded to Homer Atherton Hunt, as of the Class of 1916.



GEORGE FRANCIS MCGILLEN

CLASS OF 1917

GEORGE FRANCIS MCGILLEN, a son of Owen McGillem and Anna (Fitzpatrick) McGillem, of Brookline, Massachusetts, was born in East Boston, February 14, 1894. He made his preparation for college at the Pierce Grammar School of Brookline and the Brookline High School. For two years he played on the football team of

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the High School, and for one year was manager of its baseball team. At Harvard, which he entered in the autumn of 1913, he played football and became a member of the Catholic Club. In the Triennial Report of the Class of 1917, the Class Secretary has said of him: "Although he only remained one year, most of us remember the cheerful, kindly boy who made us always glad to meet him in the Yard or in our rooms. He did not remain in Cambridge long enough to take an active part in undergraduate affairs, but his record during the war entitles him to a sure place in the annals of the Class of 1917."

In the interval between leaving college and participating in the war, McGillen was employed continuously by the M. B. Foster Electric Company of Boston, electrical contractors, and in the spring of 1917 held the position of assistant superintendent. In March he enlisted as a private in the Brookline Machine Gun Company, formed at that time, and soon afterwards known as the Machine Gun Company of the 9th Regiment, National Guard. After its federalization, July 25, 1917, it was designated as the Machine Gun Company, 101st Infantry, 26th Division. In August McGillen was promoted sergeant of this company, then in training for overseas service at Camp McGuinness, Framingham, Massachusetts. On September 4 it entrained for Hoboken, whence it sailed for France on the following day, arriving at Saint-Nazaire, September 20.

Soon after McGillen's landing in France, he was ordered to the Automatic Weapon School of the American Army at Gondrecourt. There, in the months of October and November, he qualified as a machine gun instructor. In

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January he went to the First Officers' School at Langres, and prepared himself for the second lieutenancy to which he was commissioned, May 15, 1918. He was then assigned to Company A, Machine Gun Battalion, 9th Infantry, a unit of the 3d Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

On June 1 the company entered the front line at Château-Thierry. From this date until that of McGil- len's death, it was constantly taking its part in holding the line at various points, chiefly on the Marne. The German offensive in which McGillen lost his life began at midnight of July 14, while he was in command of four guns, each holding a strategic point on the river. When the bombardment opened he was taking a late supper at the post of command, in the small village of Parroy, near Château-Thierry, about ten minutes' walk from his gun positions. One of the officers who were with him at the P. C. reports his saying repeatedly, "I want to go down to my men, and I don't care what happens." His com-panions prevailed upon him for a time to remain where he was, for the bombardment was terrific, and venturing forth meant certain death. Still he insisted upon joining his men and at about 3.30 A.M. (July 15) Captain Carswell and Lieutenant Russell of the 9th Machine Gun Battalion, who had so far prevented his taking the unnecessary risk, left their place of safety with him to see if it was then pos- sible for him to carry out his wish. As they stood outside the P. C., a shell exploded in the air, and McGillen, look- ing up, was hit over the eye with a piece of shrapnel, which killed him almost instantly, after he had sunk to the ground and asked for a drink of water. One of his

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companions escaped unhurt; the flesh was stripped from the other's back, from shoulder to waist. McGillen's body was laid in the post of command, where it was found undisturbed a few days later, after the place had first been taken by the Germans and then captured by the American troops. Buried in a plot of ground nearby, the body was reburied a year later in the American Cemetery at Seringes-et-Nerles, Aisne.

It is the testimony of Captain Carswell that "the death of no other man caused greater grief and sorrow to the whole company. While with us, he had greatly endeared himself to everyone, always seeing the humorous side of everything. Endowed with a sterling character, he had proved himself such an efficient officer and good leader of men that no other man in the battalion was better loved or stood higher in personal estimation."

A non-commissioned officer of the company has declared that from the way he conducted himself on a particularly bad night, June 6, 1918, he was rated one of the best officers in the battalion, for not only then, but at other times, he "seemed to be everywhere," constantly cheering and helping his men. It was this sergeant, Jerome Moynahan, who defined Lieutenant McGillen as one who "will always be remembered by us as a thorough soldier, brave and true, and a real gentleman."

One of his younger brothers, James G. McGillen, '20, was commissioned ensign from the Officer Material School at Harvard and detailed to duties at American stations; another enlisted in the navy at the age of seventeen and served in transport duty for a year and a half.



EDMOND DAVID STEWART, JR.

LAW SCHOOL 1915-17

WHEN the body of Edmond David Stewart, Jr., killed in action July 15, 1918, on the Champagne front, was brought to his native town of New Cumberland, West Virginia, for burial on October 23, 1921, a professor of English at the University of West Virginia, unable himself to be present, offered the following tribute to be read as part of the services:

October 20, 1921.

TO THE MEMORY OF EDMOND D. STEWART:

Beloved youth; brilliant student; member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, the Beowulf Gedrhyt, the English Club, the Greek Club, distinguished for his fine presence, handsome face, becoming modesty, and unfailing courtesy; ambitious to be a scholar and a gentleman;

EDMOND DAVID STEWART, JR.

embued with the knightly qualities of courage, temperance, and chastity; a patriot of exalted devotion, who laid down his life in the service of his country.

May his memory be sacred forever.

By his affectionate teacher,

JOHN HARRINGTON COX.

The young man of whom these words were written was born, October 25, 1894, in New Cumberland, West Virginia, still the home of his parents. He made his preparation for college in the New Cumberland public schools, from which he entered the University of West Virginia, at Morgantown, with the Class of 1915. The record he made for himself there, through both scholarship and character, has been indicated in the tribute already quoted. In the autumn following his graduation he entered the Harvard Law School. While in Cambridge he received notice of his appointment as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, but declined it by reason of the war already raging in Europe. When his own country entered the fight, he completed his second year as a student of law. On September 19, 1917, as other young men of New Cumberland, drafted for service, were leaving for camp, Stewart, not yet called before the draft board, presented himself for service and was placed in charge of a local contingent. He reported for service at Camp Lee, Virginia, was soon appointed a sergeant, and later promoted to top sergeant. On November 10 he was transferred from the 155th Depot Brigade at Camp Lee to the 1st Provisional Recruit Battalion. On February 27, 1918, he sailed for France as a member of a picked company of replacements. Arriving there March 11, he was immediately appointed sergeant

EDMOND DAVID STEWART, JR.

in the 163d Infantry, 41st Division, from which he was transferred to the 42d ("Rainbow") Division as sergeant of Company G, 167th Infantry.

After only a month in France, Stewart was sent into the trenches on the Champagne front. He was killed at his post by a high explosive shell at 12.15 in the morning of July 12, 1918, thirty minutes after the beginning of a fierce defensive engagement lasting for several days.

Of 573 soldiers from Hancock County, West Virginia, Sergeant Stewart was the only one killed in action. By every token of promise he was one of those from whom a life of leadership might have been expected.



WALTON KIMBALL SMITH

LAW SCHOOL 1914-15

BORN at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, September 21, 1890, Walton Kimball Smith was the son of Amos Appleton Lawrence Smith and Frances Louise (Brown) Smith. His father's name recalls an interesting episode linking a generous son of Harvard with the cause of education in Wisconsin. In 1845 Amos Adams Lawrence (Harvard, 1835), the father of Bishop Lawrence, became interested

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in a Protestant Episcopal missionary to the Oneida Indians in Wisconsin, the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who was soon to attract much attention as a possible claimant to the romantic title of the "lost Dauphin," the missing son of Marie Antoinette. Through trying to help this clergyman out of financial difficulties, Mr. Lawrence found himself the reluctant owner of more than five thousand acres of land in the Fox River Valley in Wisconsin, which had belonged to the missionary. In order to turn this property to some useful account its new owner interested himself in a project to establish an institution of learning upon it. A Methodist minister, Reeder Smith — whose wife was a member of the Boston family of Kimball — looked it over and reported that a tract of land further up the Fox River than the Williams tract was better adapted to the purposes of a college. Accordingly this land was acquired, and the town of Appleton, Wisconsin, named for Samuel Appleton, of Boston, who joined with Amos A. Lawrence in the enterprise, was laid out, and in it Lawrence University was established. A son of the Rev. Reeder Smith, who settled there, was the first white child born in the place, and received the name of Amos Appleton Lawrence Smith. That the name of his son should be inscribed, more than half a century later, upon the Harvard Roll of Honor is one of those circumstances in which the fitness of things may be traced.

Walton Smith had his preparation for college at the Milwaukee Academy, the West Division High School of Milwaukee, and, for the last two years, at the Lawrenceville (New Jersey) School. His mother died when he was eleven, his father when he was sixteen. Through all these

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years of boyhood he spent the summers with his family on a lake near Milwaukee, and became an ardent student of nature, especially of birds. He was also a lover of music, and greatly enjoyed playing the violin in school musical clubs.

From Lawrenceville he entered Amherst College, where he graduated in 1914. For the following year he was a student at the Harvard Law School. In the autumn of 1915 he continued his study of law at the University of Wisconsin, and was still there when the United States entered the war. He registered for the first draft, but his order number was so high that he believed it would be at least a year before he could be called into service. While he was an undergraduate at Amherst he had experienced one flight in an aeroplane which he remembered with vivid pleasure. He therefore offered himself promptly for the Aviation Corps examinations. To his great disappointment, and his surprise — for he had taken a successful part in school athletics — he failed to pass the physical tests. In his desire to reach the front at the earliest possible moment, he then sailed for France with the hope of joining the American Field Service. On reaching Paris he learned that it was still possible for an American to engage in aviation with the British. Shortly before Christmas, 1917, he passed his examination for the Royal Air Force, and became a cadet in training as an aviation observer.

This training took place in England. A letter written by Smith to his brother on July 7, 1918, after his ground tests were completed and he had been moved to No. 1 Observers' School of Aerial Gunnery, describes the sen-

WALTON KIMBALL SMITH

sations experienced in his first "joy-ride." "The pilot," he says, "was an officer instructor with a son eighteen years old, so I was n't stunted very much, as the expression goes." The same letter tells of "firing the gun camera and taking aerial photos," and reveals a lively interest in his work and an intention to become a pilot himself before long. His commission as lieutenant was nearly won when, on July 16, flying with a pilot at New Romney, Kent, his reputation as "a keen, industrious and enthusiastic pupil" well established, he met his death in an accident due to an error of judgment on the part of the pilot. Both men were instantly killed.

Smith's body was brought to the United States and buried in the Forest Home Cemetery at Milwaukee.



HUGH CHARLES BLANCHARD

CLASS OF 1909

HUGH CHARLES BLANCHARD was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, May 9, 1886, the elder son of John Henry Blanchard, a Boston lawyer, and Mary Ann (Kelly) Blanchard. He made his preparation for college at the Roxbury Latin School and Phillips-Exeter Academy. At Exeter he distinguished himself in athletics by winning the 600-yard dash and becoming a member of the champion 1905 football team. At Harvard he played on the second football team and his senior class team. He also excelled in putting the 16-pound shot. While still in college, he enlisted in the Massachusetts cavalry, in which he afterwards received a commission as second lieutenant in the Machine Gun Company of the 8th Regiment, M. V. M.

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With the organization he served on the Mexican border from June to November, 1916.

Meanwhile he had spent the first three years after his graduation from college as a student in the Harvard Law School, from which he received the degree of LL.B. in 1912. On his admission to the bar, he associated himself with his father's office, and duly became the junior member of the law firm of Blanchard, Leventale, and Blanchard. On June 23, 1916, he was married to Mignon Von der Luft.

Blanchard's service on the Mexican border equipped him with a valuable experience, not only in the practice of commanding, but as a "summary judge" and a director of the purchasing department of his regiment. On April 11, 1917, he was promoted first lieutenant, and remained a member of the 8th Massachusetts until it was federalized and incorporated in the 26th Division. In this unit he was assigned, August 5, to Company B, 104th Infantry. On October 4 he sailed for France, and later was transferred to Company L.

The personal record of his service abroad, involving participation in engagements of the Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector (Seicheprey and Apremont), and at Château-Thierry, is meagre. But the Tenth Anniversary Report of his class provides a striking illustration of his quality as a soldier.

On one occasion he was sent out in command of twenty men, Americans and French, at Chemin des Dames, to reconnoitre the enemy's line. While engaged in this he located the work which later proved to be the emplacement of the long-distance gun which was used in shelling Paris. He was discovered by the

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enemy, and a general alarm was given, causing a fierce firing by both sides, and although greatly outnumbered, with his detail in danger of annihilation, he brought safely back all but five of his men. After the firing had ceased and an unsuccessful search had been made for the missing, he was given, at his earnest request, the privilege of again searching for them. The search was conducted in broad daylight and all were saved.

The incident thus described is related, in slightly different terms, in a pamphlet, "In Memoriam: A Tribute to Lieutenant Blanchard." From its pages the following passages, bearing upon his service in France, may well be copied in further illustration of his soldierly characteristics:

With his whole energy, which was unusual, he devoted himself to the hard and exacting duty of preparation — that most important work. Without going into details it is enough to say that he learned it thoroughly, and he became ready and fit for what was to be required of him. To him the work was always serious although performed with a cheerful ardor which, as one of the officers expressed it, was contagious. He thoroughly understood and appreciated his responsibilities and throughout his service fully discharged them. Studious and thoughtful when not actively engaged, his well directed energy in action was conspicuous. Although while in France he was given opportunity to return to the United States as an instructor, he declined. For he felt that his duty was at the front. His superior officers were highly pleased with this decision of his. They recognized his worth and foresaw in him the successful soldier which he subsequently proved himself to be by his intelligence and well performed acts. The only anxiety felt by them was caused by his overwork. Always ready, seeking rather than waiting, he thus created in them a feeling of confidence which was never disappointed but without exception fully justified.

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And so when the preparatory training was over and the regiment took up its active work he was ready for whatever was asked of or suggested to him. His incessant attention to the details brought valuable results. Few of those who did not participate in the operations in France can realize the difficulties confronting the soldiers engaged in the many and varied tasks imposed upon them. Guarding trenches, patrolling, making reconnaissances, feeling their way over unknown ground, ascertaining the location of the enemy, their artillery and machine gun positions, their infantry lines, and their searches made in the night time when it was most difficult to avoid becoming lost and getting out of touch with their own commands — these undertakings exacted the highest skill, intelligence, and courage. They were fraught with ever present danger. Many times he proved himself equal to this work.

He was successful in reconnoitering dangerous woods which few cared to explore. In these and other ways he won the hearty approval and praise of regular army and volunteer officers. He showed the men how to patrol, and to discover and avoid traps which abounded in "No Man's Land." This tract which had been considered as enemy ground, through his efforts and the work of others, became allied territory. He continually studied whatever maps could be obtained and acquired an intelligent understanding of the land so far as that could be done. For he seemed to have the topographical instinct, a quality so indispensable to a successful campaigner. It has been said that he was modest and unassuming in his ways, yet he had a singular influence over the men. The reason for this was undoubtedly that in dangerous emergencies he always went himself and did not send someone else. As the great United States general in the Civil War said of one of his gallant commanders, "With him it was 'Come, boys,' not 'Go.'" So it came about that when he was in command the men did not wait to be detailed but volunteered. He thus had that influence over others which forms so great a part of the necessary qualities of a successful

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commanding officer. We are not surprised when told that those under him were in fine condition and under the best control, and also that it was said of him that if spared he surely would rise in rank, for he had the necessary gifts of a successful leader.

But this was not to be. For after the troops relieved the Marines and the battle of Belleau Woods began, when deployed in line of battle, they moved forward, he fell mortally wounded leading his command against the enemy. Who can repress the feeling of pride, melancholy though it be, when such an end comes to one who has won the respect and affection of all who knew him?

It was on July 18, 1918, that he fell.



JOHN ANDREW DOHERTY

CLASS OF 1916

IN the sketch of John Andrew Doherty in the Memorial Report of the Class of 1916, these significant words about him are found: "It is a matter of history that no small amount of success which our football teams obtained during our undergraduate life was due to the undaunted and self-sacrificing efforts of the second team. 'Jack's' leadership in this regard is well remembered, and his valuable service as a member of the Varsity team during his senior year in college was but the natural outcome of his integrity."

The young lieutenants of the American army, with their months of obscure and arduous training followed in many instances by mere moments of battle, might well

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figure in a parable of the second team and the brief glory of a swift decisive Varsity game. To such a parable Doherty's record would lend itself.

He was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, September 4, 1894, a son of Daniel Francis Doherty and Augusta Bridget (Williams) Doherty. His preparation for college was made at the Boston Latin School, where he was prominent in athletics. At Harvard he made an important contribution to the football triumphs of his time by his hard work on the second team in his junior year, crowned by his playing at quarterback in the final portion of the game with Yale in 1915, when Harvard won a memorable victory. At the same time he was pursuing his studies with a success which enabled him to take his degree of A.B. at the 1916 midyears. He was a member of the senior nominating committee and of the Hasty Pudding Club.

The Memorial Report of his class describes his subsequent activities as follows:

After his graduation Doherty pursued an advanced course in Sanitary Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the autumn of 1916 he assisted Dr. Paul Withington as a backfield coach at the University of Wisconsin. At the conclusion of the season he returned East and was employed in the drafting division of the Stone and Webster Engineering Corporation, from which he resigned in August, 1917, to accept a position as a sanitary engineer for the State of Massachusetts. Three weeks later he left this position to attend the Second Plattsburg Officers' Training Camp, from which he was commissioned in November, 1917, as a first lieutenant (Infantry).

On January 12, 1918, he sailed for France as a casual. On March 25 he was assigned to Company I, 18th Infantry,

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First Division. With this organization he participated in engagements at Cantigny, the Noyon-Montdidier defensive, and Château-Thierry. He was killed in action near Soissons on July 18.

In the lack of personal detail concerning his service abroad the comprehending reader will feel what is meant in the words of the 1916 Memorial Report: "By education and training Doherty was particularly fitted to serve his country in the war with Germany in many ways; those who knew him, however, were not surprised to hear that 'Jack' had gone to the front with one of the early American infantry units."



KENNETH ELIOT FULLER

CLASS OF 1916

THE father, both grandfathers, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather of Kenneth Eliot Fuller, youngest son of Arthur Ossoli Fuller (Harvard, '77) and Ellen (Minot) Fuller, born at Exeter, New Hampshire, March 9, 1894, were graduates of Harvard. His grandfather, Arthur Buckminster Fuller (Harvard, '43), chaplain of the

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16th Massachusetts Volunteers, killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg, was a brother of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Kenneth Fuller was entitled by inheritance to high qualities, and he came to his own.

Except for one year when his family was living in Cambridge, and he attended the Cambridge Latin School, his preparation for college was made at Phillips-Exeter Academy, in the New Hampshire town of which his father, a practising lawyer, has long been a valuable citizen. He graduated at Exeter second in his class, and came to Harvard, in the autumn of 1912, with a Teschemacher Scholarship. As an undergraduate he became a member of the Pierian Sodality,¹ Cercle Français, Exeter Club, and Varsity Club, the freshman cross-country and track teams, the Varsity cross-country team and track squad. From college he passed to the Law School, and had not completed his first year (1916–17) when the call to arms and his response to it turned his life from what had seemed its destined course. Of what he brought to Cambridge, found there, and bore away with him, a classmate has written with sympathy and understanding in the Memorial Report of the Class of 1916:

His early years in the country and his interest in his work at school left him with a love for the out-of-doors, and a taste for the best in books and music. Throughout his years in college, a camp on the shores of Great Bay and a farm in Marlboro, New Hampshire, were the places he sought most eagerly in vacation; in term time he was anxious to make the best of his courses

¹ It is significant of Fuller's musical interest and capacity that he was afterwards one of a group whose photograph was used as the frontispiece of the *Army and Navy Songbook*.

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and the other intellectual opportunities offered him, supplementing them with independent reading, in which his instinct for the finest and most worth while appeared clearly. Determined to serve the college in return for its service to him, he worked faithfully on the cross-country team, and won his "H" in his senior year. At the same time he gave his best effort to his other work, and graduated with an A.B., *cum laude*.

Through it all he had the attitude of a questioner and seeker. Nothing satisfied him until it was the best and the truest he could achieve. Many commonly accepted ideas, in college and out of it, puzzled him as to their real value, and he eagerly questioned everything he undertook — every new course and every new activity — until he was sure that he had found something he might truly interest himself in. The result of this process was that he acquired certain very definite ideals in which his confidence was unshaken and to which he steadfastly clung.

One of these was his determination to excel in some college activity; another, his resolve to preserve his health at its best, — and these two aims he realized in his athletic accomplishment. A third of his central ideas was to accept no statement, no theory, and no doctrine until he had assured himself of its truth. This principle he put into effect in all his academic work, with the result that he could never bring himself to play the parrot in an examination by echoing the remarks of an instructor, unless he had convinced himself of their truth. Possibly his marks suffered accordingly; certainly his education profited. Add to these aims and principles certain definite likes and dislikes in men and books, a love for France and her literature — and the main ideals to which he was faithful are suggested. Beyond these he was still in doubt as to many problems.

His future course always perplexed him, but after long discussion with himself, his family, and his other advisers, he determined to enter his father's profession of the law. Gradually his first doubts and misgivings were replaced by a vision of real

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usefulness in a legal career, and he gave himself up heart and soul to his work.

Then came the entrance of the United States into the war, and for once he forgot all his problems in the finding of an ideal which he could accept unhesitatingly, sure of its righteousness — an ideal which required no examination to reveal its truth. Everything else faded out before the problem of how he could best serve the country and the Allies. For years he had loved the French literature and spirit, and it had become his cherished dream to travel in France. For years he had saved for this pilgrimage. Now that France was in danger, his love for what she had produced in art transformed itself into desire to fight for the maintenance of her national ideals and the highest standards of his own country.

Fuller was the better prepared to enter the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg — which he did in May, 1917 — for his training at the Plattsburg camp of the previous summer and in the Harvard R. O. T. C. On August 15 he was commissioned second lieutenant of infantry. From August 27 to December 12 he was assigned to the 151st Depot Brigade at Camp Devens; then to the 12th New Hampshire Infantry at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina. In February this organization was designated the 1st Army Headquarters Regiment. On March 15 it was transferred to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and before the end of the month, having embarked at Hoboken on a transport that broke down, and reëmbarked on another, it sailed for France. Arriving at Brest, April 16, Fuller was immediately sent to the Service of Supply Headquarters at Tours, where he was stationed as commanding officer of casualties and judge advocate of a special court, until June 27. Here

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he might have remained indefinitely, but for his own feeling that his place was at the front. At Tours he occupied a post of responsibility. His work was that of his chosen profession, the law; he lived in safety and comfort, among friends. A position in the Judge Advocate Department involving legal employment of a congenial kind and an opportunity to travel throughout his beloved France was offered to him. His superiors urged him to accept it, but he declined, insisting upon more active service, if only because the casualty lists, headed "second lieutenants except where otherwise noted," demonstrated the grave need of men trained, as he had been, for infantry work. Writing to his father of his decision, and expressing the fear that it might not meet with his approval, he said:

It was not easy to refuse such an opportunity, but I have come over here trained to fight in the infantry. I don't think of the future in terms of civilian life except in vague dreams. And if I am to go back to civilian life, my self-respect demands that I have a thoroughly honorable and proud answer to the question,— "What did you do in the great war?" I have acquired a strong dislike for the young, healthy *embusqué*, and it would be a terrible wrench for me suddenly to become one. I think that the second lieutenant who goes "over the top" successfully, displays about the finest qualities a man can have, and for a year my mind has been set on being put to the test to see if I had a share of those qualities. . . . You may say that there are a hundred times more men who can lead a platoon "over the top" than there are that can do such specialized work as the Judge Advocate business; but that is only an optimistic avowal that mankind is well equipped with the finer qualities. Or you may point out that it requires ten men behind the lines over here for every one at the front. The answer to that is, "Who would not rather be that one than one of the ten?"

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It was thus at his own request that he was assigned, on June 27, to Company C, 23d Infantry, 2d Division, which he joined June 30 on the front line opposite Vaux, near Château-Thierry. On the eve of this move he wrote home: "I have never been happier since I joined the Army. I am going to the front where men do the real, honest-to-goodness work of the war,—where they sweat and swear, but go to sleep (when they can) with easy consciences and proud souls." The storming of Vaux took place on the day after his joining the 23d, to which he was attached for the crowded, brief remainder of his life. Through this time the regiment was on the front line or in support, taking part in the semi-open warfare in which the 2d Division was engaged. On July 6, at Triangle Farm, Fuller was placed in command of the senior platoon of his company, and held this command until he was killed. It was not a time for letter-writing, but from the thick of the struggle came these significant words:

How often you hear at home that there is no glory or romance in war, and that war is hell. You believe it, and yet the significance of it never comes over you till you get out here and see for yourself. How the human race could have brought such horrors upon itself is beyond comprehension. All man's philosophy and conception of human nature breaks down. We have got to do everything in our power to bring about permanent peace and rationalism between peoples. The first and most horrible step is to put down the nation that is opposed to such principles.

And in the course of the final fortnight of his life he wrote this letter:

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OUT THERE, GOD KNOWS WHEN.

We lose track of the date, but it must be about July 13.

DEAR FATHER,—

Do you remember that "Kapo" sleeping-bag you helped me to get from Read's in Boston? Well, I slept in it last night and am lying on it now, and I feel as if it were a life-saver. As long as I can keep it with me and keep it dry, I shall be pretty well off. Night before last I made my bed at 1 A.M. on the cold, wet ground, and it consisted of a poor piece of canvas, a raincoat, and one blanket. That is the way I have been living and it is not refreshing.

You and I have read a lot about life at the front, and we have imagined that we had a good conception of what it was like. We had not. And you will not get it. It is one of the things that needs to be experienced to be appreciated. No amount of description would help.

Conditions where I am happen to be very unusual. We are waging unsettled, semi-open warfare and have to jump from here to there and all around. It is a regular gypsy existence. By a great stroke of good luck we have had fair weather, or heaven only knows how we should have stood it. The stars have been my roof generally. Our life is irregular in the highest degree. There is no telling when we shall sleep, when we shall eat, or when we shall fight. Of course, we move during the night.

A few days ago I was separated from my battalion for reasons I cannot explain, and I attached myself to Headquarters Company for the time being. I had lost my pack, but the first night a private lent his blanket to me and another officer, while he doubled up with a comrade. When daylight came I found I was lying close to an old friend and classmate, Dave Loring (Twitchell's roommate). I stuck with him for the next day. He came over with this outfit right after Plattsburg, is now a first lieutenant, and going strong. It sometimes makes me sigh when I see what I might have done if I had started on a different

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course. Still I have had a rich and varied career. I am glad I did not remain at Devens, no matter how much promotion I might have got. Those officers in the Depot Brigade must be pretty disheartened now. I am in a good place now if I can only pick up the necessary knowledge. I doubt if there is a better fighting regiment in the Army. Our colonel is a wonder, I don't suppose he will remain a colonel much longer.

If I stick with this outfit, get a lot of experience, see a lot of action, and stay above ground, there is the possibility that some day I might go back to the States as an instructor. That is, of course, only a vague dream, but it is something to think of.

When I get gloomy about the war, there is nothing helps me so much as to find some *poilus* and talk with them. They are splendid. Though they have suffered so terribly, they are full of fight and hope, and confident that the Boche cannot hold out much longer. They have nothing but praise for the Americans, and the word they use mostly in describing them is *cran*. I guess you know what it means, a sort of dare-devil *élan*, I think.

My personal opinion is that our soldiers are the best in the world, and that if we only had the technique, organization, *liaison*, and what-not, of the French, we could lick the Germans tomorrow. That has got to come slowly. When it arrives and we can roll forward like a huge, well-oiled machine, you may look for peace.

A *poilu* told me an incident last night that delighted him. He was in the thick of some of the hot fighting done by the Americans. We got to a point where the thing to do was dig in and hold on. The Americans dug absurd little dugouts, that would not protect against much more than sunlight. This *poilu* was much disturbed and told them they must dig, dig, dig. The only response he got, according to his story, was, "*Ah! nous ne sommes pas ici pour faire des trous, mais pour faire la guerre.*" (Oh, we are not here to dig caves, but to fight.)

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When I joined Loring the other day, I hiked along with his platoon that night, and at about midnight we drew into a pretty little village where we were to be billeted. The soldiers went in the barns and lots. Loring and I had a room apiece, and we actually found some clean old homespun sheets, and crawled into the big old beds. I took off every stitch of clothing for the first time in ten days. It felt fine and I shall not forget the comfort of that bed. In the morning, we found we were in the midst of a most beautiful piece of landscape,—a charming fertile valley. We went to the river (very celebrated it is), and had a glorious swim. I have never felt cleaner than I did then. My only trouble was that I had no clean underclothing. I have since then obtained some and am tolerably well off.

I rejoined my company on foot that night, and here we are out in the woods, doing I cannot tell you what, until I cannot tell you when.

Some day I should like to indicate for you on a map just what took place and where. Some day also I should like to see some of the letters for me that must be lying around somewhere in France.

Meanwhile I carry on.

Affectionately,

KENNETH.

Co. C, 23d INFANTRY.

Fuller's death in action occurred at Vaux Castille, July 18, 1918, while he was leading a party of about ten of his men in the final rush of a successful attack upon a nest of machine guns which had held up the advance of his company in the American drive upon the western (Soissons) side of the "Marne Salient."

Vaux Castille is merely a cluster of perhaps a dozen peasant cottages, on the western edge of a deep, wooded ravine, almost in the outskirts of Vierzy, eight to ten

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miles south of Soissons. This ravine and wood the Germans had strengthened with machine guns cunningly concealed and so placed that every approach to any one "nest" was commanded by the fire from another. As the Americans were not adequately provided with machine guns or hand grenades, and had only a few automatic rifles, the machine gun nests had to be taken with rifle and pistol. The 23d, moreover, had spent the previous night in making its way, in a pouring rain, through the maze of the Villers-Cotterêts forest, reaching the "jumping-off-place" and getting into position just as the barrage opened; it had advanced several kilometres before reaching Vaux Castille, and naturally was not in the best of condition for hand-to-hand fighting. Nevertheless, it won its objective.

Colonel Bailey of the 15th Field Artillery, which followed the 23d Infantry, gave directions for the burial of Lieutenant Fuller, and afterwards wrote to his father:

The drive southwest of Soissons (Vaux Castille and Vierzy) was the "Antietam" of the war. The 23d and 9th Infantry made a record that day that will live in history. Only Americans like your son could have driven the enemy from the heights across those ravines. It was terrible, but it was magnificent. Your son died in the lead on the edge of the ravine. . . . He was one of the brave fellows who led his men so rapidly, and smashed through the Hun lines with such dash and vigor that I was compelled to move my batteries up five different times that first day in order to fire safely over them. Theirs was a magnificent accomplishment because it was the beginning of the end of the war.

When the 23d Regiment was relieved, on the night of the next day (July 19), it had only 37 officers and 1478

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enlisted men left, out of 99 officers and 3400 enlisted men; it had captured 75 officers and 2100 men from eleven different German regiments and taken two batteries of 150 mm. field guns, one battery of 210 mm., about 100 machine guns, and 15,000 rounds of 77 mm. ammunition.

On the recommendation of the commander of Company C, Lieutenant M. G. Griffin, afterwards killed in the Argonne, Fuller received a posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross with the following citation:

Second Lieutenant Kenneth E. Fuller, for extraordinary heroism in action near Vaux Castille, France, July 18, 1918. When his company was temporarily halted by heavy machine gun fire, 2d Lieutenant Fuller personally led a group of ten men in an attack on the machine gun position. He was killed while leading this attack, but due to his heroic example the enemy position was captured and his company was able to continue its advance.

He also received the *Croix de Guerre*, awarded in these terms:

Le 18 juillet 1918, près de Vaux Castille, a fait preuve d'une grande bravoure en conduisant un assaut sur un nid de mitrailleuses en face de lui. Tué dans cette attaque.

Further honor of a sort rarely bestowed upon one so young and low in military rank was the naming of a temporary camp at the American S. O. S. Headquarters at Tours, "Camp Fuller."

In August, 1920, several large piles of large-calibre German and Austrian shells, still unexploded, were still to be seen in the Vaux Castille ravine. The ground in many places was fairly littered with rifle and machine gun car-

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tridges, exploded or still "alive." Most of the buildings of the hamlet were in ruins, but some had been repaired and reinhabited.

The proprietor of a little garden, at the crest of the ravine, where eight Americans were buried in three graves at the time of the fight, pointed out the places. The bodies had been removed, but search of what had been Fuller's grave revealed a few scraps of clothing and equipment, and two helmets, one pierced by a machine gun bullet.



PROCTOR CALVIN GILSON

LAW SCHOOL 1915-17

PROCTOR CALVIN GILSON, born at DeKalb, New York, February 18, 1891, a son of Jared S. Gilson, came to the Harvard Law School in the autumn of 1915, having graduated in that year from St. Lawrence University of Canton, New York, with the degree of Bachelor of Science. At St. Lawrence he had been prominent in athletics, especially football, in which he played guard on the college team. There also he became a member of the Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity.

At Harvard he pursued his law studies until May, 1917, when he entered the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. On August 15 he was commissioned second lieutenant, infantry, and assigned to Company K, 9th

PROCTOR CALVIN GILSON

Infantry, 2d Division. Between this time and his sailing for France with the "Fighting Ninth," he was married to Marjorie Zoe Phillips, of Carthage, New York, a former student at St. Lawrence University.

In France he was promoted first lieutenant, March 23, 1918. He took part in engagements of the Toul and Troyon sectors, the Aisne defensive, Château-Thierry, and the Marne-Aisne offensive. On June 12, 1918, in response to the first request for military information from the Harvard War Records Office, he wrote: "My company has been once cited by the French for distinguished service." It should be noted also that Lieutenant Gilson was chosen to represent his company in the parade of American troops in Paris on July 4, 1918.

On July 18 he was killed in action near Longpoint, not far from Soissons. With his captain and five other men he had become separated from his company. All of his companions were wounded. After they had lain concealed in a ravine for forty-eight hours without food, Gilson volunteered to bring help. His body was found afterwards near the edge of a wheat field just outside the ravine.

A few days before his death he had received notice that he was to be promoted to a captaincy.



ORVILLE PARKER JOHNSON

CLASS OF 1918

ORVILLE PARKER JOHNSON, born in Duluth, Minnesota, June 10, 1895, while his father was in the ministry and serving a church in Duluth, was the son of Charles Henry Johnson (Harvard, '02) and Elvina (Peterson) Johnson, daughter of the Rev. O. P. Peterson of Brooklyn, New York. His mother died in Albany,

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February 29, 1908. His father, long identified with prison and reformatory work, has been Secretary of the New York State Board of Charities since September, 1916.

Johnson graduated from the Albany Academy in 1914. He was an officer in the battalion of that school, and while sergeant won the sergeant's medal for proficiency in drilling. He entered Harvard College in the fall of 1914, and soon afterwards became a member of the National Guard of Massachusetts by joining in the formation of a machine gun company in the 8th Massachusetts Regiment. At college he belonged to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and played the French horn in the Harvard Regiment band. His enthusiasm for military matters was great, and when the Mexican trouble came in the summer of 1916 he went with his regiment to the border as first sergeant of his company. While there he was appointed second lieutenant, but, owing to certain rules as to length of service and age, the appointment had to be changed by the captain. He returned to college in December, 1916, and made up his studies. In April, 1917, he was elected second lieutenant of his company and qualified, receiving his appointment from the state, April 15.

When war with Germany was declared, he was not only active in recruiting among Harvard men but went from shop to shop in the manufacturing towns about Boston urging men to volunteer and not wait to be drafted into service. His regiment went early in the summer of 1917 to Camp Bartlett, Westfield, Massachusetts, and on August 29, 1917, he was assigned to the Headquarters Company. The organization had been federalized July 25,

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1917. When it was about to embark for France he was transferred, September 26, to Company B, 103d Machine Gun Battalion — the new designation of his unit — composed of men from Maine, Connecticut and Vermont. He left camp October 2, 1917, and sailed from New York on the *Cedric* October 4, arriving in Liverpool October 17, and at Havre October 21.

During the training period he was in charge of various billets. He went into the trenches early in 1918, and shared the part of his regiment in the engagements in the Chemin des Dames and La Reine sectors. In the spring he took special courses in bombing and gassing in the First Corps School, and presumably would have been sent to America as an instruction officer in these branches had he survived. When the Château-Thierry offensive began, his regiment was in the fight, and on July 18, while Johnson was leading his men into the village of Torey, a short distance from Château-Thierry, which had been taken by his company a few moments before, he was struck by a bomb and died a few moments later. One of his sergeants wrote soon afterwards to Johnson's father:

Lieutenant Johnson was not very well known to our company previous to July 16, as he was formerly with a different company, although in the same battalion. But during our short acquaintance of only two days, he proved to his men that he was a wonderful soldier-officer and what was more, a man.

Your son was in command of our third platoon, with a Sergeant Sabine and myself with his two sections. We left Belleau Wood about 6.30 or 7.00 on the morning of July 18, and headed for our objective, which was the town of Torey. This town was about a quarter of a mile away over open country. The infantry had advanced ahead of us, so all we had to

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fear was the artillery. We arrived in Torey with very few casualties, and our lieutenant placed my two guns and then took our other sergeant out in front of the town, in plain view of the enemy and endeavored to find a shell-hole to place the other two guns.

Lieutenant Johnson ran in front of his sergeant around a small shrub. As he did, a small shell — either a one-pounder or a "77" — exploded immediately in front of him. He fell and Sergeant Sabine with some help carried him back into the street of the town where we had a little protection. He was conscious for about ten minutes. I was yelling to find out if any one knew where a Red Cross Station was, and hearing him speak I bent down and he told me it was "down to the church." He repeated that several times. We tried to use a tourniquet on his right leg and left arm, but could do nothing. So by the time that a medical man came, he was very near gone from concussion and loss of blood, and died on the stretcher.

I shall not try to sympathize with you myself, as I could not word it, but you had a man for a son in Lieutenant Johnson.

He was buried in Belleau Wood, where his body now lies. He was much beloved by his men. In the last letter he wrote to his father, the night before he died, he said in closing, "I am asking God to help me to use my brain in order to protect my men, to succeed in my mission, and to act bravely."

The captain of his company wrote:

He was not only extremely popular with his brother officers in the battalion but so with all the men. Never have I met such a man. His untiring persistency in caring for his men was an example never equaled. He led a platoon with the battalion which took and occupied Torey, July 18, 1918. He would never ask or send a man where he would not go. In fact he would not allow one of his sergeants to accompany him on a

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reconnaissance of one section of the town of Torcy. It was on this trip that he met his death from a shell. His sergeant, hearing a shell land near the ruins into which your son had entered, hastened forward. To the end he tried to have the sergeant leave him, fearing for his safety. He met his death as he had lived — ever willing, cool at all times, and his courage unquestioned.

The Lieutenant Orville P. Johnson Post No. 202, Veterans of Foreign Wars, was organized in Albany in 1919. At the Harvard Commencement of the same year the war degree of A.B. was conferred upon Johnson as of the Class of 1918.



ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, JR.

CLASS OF 1918

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, JR., a son of Robert Morss Lovett,¹ of the Harvard Class of 1892, Professor of English in the University of Chicago, an editor of the *New Republic*, and Ida Campbell (Mott-Smith) Lovett, was born at Boston, July 21, 1896. He spent the first year of his life in Italy, where "bimbi" became on his lips "Bimbles"—the name which, more than anything else, recalls him to his oldest friends. His years at the Elementary School of the University of Chicago brought out in him a character of great sweetness and gentleness, relieved, it is true, by humor, but lacking, as his parents thought, in certain

¹ Special acknowledgments are due to Professor Lovett for this memoir.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, JR.

elements necessary to success in a competitive society. In particular he was averse to strife of any sort, a natural pacifist. A teacher recalls seeing him, when a little boy, prone on the grass of the Midway Plaisance but otherwise exhibiting no signs of discomfiture. "Why are you lying there?" she asked. "A big boy knocked me down." "Well, why don't you get up?" "He might knock me down again." Above all, he was devoted to his home and family.

To counteract these unpromising tendencies, when he was thirteen his parents took him to Munich and placed him in a large boarding school in which Herr Römer was trying to stiffen the educational laxity of Bavaria by a little Prussianism. "*Zu streng*" was the comment of the Münchners, and doubly strenuous it was for an American boy, quite ignorant of German, and held, from the moment of his entrance, responsible for obeying all the elaborate regulations of the school. After a time he was allowed to become a day scholar, his first recitation falling at six in the morning and his last at seven in the evening. His father recalls turning on the light in his room one night about eleven, when Robert promptly rolled out of bed, and, with eyes only half open, shed his pyjamas and began to wriggle into his underclothes. At the warning, "It's only eleven; you don't have to get up," he automatically reversed his motions, and without a word sank back into bed. He thus achieved a kind of stoicism which later stood him in good stead. Nothing could touch him further. After two years with Herr Römer he could face the hardships of training camp, officers' school, and front trenches with entire equanimity.

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One great alleviation he found in school life, the excursions into the Bavarian Alps, winter and summer, which were led by the Herr Direktor himself. Two summers were spent at the little village of Sand in the Tyrol; and with his father he made the ordinary ascents in the eastern Alps. A third summer the family spent at Champéry and Chamounix, a summer crowned by crossing to Italy over the Col du Géant, and a return to Switzerland by the Théodule Pass to Zermatt, with an ascent of the Matterhorn. But these summer climbs were nothing in comparison with winter excursions into the Zillertal and Oetzthal Alps made in company with two American boys, William and Edward Thomas. No guides could be engaged. On skis and snowshoes they located passes by contour lines, and dug their way into huts half buried in snow. The second trip culminated in the ascent of the Schwartzenstein from Sand, a night in a hut which they fortunately discovered, where the temperature a few feet from the stove never got above freezing, and a dangerously rapid descent to Mairhofen to catch the last train for Munich. Mountains and mountaineering became the passion of Robert's life. He was not in general a great reader, but the literature of mountain climbing he read in any language. And one thing his mountains did for him, as for Mr. Wells's hero in "The Research Magnificent," — they made him forever free of all sense of fear. That source of suffering of the soldier he was spared.

On the return to America, as Robert still evinced a curiously boyish love of his home, it was decided to send him to boarding school. His great-grandfather had been at Phillips-Andover; his father's college chum, Allen Benner,

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was professor of Greek there, so thither he was sent for three years. As a result of his familiarity with German, he was appointed in successive years to act as guide and interpreter of the American school to exchange teachers from Germany. He took the classical course. He was not a brilliant student; he had little interest in modern literature; but in the classics, in Greek especially, he took real joy. Homer, Sophocles, like the Matterhorn, were part of the great experience in life which his nature craved. He continued his classical studies at Harvard, which he entered in 1914; but in preparation for that competitive struggle which he was never to share, he gave his best efforts to political economy. They were his best, although not very successful. He entered a minor sport, lacrosse, but probation invariably deprived him of the important games. But association with the lacrosse team, with his fraternity brothers of Alpha Phi Sigma, and with friends on the faculty, especially Professor E. K. Rand (who was his godfather), Professor R. DeC. Ward, and others, was the best that Harvard gave him; and it was much. He was a member, moreover, of the St. Paul's Society, the Andover Club, and the Deutscher Verein.

While at Andover and at Cambridge, Lovett had some share in social work for boys, first at Lawrence and later with a library group at South Boston. His interest in these boys was very genuine. They played a part in his education for military office. And another experience was not without significance. In the summer after his sophomore year he acted for a time as a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*. It was the season of the regrettably large number of casualties from drowning; he was regularly assigned

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to interview the family of the victim, and more than once it happened that he was the first to bring the fatal news. His spirit suffered — but the discipline of his sympathy was a preparation.

When the United States entered the war, Lovett, a member of the Harvard R. O. T. C., applied for admission to the training camp at Plattsburg and was accepted. On completing his course there and receiving his commission as a second lieutenant, infantry, he was assigned as an instructor at Camp Devens, but almost immediately was ordered to join the 26th ("Yankee") Division, for service overseas. Unlike many boys, he was not anxious for overseas service. The cruelty of war was utterly repellent to him, and he thought it a peculiarly hard fate which brought him into armed conflict with boys who had been his schoolfellows and friends. Yet, when General Edwards offered to return him to his original assignment at Camp Devens, he refused. When the example of an older lad, who had asked to remain on this side for further training, was pointed out to him, he said: "He's sure that's the real reason. I can't be. I'd better go where they want me." Fortunately he had no question of the good faith of the leaders of the nation, nor did he doubt their assurance that he was to fight in the cause of a better world.

At Westfield, Massachusetts, he went into camp late in August, with the 103d Regiment, as second lieutenant of Company E. In September, 1917, the Division was ordered overseas, and, after a few weeks in England, settled down to a winter of training near Chaumont. Lovett's letters to his family were constant. He knew the terrible

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fear in his home, and made an effort, pathetically evident, to dwell upon the brighter side of war. Never did he speak of the enemy in terms of hatred or contempt. To him they were boys like himself, set apart to die that older, more valuable men with families, financial interests, social responsibilities, and political position might be spared.

He was fortunate in his immediate associates. The company to which he was attached was from Skowhegan, Maine, and had been under the same captain as part of the National Guard of the state. There was understanding and good fellowship between officers and men. To both, his nature, so ready to attach itself by affection and loyalty to the human beings near him, went out. The company became his home. He did not wish to leave it. Captain Healy used to tease him by threatening to reveal his knowledge of German and French, which might have caused his assignment to staff work. When he was sent to an officers' training school, he asked both his colonel and his captain to put in applications for his return to his company. Everyone who knew him will understand Captain Healy's writing that he had come to love him as a younger brother; and will not be surprised that, when he rejoined his company a few days before Marshal Foch's offensive of July 18, he stood before his platoon with the tears running down his cheeks. He had worked hard with the inspiration of learning how to take care of his men. It would have been unspeakable tragedy for him if they had gone into action without him.

On the morning of July 18, the 103d Regiment took part in the offensive from Belleau Wood. The following letter gives an account of events as they appeared a few

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days later, though one material fact is omitted — namely, the failure, on account of bad staff work, of the rest of the brigade to move forward in support, leaving the 103d exposed to flank attack. It was evidently this circumstance which led Lieutenant Lovett to question the orders which he had received.

2 RUE D'AGUESSEAU, PARIS, FRANCE.
July 26, 1918.

DEAR MR. LOVETT:

This letter I typewrite because it is more likely to reach you if it is not in handwriting. I will not intrude upon your grief with expressions of sympathy for the loss of that beautiful lad Robert. But I will tell you all I have been able to learn about him.

Yesterday, the 25th, I was near the front lines when I met Captain Healy, Robert's captain. I heard him mention the name, and asked if the lieutenant he spoke of was your boy. When I found he was, I reached every one I could who had been with him, and spent the day questioning all persons connected with Robert's platoon and company so as to get as accurate an account as possible. The facts are blurred already — just in one little week. The letter Captain Healy will write may be a bit different from mine, but these are the facts so nearly as I can find them out from talking to twenty men. If I say anything that hurts, forgive me; God knows that I would spare you if I could, but I think the day will come when you will want all details.

The friends of Robert's whom I have talked with, besides Captain Healy, are Lieutenant Kirkpatrick, who was with him at Plattsburg; Lieutenant Sniff, a very keen and accurate and sympathetic person; Ward Black, a Y. M. C. A. worker who knew your son well; and Sergeant Emory who was devoted to him. There was a corporal with him at the end, one Laneto. No one knows where he is; he has been evacuated, and all traces of him are lost. But I will do my best to find him. . . .

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On Wednesday night, very late — indeed, almost Thursday morning — word came from General Foch that companies holding the line were to go over almost at once; they were to start at 4.45, Thursday morning, the 18th. It was not possible to get ready by that time, so Robert's regiment (or the companies of them in action) did not start till 7.15. Lieutenant Kirkpatrick went across the day before; he says that Robert teased him about having to go over first. You must know that these lads have a way of jesting over their chances, and Robert was telling him he'd never be back, and laughing and pretending that Kirkpatrick was afraid. All these men say that Robert did not know what fear of danger was, and that before this time whenever he was in action he was always laughing beforehand — sure he was coming back. They did not say that he said he'd come back; but the impression of everyone with whom I talked was that Robert thought nothing could ever happen to him.

But he was very quiet this Thursday morning; Lieutenant Sniff and Sergeant Emory both noticed it. Both these men (and they are not hysterical persons) say that three or four times they have seen brave men quiet in just that way, and they have taken it for a premonition that they would not come back. Robert said almost nothing to any of them.

I have seen those dreadful woods, and I shall try to tell you about them. There is first the fringe of the woods where Robert and his men stood before they went across the open. Then comes a very long stretch of wheat-fields; the wheat is almost hip high, or a little less. I think the fields must be almost half a mile across. Then comes a railroad track, with a gully at the side. On the other side is the hill which the men were to try to take.

This hill, it was known, was manned by various German machine-gun companies, but no one guessed how many there were. The reason why Foch sent his orders so late was that he did not want the Germans to have any warning of what was going to happen. They were to think (and evidently they did

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think) that an enormous force was coming over. If they had guessed how few companies there were, they need not have run away as they did. But because the notice was so short, the officers had no time to reconnoitre. That is, Robert and his men went over territory entirely unknown to them.

Most of the soldiers when crossing the wheat-fields drop into them occasionally for cover. I assume that Robert and his platoon must have done this; at any rate, there were very few losses until they had got well past the wheat-field bisected by the road; then they got into the rest of the wheat-field and approached the gully. At that point, as I understand it, Captain Healy had ordered Robert to take his platoon and go about by the left flank of the hill. (I have seen this country up to within a few score yards of the gully; but I can only tell you from hearsay how the ground was just about there.) Robert and his men lay flat, and began to crawl through the wheat. The machine guns were not turned upon them, but the German snipers shot at them. When he was half way to the bit of woods he was to take (just a few trees, I understand, where Germans were supposed to be lurking), Robert came back. When he started, young Emory begged him to be careful. He said Robert was so fearless and he had been crawling rather recklessly. Robert did go carefully, and reached Captain Healy safely. He said, "Captain, they're sniping my men. Have I got to go on?" The Captain replied that the woods had to be taken. ("I told Lovett he had to do it; I thought it was only a bit of brush. Anyway, it had to be done.") So Robert said, "All right; I'll go on with what men I have left."

He started back and came safely to his men. They crawled on a bit further and then halted for a time; they had been losing men pretty heavily. Robert kept crawling up and down his line of men to give them instructions and "to see how things were going," as Emory says. Emory kept warning him to crawl with as little movement as he could, and he did. At one time he took three men, did some reconnoitering, and got back

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safely. Then Emory seems to have been separated from him, and Lancto was beside him. At something like nine o'clock Robert was shot in the thigh by a sniper. He said, "That's a funny place to get hit." That wound was evidently not serious. Some of the men I talked with say that at that moment the order came for the company to retreat and that Robert began to crawl back with the others. Some say that before the order came to retreat he was again shot; that is, that he did not attempt to crawl. If I can find Lancto, I may learn about this. But, in any case, soon after he had the first wound he was shot again, this time in the head. The two men beside him were also shot. It may have been machine-gun firing this time, or it may have been sniping. In any case Lieutenant Sniff says he knows he did not suffer. Lieutenant Sniff says the nervous exaltation is such that a man does not feel these bullet wounds; with shrapnel it is different. They are all of the impression that Robert died almost instantly after the second wound, or wounds, in his head; that when the retreat was ordered and the men had to crawl away, leaving their wounded, your son was done with all this bitter war.

But this is true: when the litter-bearers went out to find the wounded, the Germans had stolen Robert's watch and money — everything he had, even letters. He was buried in the little cemetery at Bouresches. I can scarcely get permission to go there again, or I would gladly get a picture of his grave. It is just a little town, shelled very much, chiefly by the Germans, where the civilians have just begun to creep back. These French civilians will care for the grave and keep flowers on it all summer.

Robert had just come back from school, where he had distinguished himself very much. All his friends in the company were impressed with his mental power. He talked a good deal in that last week of his life about what had happened at school. Ward Black had a long conversation with him; Mr. Black used often to bring Y. M. C. A. supplies to his men. Robert was very anxious that they should be as well supplied with extras as pos-

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sible, and often asked Mr. Black to do errands for this platoon. He told Mr. Black how he had been assigned to another division and had not wanted to leave his own original division, and had got Captain Healy to arrange for him to return. I asked Captain Healy if he had spoken much in that last week of things at home and he said no; that Robert had said only that he would ask, or had asked, you to get a watch for Captain Healy like his own.

No one seems to remember much of what Robert said in detail, but they all speak of his lovable personality. They say that no one could have been braver, or more cheerful, more boyish. He liked to tell them of the pranks he used to play as a young lad, — such as pawning his suit case. Captain Healy says his conduct over here was in all ways what you would have been proud of. I cannot tell you what love he seems to have inspired and what grief, especially in Captain Healy and young Emory. Captain Healy was in tears when he told me about having to give him that order to take his men on the flank. "I never loved a man as much as I did Lovett," he said. Poor Emory could not speak without his voice breaking.

I don't know how to write this letter, Mr. Lovett; how to tell you and his mother how much that cheerful, thoughtful personality meant to Company E in the way of example to the men, and to the officers. He laughed at hardships, but he never let his men have more hardship than they must. I carried away such a sense of sunny youth. They wanted me to tell you that he really had been happy over here; liked the soldier life. I am glad his end was so easy; you need not think of him as lying wet or wounded or suffering; the great agony of some, Robert never had to suffer.

As to finding Lancto — I may not be able to do it. It is amazing how soon facts and men are lost track of here. No one of his company could tell me anything about him. . . . Later he will be found, but I want to reach him soon, while he can remember freshly.

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Captain Healy will write you, too. There is no more that I can learn. With deep sympathy,

Faithfully yours,

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN.

In the Thirtieth Anniversary Report of the Class of 1892 there is the following brief summary of the circumstances of Lovett's death:

The engagement in which he lost his life occurred at the very beginning of Foch's offensive. The attack was to have begun at 4.30 of July 18, but it was not until three hours later that the regiment emerged from the Belleau Woods. The objective which Robert's company was to take was evidently too strong, for it did not yield until two days later. Robert got his platoon into cover in a wheat field and crawled back across the open grounds to report his losses and ask if he was to continue the attack. They said "Yes," and he answered very cheerfully, "Then I'll go on with the men I have left." He was very proud of his men. He might have had an instructor's position, but he did not wish to leave them. Very few of the platoon engaged escaped death or severe wounds. His own death was probably instantaneous, just as a retreat was ordered.



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LAW SCHOOL 1908-10

LESTER CLEMENT BARTON was born, June 27, 1884, in the Chicago suburb of Maywood, Illinois, founded in 1869 by his grandfather, William Thomas Nichols, colonel of the 14th Vermont Regiment, which played an important part in the action under General Stannard on the third day of the Battle of Gettysburg. This soldier, reputed the first Vermonter to enlist for the Civil War, was himself descended from Neri Crampton, a young lieutenant with Ethan Allen at the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga. Through his father's family, Barton traced descent from three holders of his name in as many generations who took part in the War of the Revolution; from Sarah (Towne) Cloyce, acquitted of witchcraft at about the same time

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that her sisters, Rebecca (Towne) Nourse and Mary (Towne) Easty, were executed, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, for this supposed offense; and from Stephen Hopkins of the *Mayflower* company. He was the eldest son of George Preston Barton, long a practising lawyer in Chicago, now living in California, and of Lucy (Nichols) Barton.

Barton attended the public schools in Chicago, and graduated from the Chicago Manual Training School in 1901. A year at Phillips Academy, Andover, then prepared him to enter Yale, in the autumn of 1902, with the Class of 1906. At Andover he won a prize in Latin and graduated with high standing. At Yale he took part in football, rowing, and basketball.

His connection with the Harvard Law School for two years followed one year (1906–07) of legal study at the University of Chicago. Five years after graduating from Yale he gave the following account of himself in the Class Report of 1911:

The year following graduation I lived at home and attended the Law School of the University of Chicago, the co-educational atmosphere of which was quite a contrast to my previous eight years' experience. Then, being short of funds, as usual, I took a photographic outfit and two friends up into Minnesota and Wisconsin to two militia camps and took in \$900 in two weeks. Feeling that the possession of so much wealth in a large city might have a pernicious effect on my character, I immediately started for Wyoming with the same two and one more friend, and we took a thousand-mile trip with six horses, starting from Lander and including the cosmopolitan metropolis of Thermopolis, Yellowstone Park, and Jackson's Hole. After a month in Chicago it seemed to me that the most profitable thing I could

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do then, under all the circumstances, was to look around the West some more, and incidentally earn my own living, inasmuch as I could n't raise enough money to go to Harvard Law School. So I bought an eight-thousand mile round-trip ticket (including Phoenix, Arizona, and Victoria, B.C.) and started the latter part of November. Among other things I wholesaled from San Diego to Seattle my own photographs of the Atlantic Squadron, then on its way round the world. Had a little office in 'Frisco and two or three assistants. On this trip I made at least 20,000 prints and covered about 15,000 miles in all. Returned to Chicago in July.

The following two years, which I spent at Harvard Law School, I look back on with a great deal of satisfaction. For the past six years, I have made some kind of a Western trip each summer, and feel very familiar with the country out there. This past summer (1910) I returned to Chicago about October 1, passed my bar exams, got a job as attorney for Charles Hall Ewing and the Helen Culver estate. . . .

Soon after this beginning he served for a time as assistant state's attorney for Cook County, Illinois, and later was engaged in examining titles for the Chicago Title and Trust Company. In 1916 he opened a law office of his own and entered upon independent practice.

The beginnings of his military service are summarized as follows in the "Yale Obituary Record":

When war was declared he almost immediately offered himself at the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, but was required to wait, on account of a sprained knee, until the second camp, which he entered on August 27, 1917. On November 27, 1917, he was commissioned a second lieutenant of field artillery, and immediately ordered to France. He sailed by way of Halifax and England, and reached France, January 7, 1918. There he followed the regular intensive train-

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ing at Saumur, and in April, 1918, he was assigned to Battery B, 101st F. A., 26th Division, then stationed at Toul. Early in May he had a leave and visited his sister Thyrza (Mrs. Sherman W. Dean), a Y. M. C. A. worker in Paris, and his half-brother, William S. Barton, a sergeant in the ambulance service.

Soon after Barton reached France he set up the practice of sending bulletin letters, "dope sheets" he called them, to a number of friends in America. They told of what he was both doing and thinking. In the first of them he had to relate an accident to his foot while he was riding at the Field Artillery School at Saumur. The second was written from a hospital cot in the officers' ward of Base Hospital 27, at Angers, where he spent several weeks recovering from this injury.

The only joy of the situation is the marvellous opportunity to read and study, without distractions, and I am fully taking advantage of it. The available books are the only limitation. Besides the occasional Paris edition of New York and Chicago newspapers, magazines, etc., during the past three and a half days I have read: 1. "The Preacher of Cedar Mountain," a story of the Black Hills, and Chicago, in the 80's, by Ernest Thompson Seton. It is a better tale than I supposed he could write, and some parts of it strike a responsive chord in my own experience,—as to a love for the open places of the West, etc. 2. "Kitchener's Mob" is very similar to "Over the Top," but is written by a more intelligent man and possibly from a less egotistical viewpoint. It is only 200 pp. and a vivid piece of writing. 3. Some of the latest Sherlock Holmes stories, entitled "His Last Bow." 4. Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina." Have only read 225 pp. out of the two volumes, so far, but am entirely fascinated. I shall certainly get hold of some more of his books, and confess that I have read none before. This one reminds me of de Morgan's "Joseph Vance" in its detailed characterization,

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but seems more interesting and meaty. In addition to reading I am planning to keep up with the work at the school, certainly the book part of it, and unless I am out more than a month, which is n't likely, I shall hope to finish with the others about the middle of April. By the time they all arrive, there will be almost 700 student officers in the school.

When he joined the 26th Division he took pleasure in meeting a number of Harvard men among the officers. Much of the news he sent home had to do with experiences common to all. In one letter written from the front, and but indirectly connected with his work as a field artillery officer, he showed himself an attentive and appreciative observer.

June 8, 1918.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Yesterday I had a most wonderful experience — as great and joyous a thrill as one can have — at least from a mechanical contrivance — my first flight of $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours, in an aeroplane.

The afternoon was bright and hot, so they told me the air would be "bumpy" if we went up before 4.30 P.M. That means the heat waves would be rising and make us ride like a ship in a storm.

So the French *capitaine* had telephoned his superiors, and obtained permission. I was dressed for the air as for a polar trip and my pilot was ready. He was a delightful little Frenchman — named René Rodier — and an adjutant (i.e. sergeant), as is the French practice, instead of a commissioned officer.

He took his seat in the small cockpit, up front near the bow of the "bus," and I mine about 5 feet back of him. He explained how to signal him if I saw any Boche planes, nodded ready, and the *poilu* started to turn the long propeller blade. Soon the motor started, the machine was turned in the right direction, the motor speeded up with a tremendous roar and rush, and we started over the ground very fast.

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I looked back at my friends, and found them holding on to their hats, with backs turned, in an awful cloud of dust from the zephyr originated by our propeller. In 5 seconds they were away in the distance and then we started up and left all cares behind; said good-bye to prosaic Mother Earth. We flew through the air: now low, just above cathedral spires, closely clustered red-tiled roofs, over pastures, woods, and workers in the fields, skimming the tops of fortified hills; now high, just below the lofty cumulus clouds, with the earth on an apparently flat, vari-colored floor beneath us. The many straight and curving white lines are roads, the patches of dark green are forests, the little clusters of red and gray spots are villages, the extensive straight-line patterns in shades of brown, red and yellow, are cultivated fields, and the dark curving lines disappearing in the haze of the distance, are rivers.

The roar of the motor is terrific, the blast of air it sends back at a speed of 150 miles an hour, is tremendous, but very stimulating. I lean over the side of the shining framework, and see directly under us the zig-zag lines of the trenches. Yonder lies Germany, and the enormous power of the Kaiser, now struggling mightily in its death throes, a land in which every material thing is now marvellously organized for the purposes of war, death, and destruction.

I stand up in my little pit, only to be bent back by the force of the wind. Then I raise the semicircular support of my Lewis machine gun, and brace myself erect with head above the top wings. It is glorious! The fresh air is forced into my throat and nostrils; the quivering machine goes steadily along, seemingly and almost actually as safe and sure as an automobile or express train. It seems as though the leather casque would be torn from my head by the air blast. Below are alternating lights and shades of the cloud patterns on the earth, just above are the brilliant sun and the dazzling white clouds themselves.

A short distance beneath and to one side, is my friend, waving to me from his plane; its wide stretch of taut surfaces

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glistens in the sunlight, and the red, white and blue of France and America, stands out on the top of each wing, painted in concentric circles. Oh, this flying is the king of sports, worth living for, or dying for. What matters it if we are overtaken by sudden oblivion under such conditions? It is an ideal death compared to being dismembered by a shell in a hole; even the thought of it causes no fear.

Are any Boche planes in sight? I adjust my *mitrailleuse* and practise sighting at various angles to be ready for emergencies. The magazine holds 94 rifle-calibre cartridges, in series of 3, standard, tracer, and incendiary bullets. It can be fired from almost any angle.

We are now circling down towards the dots which represent my regimental echelon. The motor has been cut down and is less noisy. The nose of the plane is pointing earthward, with the wings tipping an angle of more than 45 degrees. To my surprise it all seems normal and natural, this swooping down from the skies. The machine is perfectly steady and the commotion is less. There are no strange physical sensations about it, any more than sitting in a chair on the veranda. Comparatively speaking, descending in an elevator is a mild adventure. It takes an unexpected length of time to descend enough to really reach the warm strata of air and make the acquaintance of the landscape. Just 300 metres below is my battery picket line, with 150 horses, and the roofs of the "Adrian" barracks. The men are moving dots. We circle around the little 12th century village, between the hills, and the little stream passing by the small church tower, and start back for our hangar.

Flying at a low altitude is in many ways more interesting than up above, though more dangerous if anything goes wrong. One notices then the speed, which is not the case up in the clouds. It is the difference between a river and the middle of the ocean.

The hills and irregularities of the ground become visible. The little goings and comings on the earth below enter into our consciousness, and become matters of interest.

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There is our field. We circle around and dive down just above the sheds, to attain a low altitude before straightening out for our first contact with the ground. The difficulty and danger of landing at once becomes apparent as we quietly glide over the grass at 50 or 60 miles an hour. A little hillock or bump would turn us over and destroy the machine.

A sudden slight jar, and in a moment we are on the wheels, with tail dragging, and in a quarter of a mile have stopped. The motor is then speeded up enough to roll us back to our hangar.

We climb out, covered with smiles, and a feeling of immense satisfaction, and remove our warm heavy clothing.

It was perfect.

In a letter of July 7 his thoughtfulness and the seriousness with which he faced the future were strikingly revealed:

Recently I read an article in the May *Atlantic Monthly* on "The New Death." Possibly I can appreciate some of the things stated in it better than you can. But we do hope and believe that the effort we are making here will be for the greater good. There is much idealism on the part of the men over here to which they have not the time or inclination or ability to give utterance. There is also much matter-of-factness, disgust with the whole business, or happy-go-lucky acceptance of what comes along. It is true that the majority have only a slight conception of what they are getting into, before they leave America. It is appalling to think of what these nations have suffered during the past four years. But after a while one gets acclimated to most anything, if he is still alive. I consider that I have had comparatively a very easy time of it thus far. Life never seemed sweeter or better. I have a good chance to survive, but if I don't my great wish is that I am not snuffed out in some fool way by a shell back of the lines but rather while actively engaged in some effort really worth while.

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It was in the Aisne-Marne offensive, at the northern edge of Belleau Wood, that Barton was killed in action, July 19, 1918. He was sent forward, July 17, as liaison officer with the infantry, to transmit to the artillery the requests of the infantry, and to help in directing batteries against the German machine guns and other targets—a hazardous mission. The liaison runner who accompanied him, Private John F. Walsh, an eye-witness of his death, has thus described the scene:

It was about three or four P.M. We were lying in a shell hole, which was about three or four feet deep, for protection. We started forward to get the wounded and bring them back. After a few trips we sought cover in another shell hole, because the barrage was heavy; also, machine guns were sniping us.

When it quieted down a bit, I saw Lieutenant Barton start forward again. He had gone about forty feet when I saw him throw up his hands and fall forward. I went forward to see what was the matter. On getting there I found he was dead — killed instantly by a shell.

In General Orders from the Headquarters of the 26th Division he was cited in the following terms:

For meritorious service. On July 18 and 19, 1918, during the Aisne-Marne offensive, as liaison officer of the infantry, he went forward with the attack of the infantry on Torey. At the time visibility was difficult, owing to the dense mist which covered the ground. He fearlessly, under heavy machine gun and shell fire of the enemy, went to the most forward portions of the line, obtaining and transmitting to the artillery exact information of great value. He continued to expose himself in the performance of his duty until killed by enemy shell fire.

A strange sequel of Barton's death was that when his brother and sister visited the scene of the Belleau Wood

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fight in January, 1919, they found there a mud-stained handkerchief marked with his name, and that still later his helmet, inscribed with his name in his own handwriting, was picked up on the field.

A poem in Barton's memory by Eunice Tietjens, rounds out the record of his life in the expression of a sorrow and pride which soldiers such as he have left behind them:

THIS MUCH IS LEFT US —

*The guns are silent now, and all the dust
Of shattered flesh returned into the earth.
Friend sleeps with foe, nor any windy gust,
Nor summer rain can wake them to new birth.*

You died, then, you and seven million more.
You died for home, or victory, or peace.
These things we have, and life's much as before,
Save for the silence where your voices cease,

Save for the human silences that come
When those who loved you suddenly are still
Remembering — or at twilight when the numb
Sore spot in the mind like an old wound aches chill.

Life runs the same. The outer shell of living
Which, when we lost you, covered emptiness,
Is deepening now, is taking form, and giving
Solidity to what was bodiless.

Oh, we have not forgotten! We remember,
Yet we have lost the glory of your days.
Time circles still from spring to stark December
And we slip back into the trodden ways.

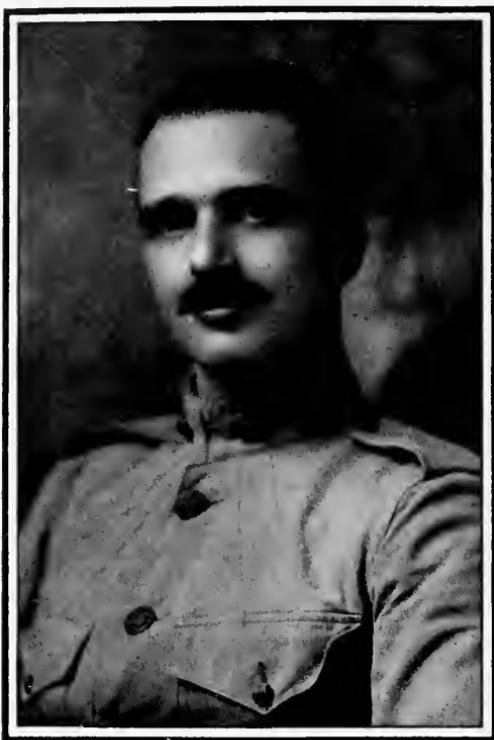
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Yes, we grow old. And our once naked hearts
That glowed like steel with agony and wrath,
Grow dusty with long days, and little arts
And gracious nothings deck the aftermath.

But you are free, who went in that white glow
And laid you down with tragedy for bride;
Life cannot touch you; you can never grow
Old and cold and dusty at our side.

For you are youth, who now have cheated time,
And you are courage flung against the sky —
One with all radiant things, that in their prime
Are frozen into beauty when they die.

And death, who had his will of you, can never
Still that high courage with a thousand wars.
And we who love you hold you now forever,
As wide and white and peaceful as the stars.



CARLETON BURR

CLASS OF 1913

CARLETON BURR, known to his intimates as "Chubby," was a son of Isaac Tucker Burr, of the Harvard Class of 1879, and Alice McClure (Peters) Burr. He was born at Milton, Massachusetts, August 29, 1891. After attending the Noble and Greenough School in Boston, as a younger boy, he entered Milton Academy, from which he graduated in 1909. Proceeding immediately to Harvard, where he became a member of the In-

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stitute of 1770, D. K. E., Polo, Kalumet, O. K., Hasty Pudding, and A. D. Clubs, he graduated from college with the Class of 1913.

During his college vacation in the summer of 1911, his sister has written, he went to Newfoundland with the Grenfell Association and, entering with the true spirit of his leader into its work, made a trip with Dr. Grenfell up the Labrador Coast, visiting the natives and bringing them relief. Immediately after his graduation he travelled through the West with his classmate, George v. L. Meyer, Jr., out to the Pacific, and then on a hunting trip in the mountains of Wyoming. For the year following his return from this trip in October, 1913, he worked in the Boston office of Kidder, Peabody and Company during the week, as he expressed it in a Class Report, "and watched my friends get married on Saturdays." The next autumn he entered the employ of the Paul Revere Trust Company, with which he remained until its consolidation with the State Street Trust Company, in January, 1916. In February, the better qualified for usefulness by the training of a Plattsburg camp in the summer of 1915, he set sail for France with his classmate, Oliver Wolcott, for work in the American Ambulance Field Service. Immediately attached to Section 2 on the Verdun front, he remained there as a driver until June. Then he was transferred to Section 9, and sent to the Vosges as its director. He continued in this service until his return to the United States early in February, 1917. A few passages from the letters he wrote to his family during this year at the front are illuminating.

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PARIS,
March 2, 1916.

Jack Brown, who has just returned from the front and is taking *La Touraine* home on Saturday, has very kindly consented to be the bearer of this letter. It is a fortunate opportunity as, under these circumstances, I shall be able to write very freely and to enclose these photographs which, through the mail, would probably never get by the French censor. You will find on the back of each photograph a full explanation. Very unfortunately, the one I should have valued most did not come out. It was a close view of the new ambulance marked "Francis Hardon Burr."¹ This car was delivered from the factory about four days ago (and not in forty-eight hours as Uncle Allston expected), and was taken out to Section 3 (in the Vosges) by Waldo Pierce, who played on the same team with "Hooks."

The "Doc"² returned from the front yesterday, where he has been on one of his regular rounds. After lunch he interviewed each one of us new men separately, and informed us where we were going, with the special injunction that we should tell no one. He is sending O. and me and one other man tomorrow to Section 2, which is now operating just outside of Verdun, at which point is now being waged probably one of the greatest battles of the war. Of course, we are thrilled in spite of all the hardships which we anticipate. The "Doc" tells us that this section is being terribly hard-worked, that both men and cars are continually breaking down, and it is for this reason that he is sending three fresh drivers with three new cars to relieve the others as soon as possible. Apparently the men are now living in an old barn which affords practically no comforts. They get very little sleep, and, as the roads are in frightful condition, they are all plastered with mud. However, as O. and I desired particularly to get into the thick of it, we are looking forward

¹ Carleton Burr's cousin, of the Harvard Class of 1909, who died in 1910.

² A. Piatt Andrew (Harvard, Ph.D., '00).

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eagerly to this life. The trip from here to Verdun will probably take us three days and will be all the way through the famous battlefield of the Marne. We shall travel in convoy with a French *conducteur* on the first machine.

The "Doe" impressed upon us particularly that in our letters home all we could mention was our health and the weather and could give absolutely no description of our whereabouts. Accordingly, as both these topics are fairly bromidic, and as we expect to be frightfully busy, you will probably get very little news from me in the next few weeks unless, of course, I find another special despatch bearer. Don't forget that I shall be always most grateful for news from home! My address in the future will be: *S. S. U. 2; Convoy Automobiles, par B. C. M., Paris.*

S. S. U. stands for *Service Sanitaire United States*. They used to have an *A* (for *Américaine*) instead of the *U*, but it was constantly being confused for *Anglais* and they were accordingly forced to change. *Par B. C. M.* means "Through the *Bureau Central Militaire*." This address will reach me, no matter where the Section may be moved. By the way, Section 2 is the famous one of which Salisbury is the leader and which has been glorified by Buswell in his book.

I have dined almost every night in Paris since my arrival here with either Norman Prince or Victor Chapman (both of the Flying Corps) or Rex Carey of the Embassy. The many incidents which these three have related would fill a volume, and I am afraid you will have to wait till I get home to hear many of them. Victor Chapman, who served a year in the Foreign Legion and was once wounded, was really the most interesting. . . .

It has been very striking to me, from the bits of gossip I have picked up here and there, to learn how much the French dislike the English. The former are convinced the latter are shirking their duties on land, and have many stories to corroborate their beliefs. Also, the unsupportable manners of the English officers are very irritating to the French. There is no doubt that if the

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English made an offensive now, it would do much to relieve the German pressure at Verdun. Of course, it may be said in behalf of the English, that fighting on one's own territory and on foreign soil are two different parts of speech; which fact, I think, is frequently overlooked by the French.

O. and I were remarking only last night as to how callous to present conditions we had both become in only one week. For instance, when we landed in Bordeaux we almost fell over each other trying to get a photograph of a man in one of the new steel helmets. On the contrary, the other night we casually went to sleep while some of the French 75's just outside the city were firing at a supposed Zeppelin. The whistle of the shells sounded to me more like a high-pitched tuning fork in vibration than anything else I can describe.

PETIT MONTAIRON,
March 13.

Since we left Paris we have been frightfully busy, but almost every moment has been interesting. We had a most fascinating trip from Paris here under the auspices of a very intelligent French *conducteur* by name of Wolf. Our way took us through Meaux, Montmirail, St. Dizier, Bar-le-Duc, Souilly and finally here. The first-named place marks the spot at which the German advance to the east of Paris was checked. All the way we travelled on beautiful roads lined on either side with lofty poplars spaced at regular intervals. At each town we came to we were held up by a sentry demanding our papers, and were then allowed to pass through the picturesque little village crowded to the breaking point with reserve troops and munitions. It certainly made my blood thrill.

On reaching this point, late on the second night, I saw at a glance what we were up against. Petit Monthairons consists of an old château and its few retaining buildings. I guarantee you will not be able to find it on any map, but it is just half-way between Aincemont and Villers. The château itself is used as the hospital. Our section, including as many more

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Frenchmen, is quartered (on straw mattresses and *brancards*) in the upper part of the château barn. The lower portion of the same building is utilized as a coffin factory. Meals are served in an old and filthy farmhouse just outside the walls (about the grounds). Very fortunately, however, there was no room in the barn for any more when we arrived, so that, after spending one almost sleepless night in our ambulances, O. W. and I and two others discovered a little house in the back of the grounds, built into the wall, and there we spread our straw mattresses. The house, I may add, has not as much floor space as our playhouse, but is much more massive in structure.

Of course we have enough thrills to keep us interested. The Boches have a nice little gun the other side of the river behind a hill, which lets us know of its existence about thrice daily by sending over shells at about three-minute intervals. These are aimed evidently at Ancemont and Villers respectively, each of which is a considerable traffic centre. Some of these messengers come excitingly near us, however, and, in fact, one shell has already removed about half the roof of a small building not over a hundred feet from the château. It is perfectly wonderful how quickly man adapts himself to new environments. When I first got here, it actually annoyed me when anyone spoke to me, as I wished to concentrate my whole attention on the unceasing cannonading which is ever present in this locality; also, I used to gape open-mouthed at the countless aeroplanes above, or stand by the roadside, lost in admiration and wonderment at the endless *ravitaillement* or convoys. Now, I am actually beginning to feel that my life would be incomplete without all these. I will frankly admit, however, that I do not believe I shall ever feel perfectly at home with shells or, more especially, with bombs from hostile aeroplanes. I am sure that on my return you will notice a marked shrinkage of my neck, as the result of pulling my head down into my collar several times daily.

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March 22.

. . . This life is a fascinating one, as every day brings new incidents into one's life. My only regret is that I cannot transfer to you at home my many and varied impressions, but, as the Frenchman says: "*Il ne faut pas être difficile, c'est la guerre!*" This philosophy has actually become already a part of my existence, and I assure you that the constant rumble of artillery is more musical to my ear than the sordid drone of the ticker.

April 1.

. . . I belong to a very exclusive little club here now, consisting of the local coffin-maker, an *infirmier* in the hospital, a man who shuices out the sinks, and myself. We four have had several social evenings which consist chiefly in listening to the coffin-maker sing. Such soirées are doing much to improve my French. The reason I became a member of this select circle was because I bought them ten litres of *pinard* (red wine) the last time I was in Bar-le-Duc. One could buy his way through Hell in this country with *pinard* or cigarettes.

At several different times lately I have seen Boche prisoners trudging along the roads escorted by mounted *gendarmes*, and every time I have been struck by the youthful appearance of the men. Of course, both armies use their youngest men for attacking purposes, but some of the Germans I have seen could not have been over sixteen or seventeen. Some of them look scared to death, but for the most part they are smiling and cheerful and seem very happy at the thought of being through with it all. I personally do not blame them a bit! Unfortunately it is forbidden to speak to them, otherwise I should have long since attempted to exchange cigarettes with one in return for his much coveted helmet.

My respect for the Ford as an automobile has augmented enormously since I have been over here. As an ambulance, also, it is far more practical than the heavy, cumbrous vehicles of the French and British. Of course, it holds only three *couchés*, while the French and British hold double the number; but all

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the *blessés* much prefer to ride in our cars, as they would rather be rocked over the poor roads than bumped over them. The number of my car is 148, and on its side it bears the name of "Amory Carhart." I have never heard of Amory, but if he should overhear the invectives I hurl at his namesake sometimes when she refuses to start on a frosty morning he might almost feel ashamed of himself for his generosity. I don't know what he'd think of me!

Well, I must start old 148 in order to warm up my radiator water for a shave. Such are the luxuries of life when one is in the Army!

April 18.

. . . I believe I witnessed one of the most awful spectacles the other day which any morbid character could ever hope to see. Very near us here is a munition park where thousands of pounds of high explosives, in one form or another, are stored. Some soldiers were loading a camion (truck), and one of them must have dropped a case of grenades. At any rate, a terrific explosion ensued, blowing three camions into atoms and literally spattering seven soldiers and four horses all over the adjacent field. Some day, if you so desire, I will give you the minute details of that scene as witnessed by my own eyes. All day long I had a little tight knot in the pit of my stomach as the result. I could not help thinking, also, how ghastly it would have been if one of those mangled human forms had been someone I had cared for in life, or even someone I had known.

But, fortunately, the life of an ambulance driver is not a continual "campaign of frightfulness." In other words, one is not all the time up to his knees in blood. In fact we come much more in personal contact with the live and active troops than we do with the *blessés*. The *grands blessés* are loaded into our cars by lazy, genial *brancardiers*, and for the most part don't peep until we reach our destination. One might be carrying so many barrels of apples for all the part played by any personal equation in such a transaction. On the other hand, the *petits*

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blessés are, for the most part, so delighted to have received a *bonne blessure*, with the outlook of two or three weeks of *repos*, that one cannot but rejoice with them. One certainly can't blame them for such a point of view! Many extremely interesting experiences are related to us by the *blessés*, and they are always ready to talk, providing, of course, that they are not too far gone.

June 2.

S. is correct, of course, in his statement that the ambulance drivers become callous. I defy anyone to do the work we are doing and not become callous! After all, we at home maintain a certain air of mystery about the dead, simply because we are unaccustomed to seeing men die or even after they are dead. For example, now it would not give me a qualm, if I were wounded, to lie in an ambulance between two dead men, whereas at the beginning, such an episode would have made the cold chills run down my back. I think we all over here have much more feeling for the badly wounded than we have for the dead. Surely death is an easy relief for all suffering! . . .

It was yesterday at high noon that some of us were lounging about our cars in the sunny courtyard of one of the hospitals situated near the railroad station. Some one, looking up, perceived a squadron of Boche planes so high in air that they gave the appearance of being pure white. It was not long before the dreadful whirring of a bomb was heard and the resultant crash. The first bomb was followed by others in quick succession. It soon became evident that the railroad station was their objective, as the bombs were falling thickest in this location although the damage done was by no means confined entirely to this area. It was on the third shot, I believe, that I heard the heart-rending cry of a wounded woman. Everyone who was able jumped for some cellar, with the exception of our Ambulance men and a few *brancardiers*. Of course, when we heard the whine of falling bombs we would flatten ourselves on the street and await the crash. I remember distinctly doing the

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“dip” in a little *place* in which I was alone. I had not time to get to my feet before another bomb would start falling. The total damage was thirty-eight killed and one hundred and eight wounded, and, with the exception of four or five, every one of these casualties was taken to the nearest hospital by an American Ambulance man, either in his arms or in his car. One of our ears was riddled with holes, and several of our men had miraculous escapes. Oliver just escaped being badly hurt by a flying brick. Another man was standing within fifteen feet of the only bomb which did not go off, when it landed. In short, all our men behaved themselves wonderfully, although afterwards, when comparing notes, we each admitted having been terrified. The hardest thing for me to bear was the sight of wounded children. I carried in my arms at one time a little girl of about three and a half years, with her little fat thigh riddled with holes. Not a whimper did she utter, but just put her little arms around my neck and hung on. I have heard since that she died, although I am still not sure of it. A hundred and one similar instances occurred which I shall relate to you on my return. The net result for us, of course, was that we completely won the favor of the inhabitants of the town, and we have only to ride through the streets to hear the frequent cries of “*Vive les Américains!*” It is quite a different attitude from the way in which we were received.

BORDEAUX,
July 9.

Here I am in Bordeaux again and many miles from the rattle of musketry. “Doe” has put me in charge of a squad here, with the simple little object of unpacking and preparing to ship to Paris twenty-nine new Fords which have just been landed. Although I have been here for three days now, this is literally the first moment I have been able to call my own. You have no idea what a colossal undertaking this is, as all the cars have to be assembled on the dock, run through the town to a carpenter who puts on temporary wooden bodies, and then thoroughly

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oiled and greased to be run over the road to Paris. I expect to be here for at least a week more. . . .

The week I spent in Paris was an extremely busy one, as I had no sooner got there than "Doc" went off on one of his tours, leaving me in charge of his office. The work, of course, was all new, but I managed to "get away with it." Nevertheless I found time to attend Victor Chapman's funeral services in the American Church on the morning of the Fourth of July. Of course his body was not there, as he fell in the German lines, but a more simple and beautiful service I never attended. The words, "O Death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?" never had a fuller meaning. A more perfect tribute, also, than the short sermon delivered by the clergyman, no man could have desired. It may have impressed me in particular, owing to the fact that I had dined with Victor the night before he was killed. . . .

It was soon after this that Burr accepted the appointment as director of Section 9 in the American Ambulance Field Service. For the impression he had already made, a letter of July, 1916, from Dr. A. Piatt Andrew to Burr's mother, speaks in no uncertain tone: "I have come not only to like him personally, which anyone would at first glance, but, also, to have real esteem for his abilities, and his qualities of mind and character. We have asked Carleton to take the direction of a new section which we are sending into the field, and I am sure he is fitted by his tact and his unusual combination of gentleness, energy, and force, to meet the very difficult task of handling a group of volunteers."

The following letters were written from his new post.

CARLETON BURR

August 18, 1916.

Here we are, as a section, in a beautiful little town in the Vosges Mountains. Only this morning, also, your cable, stating "under circumstances approve Carleton's staying," reached me by mail from Paris. The net result is that this morning I feel perfectly at peace with the world. With a section of new cars and an eager, willing bunch of men, the life as a section leader for a while, at least, should not be a difficult one. Besides, as an officer I have thus far been billeted in a private room with all the comforts of home. It has its distinct advantages over sleeping in one's ambulance or in a filthy barn, I assure you!

September 11.

We left the *pare* of this army in France, where we had remained eight days, on August 25, and took up our position and our accompanying duties in this town of Alsace on the same day. A lovelier trip across the frontier pass and into this mountainous country could not have been sought for anywhere, especially in the clear, dewy light of that early morning. That same afternoon, accompanied by the lieutenant of the French section, whom we were replacing, as guide, our lieutenant and I sallied forth to visit as many as possible of the posts we were to serve. These are divided into six mountain and six valley posts, at each of which we must maintain one car all the time. To handle this work, therefore, we have divided the section into three squads of six men each, maintaining at the same time a reserve of two cars here at the base in case of break-down or as a relief if any one of the posts should be over-worked. . . .

A good example of the Alsatian feelings towards Americans was shown to me the other day in visiting Richard Hall's grave. In the beautiful little military cemetery in which he is buried I found his grave with its simple wooden cross, bearing his name and the legend, "*Mort pour la patrie.*" But also the touch of some devoted caretaker was present, for on the grave itself were growing some freshly-watered little flowering plants. Upon questioning a doctor of the nearby hospital, I found that ever

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since Section 3 had left in January, two girls of the only café in town had voluntarily assumed the rôle of caretakers. Of course I paid them a call, and found them just as nice as they were plain. They seemed to consider it only natural, in view of the fact that Hall, several times before his death, had taken his meals in their establishment, and that, as he had left no immediate friends in this neighborhood, they should do this little bit in his behalf. This is a typical example of the sympathetic attention we encounter at every turn (not that we have selected our grave-tenders as yet!) and which feeling, I am convinced, is mothered only by intense suffering. The peoples of Europe should, therefore, gain something, if only morally, out of this miserable war.

A letter from the mother of Richard Hall, one of the first American *ambulanciers* to be killed in the war, may well be introduced in this place.

A BORD DE *La Touraine*,
le 21 decembre 1916.

MY DEAR MR. BURR:

Perhaps your son has written you that Section 9 had a visit from an American ambulance "Mother" when my son and I were allowed to go to Alsace to see the places where our own Section 3 worked last year and where my boy Dick gave his life for the cause which we all feel is our own.

I had fully expected to go up to Boston for a day on my return, just to see the families of the boys who gave us such a hearty welcome, but our boat is so late that I can barely reach home in time for Christmas.

I want to tell you just a little of your fine handsome son. How he is respected and beloved by all his men, although he has had the difficult task of keeping them content and busy when there is very little real action going on in the Vosges. It is, however, a much busier place than any other except when big fighting is on, and the life in the mountains has a charm all its own.

Nothing could have been pleasanter than the cordial hospital-

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ity shown us by Section 9, and I am so disappointed not to be able to do just a little in return. The boys have shown every respect to the memory of a fallen comrade, and I shall always feel that Section 9, with Carleton Burr as leader, is very near my heart. The boys all look well and strong and happy, and it was a great pleasure to see them.

This is very little, but perhaps it will be a satisfaction to you and your family to have a word from some one who has seen your son so recently.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH D. HALL.

For this first period of Burr's service abroad one more letter, written on Christmas Day, 1916, will speak.

We are now momentarily settled in the town of V——, in which I spent many weeks while in Section 2. We are doing evacuation work to the rear, and are waiting patiently to be attached to a division and then sent up into the very front lines. We are now in the position to need a little blood on the *outside* of our ambulances to make the men appreciate the real meaning of this work. Young men, full of spirit, have got to be in the thick of it (at least, for a while) to make them believe that they are really *doing* something.

This morning I went over to X——, in Argonne, to attend the funeral of an American driver named Lines¹ in Section 1, who died day before yesterday of galloping pneumonia. With me, from this section, were four of our drivers, among them George Lyman, Jr. There was a large attendance of French officers, all of Section 1, and representatives from Sections 2, 4, and 9. Also, Dr., Mrs., and Miss Lines, who live in Paris, obtained permission to attend the funeral. Besides these were "Doc" Andrew and Mr. Robert Bacon, who came up from Paris for the occasion. The simple military service, held in a

¹ For memoir of Howard Burchard Lines, see Vol. I (p. 183) of this series.

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barn for a chapel, served both for Lines and for an escaped Russian prisoner who had died at the same time. It was the latter who obtained the majority of my sympathies as, having escaped from a German prison camp, he successfully crossed "No Man's Land," only to be mortally wounded by the fire of a French sentinel, just on reaching his haven of refuge. Solitary, in a strange land, he met death at the hand of a friend, after making a brave and successful attempt to escape from his enemies. It was certainly a pathetic case, and I could not help contrasting his situation to that of Lines who, surrounded by friends and admirers, was almost royally escorted to his last resting place.

Returning to the United States in February, 1917, Burr entered the Boston office of Stone and Webster early in the following month, and was there when Congress made its declaration of war. But it was not possible for him long to remain there. "He once remarked," his sister has written, "that war is Hell because boredom is Hell, and the slogan of the Marines, 'First to Fight,' attracted him for that reason. He wanted to jump right into active service, and he had a dread of being on the outskirts of 'the big game' without getting into it. The past record of the Marines all over the world indicated that they would plunge in and fight to the finish." It was therefore in this arm of the national service that he sought his opportunity, and on July 6, 1917, with his Plattsburg and ambulance experience in his favor, was commissioned second lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps. A period of special training at Quantico, Virginia, followed, and in September he sailed for France with the 6th Regiment of Marines, 2d Division, one of two hundred and fifty officers chosen from over four thousand applicants.

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To quote again from his sister's words: "After a note had reached his family that he had sailed from Philadelphia and they thought him well on his way, the telephone rang, and his voice was heard as though from mid-ocean. He could not at this time disclose his whereabouts, but it was later ascertained that his steamer had gone from Philadelphia to New York, there to join her convoy. Thus he had an opportunity to bid his family farewell over the wire, and it was the last time they were ever to hear his voice.

"After reaching France the 6th Marines were billeted in a town where he was made mayor. General Catlin in his book "With the Help of God and a Few Marines," remarks on his work as follows: 'Because of his initiative and daring he was made intelligence officer of the First Brigade and achieved some remarkable successes at patrol work while we were in the trenches.'"

From the time of reaching France for the second time, Burr was a devoted writer of letters to his family. Through passages from these the reader will learn not only of his work in the regiment, as assistant judge advocate, as battalion intelligence officer, with night patrols on the front line, of his sojourns in hospital — once to recover from the effects of gassing — but also, by inference, much about his spirit as a soldier and a man.

ST. NAZaire,
October 21, 1917.

We arrived here in this uninteresting port on October 5, and landed the following day. Much to our disgust we found that the 5th Regiment of Marines (which preceded us by two or three months) had been all split up into small groups and were

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being used as provost guards in London, Paris, Bordeaux, etc., etc. I fear that the same fate awaits us and the best to be hoped for is that it will be only temporary. It is true, however, that over half our officers have been sent to an *école de feu*, which looks as if the Marines might get into the trenches some day at least! During the major's absence (he being among those at school), Captain A—— has been put in charge of the battalion and has made me the battalion adjutant. As a result, I ride around in a little motor-cycle side-car, and generally look important.

This is a typical seaport town of about 17,000 inhabitants, and is now literally infested with American soldiers of all ranks and services. Generally speaking the Americans have behaved themselves pretty well, with a few disgraceful exceptions. One law-abiding French civilian was knocked over the head and killed by a drunken Massachusetts militiaman for refusing the latter another drink. A few days later, however, one of our sailors was found floating in the river, with his hands tied behind his back. Since this misunderstanding, however, there has been no bloodshed.

November 6.

We are a long way from the trenches at present, with very little prospect of seeing them for considerable time to come. It is, of course, possible that we (the Marine Corps) shall never see them, as our relationship with the Army is none too cordial. On the other hand, General Pershing, who made a minute inspection of our camp the other day, did nothing but pay us compliments all the time he was here. We certainly are in a peculiar situation, in explanation of which there is undoubtedly much to be said on *both* sides.

Someone in the family has given my name and address to the Mattapan Church. I have received notification that my name is posted on the "Roll of Honor" in the front of the church. They, in turn, have given my name to all sorts of Brotherhoods who also have me on the "Roll of Honor." I cannot help being

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tremendously amused at the holy character of a large percentage of my mail, but, as long as they do not charge me membership dues and, by their prayers, can keep me off the real "Roll of Honor," I shall be perfectly satisfied.

ST. NAZaire,
November 19.

Again I am availing myself of the "underground" to write you a little more in detail of life as it is in St. Nazaire. To be sure, there is a sameness about it all which would be appalling if it were not for the indomitable cheerfulness of all Americans concerned, which is due, I suppose, to the thought that if we kick now, what shall we do when we are really in trouble. The time is set for the Marines to be brigaded as the latter part of December, but no one believes that this will be really possible until at least the end of January. Then will follow a course of two months' training before we are fit to take our place in line. This means that the end of March or early April should find us "up to our knees in blood." Many French officers with whom I have spoken of late say that the German artillery is showing visible signs of weakening both in range and accuracy. It is for this reason that the Allies are able to use "tanks" now, which would have been absolutely useless against German artillery of two years ago. I know this statement sounds peculiar when every day we are reading of fresh German advances in Italy, but nevertheless I am sure there must be some truth in it. There were no French officers making any such statements in July when I left here, I assure you.

December 6.

On entering the local Y. M. C. A. for the first time today, I was greeted by a large sign on the wall which read:

"Be the kind of man
Your mother thinks you are."

This, I am frank to say, aroused me to some serious contemplation, for, I suppose, it was intended as a stimulus to the performance of great deeds on the part of the reader. On me,

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however, this advice had a very soothing, almost narcotic effect, for I argued to myself, "My mother knows all my faults, what is the use of my trying to conceal any of them under any such boast? She knows how I hate to write letters (especially when I have nothing to say), therefore, why write any?" etc. Contrary to this train of thought, however, here I am once again, pen in hand, attempting to convey to you my personal and confidential ideas, and at the same time entirely conscious of the fact that the censor is ready to swat me if I digress in any way from the stipulated forms and regulations. It is like discussing your trade secrets when your biggest competitor is sitting in the same room with you! Much as I dislike the censor, however, I have a tremendous feeling of compassion for him, as the censorship of the company mail is one of my tasks every fifth day. If you knew how much alike and how terribly uninteresting such a collection of mail could be, you would wonder (as I often do) what is the use of the postal system, anyhow? At very irregular intervals, however, I am reminded of its value as a transmitter of joy and satisfaction, when a ship comes in bringing some mail from home.

The General Court Martial, on which I am now serving, although it entails considerable extra work, is really very interesting, as every case, of course, presents its new aspects. From my small and very limited experience as a judge advocate, I realize the fact that to be an expert trial lawyer must be a fascinating profession.

The friends whom I mentioned as having seen, in one of my early letters, have long since left for fairer climes (or rather, for further training in some more distant camp). At present there are not even any acquaintances of mine in any of the neighbouring camps, but as I find plenty of good company among my fellow Marine officers, I am not at any loss for good companionship. We have a piano installed in our quarters, and there is right here all the music and merriment which is necessary for the full enjoyment of life. I find more from day to day that

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there is a certain ease (especially in reference to the future) connected with this military life, which, if I ever return to civil life, will be very difficult to shake off. The fact that *no one ever worries* about the future, even in such times as these, is certainly a strong recommendation for the life of the soldier. The great disadvantage with the whole scheme is, of course, that you have nothing whatever to do in the selection of your friends. *One immediate superior*, who is a mucker and out of sympathy with all you do (not that this is my case), may absolutely poison your whole outlook on life. Also, if you find yourself on detached duty with one other officer, whom you may not like, and with whom you are accordingly forced into extreme intimacy, then again you are "out of luck." As a whole, in this battalion we have an unusually good crowd of officers and, so far, I have not been confronted with either of these problems.

Never, in all my life, do I believe I have written so much and said so little. I believe that, at this rate, on my return to the United States, I shall be qualified to write editorials in daily papers!

December 17.

Uncertainty as to our future plans continues as heretofore. I have been notified, however, that when we go to the trenches I am to be detached from the 75th Co. to become Battalion Intelligence Officer. As far as I can make out, it is the duty of this functionary to keep constantly posted (by fair means or foul) as to what troops of the enemy are in the opposing trenches.

December 30.

Here I am once again a free lance, having spent ten miserable days in the hospital under double quarantine with the measles! By "double quarantine," I mean that I was confined to a small room in an army hospital which was itself under quarantine on account of the many contagious diseases which were being cared for at the time within its somber walls. Luckily, letters and boxes from the outside were not denied me so that with all your generous gifts my Christmas was really a very happy one.

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January 21.

We are now only a few miles to the westward of where I spent my first four months as head of Section 9, although I had never actually been in this sector before. Our trip up here was considerable of an ordeal for all concerned, as it took three days and three nights and our accommodations were miserable. The men were crowded in "side-door Pullmans" (cattle cars), while the officers were not much better off in an antiquated railway carriage. There were no facilities for washing and we had to sleep sitting up, so that we were both filthy and tired upon our arrival. We pulled in at 3 A.M., at which time I was detailed to go in search of a hospital for one of our men who had been seriously hurt. There was a heavy snow on the ground, and it was raining, so that I managed to get soaking wet, in which condition I remained all day. I had only just been released from the hospital for measles a few days before. The net result was that the following day I developed a severe cold and fever, and only just escaped pneumonia. As life is difficult enough for one in perfect health, my condition (which lasted about ten days) did not give me a thrill. However, as there is nothing so bad that it could not be a whole lot worse, and as I have completely recovered now, I have no complaints.

February 22.

Next week I go to school for a week to learn how to interpret aeroplane photographs in connection with my work as Intelligence Officer. My chief duty as I. O., however, will be leading nightly patrols in "No Man's Land." I have had the pick of the battalion in choosing my men, and, unless I am way off in my judgment, I think I would have no fear in going anywhere (humanly possible) with these men at my back. Playing "hide-and-seek" with German patrols for such big stakes is going to have its thrilling moments, I am sure.

March 9.

. . . Do you remember I told you once that I should rather be a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps than a cap-

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tain in the National Army? The Marine Corps have been used almost entirely for expeditionary duty in the past, and by experience know what to take with them on such occasions. . . . Now that the Marine Corps have decided on an increase, I shall soon be a first lieutenant and possibly a captain.¹ The Army have adopted the merit system for their expeditionary officers, which system I hope will be incorporated in the Marine Corps, as in times like these the best officers should be placed at the head of the list regardless of the numbering.

April 22.

Did you ever see the letter written by a British "Tommy" to his wife from a German prison camp, which ran something as follows:

"GERMAN PRISON CAMP.

"DEAR WIFE:

"Everything is fine. I have a nice warm bed with plenty of blankets in some fine dry barracks. Getting very good food and plenty of it. The prison warden is a good-hearted fellow who looks after all our needs.

"Love,

"TOMMY.

"P.S. Mike Murphy was shot this morning for complaining."

My position is much the same, only in my case it would be the censor who would do the shooting. I should, of course, like to enclose maps with a graphic account of my first "hitch" in the trenches, but, taking everything into consideration, believe that Tommy's diplomacy is perhaps the wiser course. I will not carry it to quite the same extreme, however, as everything I shall now disclose will be the truth. To begin with, I am now in a rest camp a few miles behind the lines for a few days until the battalion again goes up to take over a new sector.

To return to the subject of the trenches, can you imagine living for twenty days in the upper berth of a Pullman train

¹ His commissions as first lieutenant, and shortly afterwards as captain, were sent later but did not reach him.

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which is dripping water from the roof and which is literally infested with rats? Everything is smeared with a thick, sticky mud, and there is no light except that given forth by a candle (*if you have one*). Everything, however, you take as a joke. There are two things which impress you particularly at first: (1) the vast amount of work which has been done in the construction of trenches and dug-outs (there are literally miles and miles of trenches in one small area, in which you might lose yourself for two or three hours); and (2) the great quantity of enemy shells which can fall right in your midst without doing any harm. Unfortunately, however, the latter is not always the case, especially when the Huns send over two or three hundred gas shells in one small area. . . .

By far my most interesting duty while in the front line was leading patrols in No Man's Land at night. I think I can safely say that I have been as near the Huns as one can get in France without staying over there. One night we ran into a heavy German patrol, and it did my heart good to see the way they cleared out before we could close on them. We did cut some of them off, however, and drove them down on to a French machine gun position. . . . There is one thing positive, however, and that is, the enemy will never get me alone, for I have the most wonderful crew of youngsters to follow me you can imagine. They would never leave me dead or wounded to the mercy of the Hun. This must sound terribly bloodthirsty to you, but I have found out that you do not have to be super-human or abnormal to lead this life. If you live like a rat you must behave like a rat, and it is only human nature to do so. In spite of all the hardships you never hear a word of complaint, but instead everywhere you are greeted with a smile or some bit of humor.

May 16.

The scarcity of my letters of late has been more or less inevitable owing to the fact that we have been on the move and during such periods our regimental post office ceases to function.

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My part in every move has been a very interesting one, as in my temporary capacity of Battalion Billeting Officer I have always preceded the main body by one to three days. We have been quartered in towns (and are at present) where there have never been any of our countrymen before, and, needless to say, the admiring yokels take a profound interest in our every move. One old woman, for example, expressed profound astonishment that I was not black; another asked me if our language was not something like that of the Moroccans. Everywhere I was followed by a procession of old men, old women, children, dogs and geese. With all their curiosity and ignorance, however, they have shown a sincere gratitude at our presence and have done everything to make things easy for us. Never have I encountered any objections in filling their barns to the limit with our troops. Of course, they are paid five cents a day for every man quartered; one franc a day is the rate for an officer's billet.

May 30.

We are at present quartered in a beautiful little town way behind the lines where everything and everybody are at peace with the world. This is not quite true, either, as there are ten German prisoners employed on a nearby farm. My orderly saw one of them walking down a side street alone the other day, and thought he was escaping. Accordingly, my trusted servant drew his revolver and started chasing this aforesaid prisoner, creating panic in a mind where a few moments before probably no thoughts of any kind existed. Luckily for Germany, however, a French officer, wreathed in smiles, stepped in just in time to save the Hun from having his head mashed by the butt of a 45-calibre Colt. . . .

Please do not worry if you do not hear from me regularly. If anything should ever happen to me, you would be notified very soon through other channels anyway.

CARLETON BURR

BASE HOSPITAL NO. 27,
ANGERS, FRANCE.
(Undated; received June 28, 1918.)

B——'s cable stating that I was in Paris and my condition was not serious must have given you a start, coming as it did out of a clear sky. Our idea in sending it, however, was to let you know before the casualty list was published that there was really very little wrong with me. It was just hard luck that a shell containing a little phosgene and arsenic had to burst right along side of me and the slimy yellow vapor got into my lungs before I had time to adjust my mask. The result was that I became violently ill almost immediately, and the combination of choking and convulsions was necessarily considerable strain on my heart. Right now I feel almost normal except for an irritating cough and a burning sensation in my stomach, especially after eating. In a week or ten days I expect to be back again with my organization — that is, what is left of it.

CHÂTEAU DES HOMMEAUX,
LE LION D'ANGERS,
June 16.

From Paris, where I last wrote you, I was transferred to Angers in a sumptuous American Red Cross train. I had not been in the base hospital at Angers more than twenty-four hours, however, before I was asked by the doctor in charge if I wished to be "farmed out" in a French family, to which (as you will remark by the letter-head) I replied in the affirmative. In consequence, Lieutenant Shaler Ladd, U. S. Marines, and I were conducted by M. Gaston Paris, our host, to his château at about twenty-five kilometres from Angers. Every since we have been living like princes, lolling about the château grounds, and not being allowed by our generous hosts to turn a finger for ourselves.

The Paris family consist of Mr. and Mrs. Paris only. He is a man of sixty who does not appear over forty and who was for many years French consul-general in New York, thereby speaking almost perfect English. His wife has been an invalid for a

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great many years, and her health has not been improved by the loss of her only son, a very promising French aviator, who was killed at Verdun last September.

All Americans over here are convinced that this is the last battle of the war, as the Huns are making such a terrific effort, which they will be unable to maintain indefinitely. I wish you could have seen the slaughter we performed among them in only one small sector of the front. Of course we had to pay for it ourselves, but when I left there were at least eight dead Germans for every dead Marine. If all Americans fight in anything like the same manner that the First and Second Divisions have shown themselves capable of, I think undoubtedly that the Americans will prove themselves the best troops in this war. They have the physique of the English coupled with the recklessness of the French, which is going to be pretty hard for the Hun to stop.

BASE HOSPITAL NO. 27,
ANGERS,
July 7.

The time is approaching very rapidly now that I shall be returned to my organization. I assure you that over a month of hospital life is not the king of indoor sports and the sooner I am discharged, the happier I shall be. The only thing holding me up now is a slight infection on my neck which has refused to heal properly, due probably to my run-down condition after being gassed. During the past few days, however, my condition has shown a marked improvement, and I think one of the next two or three days will see me on my way. I doubt very much if I shall return to my old duty as Intelligence Officer of the First Battalion, but there is no doubt I shall be returned to my regiment. There will be some gaps among both the officers and men with whom I have served all these months which will have been replaced by new faces, so that everything is bound to appear a little strange whether I return to my old unit or not.

There is a very genial crowd in the officers' ward, and, as we are allowed liberty to town almost every afternoon, life has

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really not been a hardship. The French certainly extended themselves on the Fourth of July, which they celebrated as a national holiday. There was a review of the Allied troops in the morning, which was the chief event of the day. My greatest amusement, however, was with a very pretty little French boy (about four years old), dressed as Uncle Sam, who refused to leave my side. Several of us from the hospital had a table in a sidewalk café, and while Uncle Sam was not sitting in my lap, he was standing in the centre of the table and taking off his large hat with great solemnity to the passers-by. He was n't very much taller than the beer glasses which surrounded him.

A week after writing this letter, Burr was able to take part in the Paris parade of July 14. On the 18th, the day on which the Foeh offensive really began, he rejoined his command. “The next day, July 19, 1918, at 9.30 A.M.” — to turn yet again to the words of his sister — “he was killed in action. The attack started at 8.15 A.M., and they had left Vierzy with Hartennes as the objective. They were soon under the direct fire of German batteries that were sweeping the wheat fields. A machine gun barrage was also helping to thin out the ranks, as the fields they crossed were devoid of trees, except for some clumps of bushes lining a sunken road. A piece of shrapnel on which Fate had inscribed his name pierced his side, and his earthly career came to a swift and peaceful end. In the land he loved next to his own he will always lie, content that he could give his all to a cause that was so near to his heart. On that day the bells throughout America were joyfully ringing to proclaim the turn of the German tide.”



PHILIP CUNNINGHAM

CLASS OF 1918

PHILIP CUNNINGHAM was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, June 21, 1894, of an old New England family. Of his immediate relatives, an uncle (Guy Cunningham, '87), an older brother (Allan Rowe Cunningham, '09), and two cousins were Harvard graduates. His parents were William Tarr Cunningham, a banker, and Edith (Rowe) Cunningham. His two grandfathers, each at the early age of eighteen, commanded vessels sailing out of Gloucester, and afterwards established themselves as owners of large fleets of fishing schooners.

While a child, Cunningham had a severe attack of pneumonia, with complications. As a result of this he lived as much as possible in the open air, spending several

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summers at Camp Kineo, Long Lake, Maine, and one winter in South Carolina. Here he could gratify his love of horses by riding. As a result of this outdoor life, and, more than all, by the favorable character of his home life, he improved his health so that when he answered the call to war he had such vigor and endurance that he was entirely fit for the arduous duties of a private soldier. His studies preparatory for college were made at the public schools of Gloucester, and, in the final year, at Volkmann's School in Boston.

At college he became a member of Phi Kappa Epsilon and the Volkmann School Club, and interested himself especially in history, government, and economics. His course began in the autumn of 1914, was marked by his service on the Mexican border, in the summer of 1916, as an enthusiastic member of Battery A, 1st Massachusetts Field Artillery, and was cut short, in his junior year, by his leaving Cambridge shortly before the declaration of war, to enlist in the aviation service. When defective eyesight prevented his acceptance by the government, he went to Buffalo, New York, for instruction in the private training camp of the Curtiss Company. From Buffalo he proceeded to Newport News, Virginia, and had pursued his course to the point of receiving credit for six hours in the air with an instructor when he fell ill with typhoid fever. On his recovery, his furlough having expired, he decided, instead of taking up the aviation work still needed for a pilot's license, to rejoin the battery with which he had served on the border. As a private he attached himself again to this organization, which was federalized July 25, 1917, and afterwards designated Battery A, 101st Field

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Artillery, 26th Division. Cunningham joined it at Camp Boxford, Massachusetts, where it was made ready to sail for France on September 9. "His attitude toward the European war," an intimate classmate has written, "was always far from that of a neutral."

In a letter from the *Adriatic*, dated September 11, Cunningham described the mode of life on shipboard, his own "telegraph work" and "digging on special detail stuff," and cheered his family with the final words, "believe me — I am having the time of my young life thus far." From France he wrote, December 6, when the 26th Division was receiving its final training: "Now I am in the special detail of the Battery with my own horse and interesting work. As I told you, I was at once put in the Wireless School, where I have had almost nothing to do. Lately they have taken me more and more for Batteries duties with the detail; more interesting, more work. It looks now as though I would have one of the best jobs in the army for a private, so *you* need n't worry."

It was not long before the 26th began its active service at the front. In "New England in France," Major Emerson Gifford Taylor's history of the division, it is stated that "the first shot from troops of the National Guard or National Army against the Germans was fired on February 5, 1918, by Number One piece, Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, at 3.45 p.m." About a month later, Cunningham, after writing (March 2), "A letter is a Godsend, American articles too, but a picture of a well-known face or place always brings you people to me with astonishing vividness," proceeded:

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You probably know we have been at the front for some time. It is nothing at all like my dreams. I had a vivid picture in my mind of a dark, muddy, devastated country, four or five streams of crowded traffic on every wretched road with autos and motorcycles shrieking by, — the whole accompanied by a dull (deafening) roar ahead. Streams of ambulances full of groaning men and endless columns of fresh troops hurrying forward.

Au lieu de cela I find no striking differences from the interior. At times there is a distant booming of guns much like that on the range, and we often see *small* bodies of troops or supply trains coming or going but the total brings no impression of danger or action. This is a quiet sector and I have spent most of my time with the horses, back of the lines, but I am certain that the feeling is almost the same in the gun pits. It may change when a few of us get hit. Our own infantry is in front and has made several raids for which it has been cited.

The discomforts of existence at the front and in the "horse cars" used for the transportation of troops, figure in later letters, together with assurances that all was going well with Cunningham himself. "I hope to Heaven you are through thinking me blue," he wrote April 10. "There is one thing in the world to mar my good time, and that is any fear I may have of not being worth so much worry." In the same letter he says, "We had a direct wire to the 'front line trenches,' and I was for a while one of the three operators on the front end. At another time I was in a projector relay, at another working at the telephone central in the shipper's office."

In a letter of June 3 there is a picture of Cunningham's work as a telephone operator which contributes to an

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understanding of the general utility of the American private:

The last few days I have been operating the switchboard for the regimental headquarters. My shift was the heavy one from three to ten P.M. I thought I had iron nerves, but the first night I was some wreck.

In the first place it was practically my first experience at any sort of switchboard (I have not had more than a few hours on a quiet eight-drop board). This was a twenty-drop board connecting all the offices and officers here to the outside world. At first with a sixteen-drop board I had only two possible routes to the most important place. In one room were the telephones of my old border sergeant now captain, the regimental telephone officer, and the colonel. One mistake is the end of any man for the latter. The *instant* penalty is "You are relieved from duty, — you will report to —." Imagine me calling the general for the colonel through about eight leaky lines with outsiders coming in on the wires all down the line while at the same time trying to do similar work for an average waiting list of half a dozen, all officers and all insistent. We cannot finish one and then take another. Say I get a call for "a." I call central 1 and ask for 2. Meanwhile another drop (call) falls. I connect him with my line to 1 and find he wants "b." Good. Then, or during the conversation, 2 answers and I call for central 3 meanwhile trying desperately to keep 1 from cutting the connection and, after connecting my line to you, ring 1-2 line, asking 4 for 5 through which I hope to get "b" etc., etc. It is simply an endless collection of everyone who calls on your one home line and keeping the conversations sorted. Imagine the general finally answering the phone only to hear my plaintive voice asking, "Is this the mess sergeant?" Also it is of course a very bad break to allow an officer to hold the line when his junior is calling, even if the junior has hung up — either tired of waiting or not of the waiting kind. Of course there are cases where I can get away with a thing like that.

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Do you wonder I was some dazed to get all this in one short evening? Everything is in code and the operator must know every possible method of reaching anywhere.

After a day or two it gets much easier and it is always a good job. I was only put on to fill up a shortage and return to *escalon* tomorrow. I wish I could keep the job as operator.

Neither in these letters nor elsewhere does the individual part of Cunningham in the engagements of the Chemin des Dames and La Reine sectors reveal itself. Less than two weeks before his death at Château-Thierry he wrote, after describing a hard march, "How much farther we go, if any, I do not know. We are at the front, but apparently a reserve regiment. I shall know better later. Of course I am still in *escalon*, miles behind with those—prisoners. We ought to be relieved soon. It sure seemed good to be officially told of all the troops we have on the way over here. I should call it one large bump for the Kaiser."

Battery A had not long to wait for relief from its position in reserve. At the beginning of the Château-Thierry drive it was pushed forward to Lucy-le-Bocage, close behind the famous Bois Belleau. Another battery had been firing during the night of July 18–19, and the Germans retaliated with a heavy concentration. At about 7.30 in the morning of the 19th, Battery A had ceased firing for a time, and the men were about to go to breakfast when a shower of shells fell in and about the battery's position. Several men were wounded, and Philip Cunningham and one other were instantly killed. He was buried in an American army cemetery close to the Marne at Bézu-le-Guéry near La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

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“Those of us who knew Cunningham,” writes the classmate, Samuel B. Webber, already quoted, “have never ceased to mourn his loss. A man of striking individuality and vigorous personality, devoted to his friends, endowed with a dogged tenacity of purpose in all he did, fearless — he died as he would have wished to die.”

In his native Gloucester the “Old Training Green” on Washington Street has been renamed, in his honor, “Philip Cunningham Square.”



CLIFFORD BARKER GRAYSON

LAW SCHOOL 1916-17

BOTH the grandfathers of Clifford Barker Grayson, born at Chattanooga, Tennessee, May 4, 1894, were captains in the Confederate Army. He was the son of David Lauek Grayson, a lawyer of Chattanooga, and May (Glascock) Grayson. He prepared for college at the McCallie School in his native city, and, entering Cornell University in 1912, graduated there with the class of 1916. At Cornell he was a member of the Sigma Phi Sigma fraternity and of the executive committee of the Inter-fraternity Association. He joined also the Cornell University Christian Association and Cosmopolitan Club, and was president of the Southerners' Club and International Polity Club.

In pursuance of his purpose to enter his father's profes-

CLIFFORD BARKER GRAYSON

sion, he came to the Harvard Law School in the autumn of 1916. Here his first year of study was unfinished when the United States went to war, and in May, 1917, Grayson entered the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. On August 15 he was commissioned first lieutenant, infantry, and early in September sailed for France as a casual. From October 1 to November 7 he was detailed to the Officers' Training School at Valreas, and on November 9 was assigned to Company B, 9th Infantry, 2d Division. For several months he was acting captain of his company, and on his twenty-fourth birthday, May 4, 1918, was appointed adjutant to the 1st Battalion of his regiment — a distinction which speaks clearly for the quality of the service he had already rendered. To the end of his life he performed the duties of an officer of the 9th Infantry, participating in engagements at Château-Thierry (Vaux) and the Marne-Aisne offensive (Vierzy). In an account of him printed in the *Chattanooga News* at the time of his death, it is reported that on one occasion he was so completely buried by the explosion of a shell that it was necessary to dig him out of the earth, and that on another he narrowly escaped death in an air raid.

On the first day of the Allied advance, July 18, 1918, he was seriously wounded while leading his command in action, at Vierzy, south of Soissons. On the following day he died at Hospital 47 nearby. Colonel L. L. Upton of the 9th Infantry wrote a few days later to Grayson's brother:

The regiment has lost a courageous and gallant officer, beloved alike by his fellow-officers and by his men. His conduct during this battle, as in former engagements with his regiment, has been of the highest order and an inspiration to all about him.



CHARLES CASTNER LILLY

CLASS OF 1909

THE record of the life of Charles Castner Lilly is a vivid reminder of the fact that the missionary spirit in which the earliest graduates of Harvard College went out into the world did not die with the centuries that are gone but is still embodied, under vastly changed conditions, in the lives of young Harvard men.

He was born at Waldoboro, Maine, September 20, 1886, the son of Charles Henry Lilly and Mary Elizabeth Brewster (Storer) Lilly. A lifelong friend has recalled the gentle, obedient disposition which marked him from childhood, and the early development of a religious spirit. As a boy at Waldoboro he became a member of the Congregational church. Here also he attended the public schools until

CHARLES CASTNER LILLY

he was sixteen, when he went to the Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeborough, New Hampshire, to prepare for college. He entered Harvard in the autumn of 1905, and graduated in 1909, *magna cum laude*, with final honors in classics. He was a member of the Christian Association, the New Hampshire and Classical Clubs, and won his class numerals in football. A "Detur Prize" was awarded to him in his freshman year; second year honors in classics followed; and in his senior year the Bowdoin Prize in Latin for a translation of a passage from Ruskin's "Aratra Pentelici." During his college course he was a holder of Crowninshield, Henry B. Humphrey, George Emerson Lowell, and Matthews Scholarships. Well might one of his teachers write of him after graduation as one who "did very good work and made a strong impression upon me as a man of sincerity, devotion, and fine character."

In fulfillment of a strong missionary impulse, Lilly went, in the autumn of 1909, to Japan, where he served for three years as a teacher of English in the government schools of the large city of Osaka. For the first of these years he was connected with the Tennoji and Imamiya Middle Schools; for the second and third with the Osaka City Higher Commercial School. Outside of school hours he conducted Bible classes and taught in the Y. M. C. A. evening schools. While teaching in the Higher Commercial School he took a house near the school, and kept some of its rooms open for the free use of students, upon a large number of whom he exerted a strong personal influence. During the vacations he travelled extensively in Japan, and made many missionary addresses. With his work as a teacher in the Higher Commercial School he combined the

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editorship of a bi-monthly paper, the *Osaka Truth*, issued under the mottoes of the Brewster Free Academy, *Meus Dux sit Veritas*, and of Harvard, *Veritas*. He was conducting this journal when President Eliot visited Japan in 1912, came to Osaka in June, and made an address on "Restraint under Liberty" to an audience of about two thousand students. The address is reported in the *Osaka Truth*, which also gave its readers a general account of President Eliot's visit. The humors of the occasion were not lost upon Lilly, in whose account of it the following words are found:

At the request of Mayor Uyemura, who wished to infuse some democratic ideas into the minds of his ceremonious countrymen, Dr. Eliot did not wear the conventional frock coat, but spoke in an ordinary sack coat instead. His salutation was likewise democratic, for he began his speech with the informal greeting, "Fellow students." In reporting this the ambitious English column of the *Osaka Mainichi Shimbun* made an amusing blunder, for it reported him as beginning his speech with the words, "Hello, students."

In the summer of 1912, Lilly returned to the United States *via* Korea, Manchuria, Siberia, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, France, England, and Canada, and in September began a course of study at the Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University. He spent the summer of 1913 as a field worker on the Ohio State Rural Life Survey. In February, 1914, he suffered a nervous breakdown, which forced him to give up his studies in New York and return to his home in Maine for an extended rest. Here he threw himself into local betterment work, organized a Boy Scout troop, started a fund to equip a play-

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ground, and took an active part in the promotion of the School Improvement League and the Public Library. In the summer of 1914 he took a course in Rural Leadership at Silver Bay, and in the following winter was engaged for five months in the rural work of the Y. M. C. A. in Windsor County, Vermont. The next winter he was needed at home, by reason of illness and death in his family, and accepted a position in the Waldoboro High School. In the autumn of 1916 he became a secretary at the Boston Y. M. C. A., where he had made many warm friends, and was making himself most useful, when the demand for military service came to the men of his generation.

It had been Lilly's hope that he might go to France as a Y. M. C. A. secretary; but falling just within the draft age, he waited to be called to the colors. When he was called, it was only to be rejected because of defective eyes. Nevertheless on April 1, 1918, he enlisted as a private, and was assigned to the 151st Depot Brigade, at Camp Devens. From this he was transferred, May 5, to Company K, 39th Infantry, 4th Division, at Camp Mills, and on May 10 sailed with his regiment for France. He is reported to have told a cousin that he did not expect to return. Just before sailing he wrote to his family: "My courage is good. I have not been homesick or discouraged. I am glad and proud to be a soldier of Uncle Sam, and if I am called upon to make the supreme sacrifice it will be no hardship but simply following more closely in the footsteps of the Master."

A sergeant of the 39th Regiment wrote afterwards to Lilly's sister that, in spite of joining Company K so late, he made a warm place for himself in the affections of his

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comrades. As this correspondent describes the voyage to France, "during the trip he spent his time doing everything possible to keep our boys in good spirits. He was a great asset to the company morally, and evenings the boys would gather around him while he would read and explain to them from the Scriptures, being a great lover of the Bible, and he took a big personal interest in the moral welfare of the men." Writing home from the ship himself Lilly said: "Under Y. M. C. A. auspices I have been teaching a class in French of about twenty men in my company. Last night the head sergeant told me that after landing my work is to be with the company commander as orderly and interpreter, and that I am to continue teaching the French."

After reaching France late in May, the regiment received intensive training back of the lines, and at Acy, near the Marne-Aisne front. Lilly felt the disadvantage of having joined an unusually well-trained company after his brief experience at Devens, but wrote cheerfully to his family on July 4:

I have reason to believe that when we go to the front line trenches, I shall be as well able to give an account of myself in the fight with the Huns as most of the fellows of the Company. It was a big handicap that we Devens fellows had to make up, but our training here has been excellent. A week ago Saturday I received my first official recognition of proficiency by being made a first class private, with \$3 per month additional pay. I believe I am the only one of the Devens men in the company to receive the distinction, and although it is not much in itself I am hoping it may be but the first of several steps upward. . . .

Not long ago the company commander picked me out for special training at a liaison or communication school. I spent

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a full week away from the company at a nearby town learning how to send signals by flags (semaphore and wig-wag), arms and blinking lanterns. We were taught also how to set up, and operate and repair a field telephone and got a start in wireless telegraphy. Needless to say, I enjoyed every minute of the course and feel now better fitted to render some real and valuable service to our army when the actual contest comes.

In the Marne-Aisne offensive the 39th Regiment went over the top for the first time on July 18 near Château-Thierry. For three whole days it was in constant and successful action, gaining its objectives and contributing its share to the beginning of the German retreat. On the second day, July 19, Lilly who had borne himself, on the testimony of the sergeant already quoted, as "a very cool and brave soldier, always upholding the fighting qualities of the American soldier," was shot through the head and instantly killed, at Chony, near Château-Thierry. Here he was buried, sincerely mourned by officers and men, not only as one of the first in his company to fall, but also for the qualities of character already revealed in a brief period of close association.



ALLEN MELANCTHON SUMNER

CLASS OF 1904

AMONG the few names on the Harvard Roll of Honor belonging to men whose military experience in the service of the United States had been considerable before the World War, the name of Allen Melancthon Sumner must be counted. On January 1, 1914, he had retired from service in the U. S. Marine Corps after seven years of connection, as an officer, with that organization. Recalled to action

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soon after the outbreak of the war, he stood well equipped to take an effective part in it.

Born at Boston, October 1, 1882, he was the son of Allen Melancthon Sumner (Harvard, S.B. 1865; M.D., 1868) and Ellen Frances (Prescott) Sumner. A portion of his boyhood was spent abroad. His special preparation for college was made at the Pomfret School, Pomfret, Connecticut. When he was seventeen he had such a desire to enter the navy that he secured an appointment to Annapolis without the knowledge of his parents, and would have gone to the Naval Academy instead of Harvard if he could have obtained his father's consent. After four years at Cambridge, where he was a member of the Shooting Club, he engaged for a year in ranching in New Mexico, and in travelling in Costa Rica, the United States of Colombia, and South America. In 1906 he became private secretary to William D. Orcutt (Harvard, '92), then vice-president of the University Press at Cambridge. On March 17, 1907, he was commissioned second lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps, thus arriving somewhat circuitously at a goal akin to that of his boyish ambition.

Till January, 1909, Sumner was stationed in turn at the Marine Barracks of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, and of the Norfolk (Virginia) Navy Yard. He was then ordered to Cuba, and served till January, 1909, with the 1st Provisional Regiment of Marines in the Army of Cuban Pacification. This duty was followed by nearly two years of service at the Norfolk Marine Barracks. On December 16, 1909, ordered to temporary duty on the U. S. S. *Prairie*, he sailed for Central America on that vessel. On May 12 of the same year he was married to Mary Randolph Jeffer-

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son Morris, of Washington, D. C. A daughter, Margaret Page, was born of this marriage. Sumner's resignation at the beginning of 1914 from the Marine Corps, in which he held the rank of captain, followed the death of his only sister, which left his mother alone and newly dependent upon his presence.

Called to active duty when the United States entered the war, Captain Sumner was stationed, July 5, 1917, at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, and assigned to the 81st Company of the 6th Regiment of Marines. In the "History of the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion," already drawn upon for the memoir of Major Edward Ball Cole in this volume,¹ it is possible to follow in some detail the fortunes of the unit to which Captain Sumner belonged. It sailed from Newport News, Virginia, December 8, and from New York, December 14, 1917, on the U.S.S. *De Kalb*, arriving at St. Nazaire on the last day of the year, and proceeding immediately to the Vosges for its final training. Before the end of March it was in the front line trenches at Mont-sur-la-Côte. Through April and May it alternated between front line and reserve duty at various points. On April 29 Captain Sumner relieved Major L. W. T. Waller, Jr., in command of the 81st Company, when Major Waller was ordered from the 2d to the 3d Division in command of the 8th Machine Gun Battalion of that division. Service of that most active nature through which the Marines were enlarging their fame continued at the front through the greater part of June, and, for Sumner, well into July. When Major Cole was mortally wounded at Belleau Wood on June 10, and Captain

¹ See *ante*, pp. 271-280.

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H. E. Major became battalion commander in his stead, himself to fall five days later, Captain Sumner took his place in command of the right front in this momentous action.

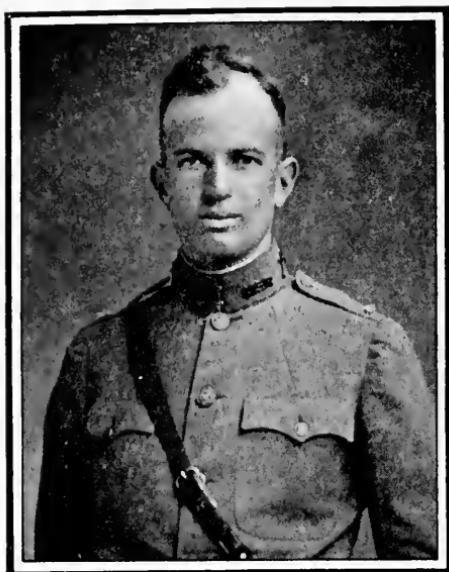
His own death occurred hardly more than a month later. Early in the morning of July 19, the 81st Company, at Vierzy, near Soissons, was about to take part in the attack upon Tigny. The major under whom Sumner was serving wrote as follows of the immediate circumstances:

Captain Sumner was with one of the platoons of his company, waiting the signal to attack. They were under very heavy shell fire, and he had placed his men under cover as much as possible while he remained exposed to watch for the signal. He was hit while so doing by a fragment of a high explosive shell, and died very shortly afterward. His death was painless, as he was unconscious from the moment he was hit. His company buried him where he fell, under very heavy shell fire. It was impossible to move him. His end came as he would have wished — at the head of his company.

Captain Sumner did not die in vain. He left his work a shining example to all the officers and men, to influence their conduct, to make them better able to lead to the ultimate victory which is sure to be ours.

A later letter ascribes his death to an aerial bomb, dropped from one of thirty German airplanes flying low and attacking the spot where Sumner fell.

His valor was recognized by the award of the *Croix de Guerre*.



DAVID MORSE BARRY

CLASS OF 1915

ABOUT a fortnight after receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science at Harvard, David Morse Barry saw the body of a boy drowned in the Ohio River, and wrote in a journal he was then keeping, "I should dread to die before I had lived to some purpose." Two years later he had devoted himself to what he believed the highest purpose — the military service of his country, and, a little more than a year later, had laid down his life in its performance.

He was born at Florence, Arizona, January 12, 1894. His father, Dr. William Taylor Barry, of Santa Barbara, California, was the son of Andrew Jackson Barry of Kentucky, a colonel in the Confederate Army, whose father,

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William Taylor Barry, was Chief Justice of Kentucky, United States Senator from that state, and Postmaster General under Andrew Jackson, who appointed him Minister to Spain. David Barry's southern background was distinguished besides by the fact that George Mason, the constitutional lawyer of Virginia, was an uncle of an earlier generation on his father's side. On that of his mother, Lilian (Morse) Barry, a daughter of Charles Huntington Morse (Yale, 1834), he was descended, in the ninth generation, from John Morse, a member of the original New Haven Colony, and a founder of Wallingford, Connecticut. His mother died when he was but three weeks old.

He made his preparation for college in the Santa Barbara (California) High School, where he was successful in debating and in newspaper work. Entering Leland Stanford Jr. University, with the Class of 1915, he passed his freshman and sophomore years there, coming to Harvard in the autumn of 1913 for his last two college years. Here he took the degree of S.B. in 1915. For the two ensuing years — or at least till the disruptive spring of 1917 — he was a student in the Harvard Law School. In April and May he was in some uncertainty whether to go to Plattsburg, to enter the Ambulance Service as the quickest route to the front, or to train for a commission through the Harvard R. O. T. C. He decided on the last of these courses; but passages from letters to his father while the decision was in process indicate both his own state of mind and the conditions prevailing in Cambridge at the time:

CAMBRIDGE, April 27, 1917.

I am finally able to apprise you of what definite decision I have come to after a great deal of deliberation. Whatever un-

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desirable features it may have, entering into some form of active national service has come to be the great call now, and I am sure that you would not wish me to be the last man to go or wait until the present conscription plan which seems certain of passing drafts us into the army. If you do not feel as strongly as I do, it is doubtless because of the general sentiment throughout the West. But here, and I think among college men especially, there has grown up the feeling—the conviction—that this country has entered into a great and solemn undertaking, that the cause which we have enlisted in is one of the greatest and most thoroughly right for which civilized men have ever fought. It is not because Germany has sunk a few of our merchant vessels, or killed a few ship hands and stokers on them, that we have gone to war; but as a Democracy it is our duty as a nation to line up our forces on the side of democracy against autoocracy and plutocracy which threaten the western world. To sum it all up, *Germany has simply got to be beaten.* And when we are involved in such a tremendous crisis as this, it is not the part of the eligible men of the nation to follow their private and selfish pursuits and shun participation in what has to be done.

I have accordingly applied and been recommended for appointment to the Officers' Training Corps, which is to begin training May 8th at Plattsburg; I have not yet received notification of appointment, but am pretty sure I shall within a day or so. I passed the physical examination, having only some difficulty on account of vision which I got around, however, and presented the very best credentials possible, it being necessary to present letters of recommendation from three citizens. . . .

As to law work, the entire school is rapidly being depleted. The faculty has offered to encourage enlistment by granting those accepted by a training camp credit for the year's work without the requirement of passing the regular examinations, so that I lose nothing whatsoever by this course, and may possibly be free to return to school by next October if peace de-

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velops before then. I don't expect we shall ever be required to fight on the continent, unless the war continues for more than a year more.

What this course of training enables us to do is to be ready to take a commission by the end of the summer, the lowest being that of second lieutenant. One advantage of this is that it obviates the necessity of going in as a private under the general draft which the conscription act provides for.

May 19, 1917.

What I have done now is to enlist in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Harvard. The work which is mapped out for us is identical with that given at Plattsburg, with certain advantages which are not obtainable there, principally in having with us a corps of experienced French Army officers who are instructing us in actual warfare. This camp has now about 1200 cadets under the command of detailed Army officers. It is to last three months, at the end of which time those who have satisfactorily completed the training will be recommended for commissions. Thus, I will have had the same preparation for a commission and the same chance of receiving one as though I were sent to Plattsburg.

The reasons why I did not return to law as you desired are numerous. The very practical consideration is that the conscription bill has passed and I should probably be drafted in as a private during the course of the summer if I did not get into some officers' training camp; as it is, when I do go it will be at least as a second lieutenant. Again, I feel irresistibly impelled to get into some branch of service at this time. That I should not get in and do my share in such a tremendous crisis would not be what would be expected of any young man of any vigor at this time — to sit by and watch others go out at this juncture is more than I could possibly stand. Students who are staying on at the law school tell me that they find it nigh impossible to work with any effectiveness when such momentous things are occurring all around. Indeed, this is not a time for

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a sedentary life of books, and I feel more than thankful that I am physically able and young enough to take a real live and active part. As to credit for the year's work in school, that is secured — for the school grants credit to all men enrolled in the local R. O. T. C. on the same par as to those who go to a federal training camp.

What do you think of my enlisting in the Ambulance Corps in the place of service in the Army? I am seriously considering it, and may finally decide to do it.

I feel that this war is a great calamity in what it will cost the country, and that those of us who go to the front will face great sacrifices. But still we are not looking about for ways and means of escaping service — we do not want to be left out. You suggest that I let conscription take its course. That is not the way I feel about it. I probably might not be drafted in the first contingent, nor the second, third, fourth or fifth, and might not be drafted at all. But the essential thing is that *I am not going to wait to be drafted*. When there is such an unquestioned call to the highest duty which a man owes in this world — to one's country — it would be dishonorable and positively cowardly to decline to respond until *made* to. This is not the President's war, nor that of Congress, but OURS. As I said before, I am mighty glad that I am not disqualified from entering active service. Why, looking around the streets of Cambridge today one can notice obviously the general character of those who still retain their civilian clothes: they seem sort of apologetic, wish to keep out of sight, and are mostly defectives. In the whole Law School, I believe I am safe in saying that there are not more than a dozen able-bodied men who have not left to join some branch of government service.

I shall in all probability pursue the course here during the summer. I understand that within two weeks the Government is going to take it over entirely as a federal camp. We are to be barracked in the Freshman dormitories which will become Army quarters under perpetual guard. From July 14 to August

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14, we go on a 250-mile campaign in Maine under actual war conditions. Next week we camp out at Wakefield for target practice on the U. S. rifle range. The pace is terrific with eight hours of field drill and two of evening lectures; one is pretty worn out by bed time.

I am investigating enlistment in an ambulance unit being organized by the Government for immediate service in France. I may decide to enter this as offering an opportunity for more immediate service, the enlistment being for the duration of the war. This service is taking over the entire transportation in France, and when our armies come over we will be taken in with commissions in the transport service I understand. This appeals to me distinctly as quite a desirable opportunity and it may be I shall do this, sailing for France within two or three weeks, I understand. However, I will let you know further about this.

When the work of the Harvard R. O. T. C. was well under way, Barry wrote to his father:

June 15, 1917.

We are getting instruction under the French officers which is unequalled anywhere in this country. They are drilling us in the formations which the Allied armies have found to be the best adapted to the conditions prevailing on the western front. In particular the skirmish formation prescribed and used in the U. S. Army has to be quite altered to meet the formations which are now necessary, since charges and advances have their origin from the trenches and not from march formations.

We have pretty steady occupation and I seldom am able to get away from Cambridge.

I registered for the draft last week. I understand that very few of us men here will not be taken. After the exemptions are made out, and they are very extensive, there will not be many more eligibles left than will be needed, while there will probably be three drafts a year as long as the war lasts. I think I am do-

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ing the right thing to take up and continue this training here, so that when I do go in it will be as an officer; I don't think I would enjoy the status of a private, and besides the need for educated men for officers is great. The Government hasn't yet recognized the local R. O. T. C., but am pretty sure they will when Congress gets its affairs straightened out.

Of one thing I am absolutely sure now, and that is that we are going to be needed for active service much sooner than we thought a month or more ago. The situation in Europe is getting terrifyingly critical. England is suffering immensely from the submarine campaign. France, the most glorious nation in the world, is putting forth its last strength, and cannot much longer uphold its long battle line. Russia is wavering on the brink of a separate and dishonorable peace. And still Germany is unbeaten. Everything points squarely to but one conclusion, and that is that it is up to the United States to step in and throw its full strength against Germany and that very very soon — it may be too late to serve our cause even at that, but within a year we will have a million men in France and thereafter we can put forth a million men a year without suffering national exhaustion. These are wonderful times to be living in.

Barry, like many others, was disappointed in his expectation that the government would accept the work of the Harvard R. O. T. C. as equivalent to that of such a camp as Plattsburg. Since it did not, he rejoiced in his admission, in August, to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and wrote to his father: "I think I should have preferred to have been assigned to Plattsburg, where most of the men I know are going." In the same letter he said, further, "I feel rather overdone after our long and arduous summer's training, but feel like going after it again now, and there is no reason why I should not land a commission this time."

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Three months later, November 20, 1917, he had the satisfaction of writing to his father:

I have been offered, accepted, and sworn into the Army with a commission of first lieutenant. That is exactly what I aspired to, but as there were only 702 of these to be given out of 2800 commissions, I was in doubt for weeks.

Our commissions date from November 8, but effective November 27. Active service begins December 15. I have not yet received my assignment. I can tell you I shall be proud to go out of here with silver bars on my shoulders; it's without doubt the biggest honor I have ever received. At the same time there is grave responsibility attached.

After receiving his commission, Barry was assigned to Company E, 59th Infantry, 4th Division. The regiment was stationed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina, and from the time of his joining it, late in December, until its sailing for France, May 1, Barry continued his training with it there. On his arrival in France he was ordered, with nine other officers of his regiment, to Langres for advanced instruction. On June 14 he wrote to his father: "Last week we finished a two weeks' course in automatic rifle. I was given a grading of 98 per cent for the course. . . . We are studying now grenade warfare. They certainly are a mean weapon. I am not as enthusiastic about the present course as our former one in auto-rifles. . . . My regiment is in the line on the British front. We expect to go back in about two weeks." On July 7 he wrote:

I got back to the regiment just as they were preparing to move to the front. And just before moving I was placed in command of Company E. The title of captain hasn't followed me,

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but it is none the less a captain's rôle I have taken. You can imagine I am keenly sensitive of the great responsibility devolving upon me in leading 250 men into the line. I have prayed God for the courage and strength to enable me to do the right things, and am not lacking in confidence. Today as I write we are bivouacked in woods behind the front. We arrived here yesterday morning at the dawn, following an all-night march. The worn-out men literally fell in their tracks and slept when we halted. I did the same. We are not in the line, but in immediate reserve behind. We are fighting with the French in the great arc about Paris. The Boche attacked a hill near which we were digging trenches, early the other morning; I knew something was up by the deafening roar of artillery and every other weapon fire. They failed, and left 500 prisoners in American hands. I saw some of them the next day—pitiful, tired, and utterly unwarlike specimens. One American could handle a dozen such.

On July 10, on the eve of Barry's departure for the front lines where he was to participate actively in the Marne-Aisne offensive, he wrote this significant letter to his father:

I received orders to appear before the colonel this afternoon, and there received the order to leave this evening for the first lines. Three captains and two first lieutenants were recommended to be attached to a French company at the furthest front, to remain with them a week, participate in all operations subject to the French commander, and be quartered with the French officers. For the past week I have been in command of Co. E albeit I am still but a first lieutenant. I have only a brief minute, for we leave shortly after dark. One never knows the chances of battle, and it is with a solemn appreciation of the danger I am being sent into that I go. For several days our regiment has been behind the front about seven kilometres as Division reserves; we are all ready for the German offensive

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when it comes. Goodbye, father, this time; I'll write on my return. And if in reality I share the fortune of so many better men than I, know, dear father, that I have been a *man* to the last; I'll die if necessary, but no force under heaven can make me flinch in doing so, and an officer never fails his duty. I pray tonight for you all, and even the thunder from the guns now belching from every hill around cannot drown the note of that reaching upward. I have faith in God to strengthen me during the first days when I shall go into the battle even now starting at the front. We are before Paris, and guarding that key of France, and no Frenchman will give way on this sector.

Six days later he wrote again:

I returned from the French front yesterday, and the whole regiment leave tonight to support the French. You know now of the great German offensive. I must write quickly — later I'll narrate my adventures in full. The Boche attacked us just before dawn — I was in the front line (no line at all, just a series of holes, held by automatic riflemen and machine guns) and the German first positions about 300 yards away. These guns open up — the artillery sent over a beautiful barrage, and all was quiet. The Boche began shelling then the road and village behind us, and presently a shell fell near — a second followed terribly close and the French lieutenant and I dropped into our ditch three feet deep. Then the awful deluge. Our ditch was caved in and always that awful shrill of shrapnel and thunder of bursting shells. Nervousness passed and for fifteen minutes lying there I faced death — but I felt strangely calm and deliberate. One becomes fatalistic when so surrounded by fire. I feel that if I am to be struck it is inevitable — why worry and fear? The actuality is not as fearful as the expectation. Well, we were bombarded daily thereafter, and I watched the dead and wounded carried out. The last night, standing by a sentry post with the French lieutenant, a bullet flashed out of the darkness and sped by us — we dropped, pistols ready, but all was quiet. Later when we had gone to platoon headquarters,

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the rifles out there opened up on a Boche patrol — a small engagement took place. A few were killed in our sector — brave, loyal French soldiers. We marched all night and reached camp yesterday dawn. We move tonight. I would rest, for I have not slept for four nights. My brain is tired. I think of those lines: "Many are the hearts weary tonight, waiting for the war to cease," and I feel just one of them — so weary and so much toil ahead. I have no fear of the danger, I could not fear, — for I have men to lead — but just a little rest. I look to God for strength.

The last word received from him, addressed to a friend, was this:

July 18, 1918.

I am sitting in my dugout (filthy dirty) and all the light I have is a stumpy bit of candle. The men are singing outside. You know a great favorite over here is "There's a long, long trail." This must be short, as in a short time we go "over the top." One becomes a fatalist here. If a shell is intended for me I believe it will reach me. However I try to avoid it. The Marines have been making a glorious record, but the sights here at the front are terrible. Sometime I shall get hardened to them — but as I think of it now it seems almost impossible that God should permit the terrible suffering which I witness. The battlefield seems to be a vast field of unburied dead. No houses, no trees, but tangled barbed wire and deep shell holes.

Two days later, while his company was acting in support, near Château-Thierry, Lieutenant Barry sitting with two other officers behind the shelter of a natural embankment was killed by the explosion of a shell which dropped within five feet of the group. Buried near by, his body was reinterred several days later in American Cemetery 371, at Chevillon, Aisne. The fullest account of the circumstances of his death is found in a letter written by Private

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Majella F. Doyle, orderly of Lieutenant A. T. McAllister, of Machine Gun Company, 59th Infantry. Private Doyle was himself wounded by the high explosive shell which caused the death of Barry and the two lieutenants with whom he was sitting.

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me in regard to your dear son's death. Nevertheless, I was there at the time the three lieutenants were killed. I was wounded by the same shell. I will try and explain it all as nearly as I can recall the facts.

I was a runner for Lieutenant McAllister of the Machine Gun Co., 59th Infantry, and on the morning of July 19th or 20th, 1918, at about 9.15, in company with Lieutenant McAllister, was going up a road through a wheat field toward the French artillery. I understand that the business of the lieutenant was to see the French artillery major to learn whether we were attached to the artillery.

This road ran parallel with the German line, being about two city blocks apart. We had only gone a short distance when we met Lieutenant David M. Barry (of Co. E, 59th Infantry) and Lieutenant Brewster (of Co. F, 59th Infantry) coming from the French artillery. (This artillery had furnished us with a heavy barrage the day before under cover of which we, the 59th Infantry, had advanced and captured the town of Chezy from the enemy, and driven them some miles through wheat fields.) The two lieutenants stopped and shook hands with Lieutenant McAllister, and talked for one minute about the evening battles.

Lieutenant Barry said to Lieutenant McAllister, "Mack, my company is all shot up, I hardly have any men left." I noticed that Lieutenant Barry seemed greatly distressed over losing so many of his boys. They stood there for about three minutes when one of the lieutenants cried out, "See those Boche balloons up there; we must scatter or we will draw fire on ourselves." The words were hardly out of his mouth when high

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explosive shells from the German artillery began striking the road and hitting around us. We could do nothing except to sit alongside of the road, a small bank about two feet in height affording us a slight shelter to sit behind. So we took this only shelter and sat down there to get what we call "under cover."

I took my place at the end, while Lieutenant McAllister sat to my right and next to him was Lieutenant Brewster, with Lieutenant Barry at the other end. The four of us sat right alongside of each other, the three lieutenants sitting with their feet stretched out in front of them. I had partially turned toward the German front line to see what was going on when a high explosive shell struck the ground about five or seven feet behind us, and bursting killed Lieutenant Barry and Lieutenant Brewster instantly. (A better way than that of suffering for hours and then dying.) I don't think they ever drew a breath after they were hit; for when I looked over at them the two brave lieutenants were still sitting—or rather half sitting up against the bank in the same position as first taken. It was only a short time before they were carried off the battlefield.

The concussion from the shell hurled me twelve or fifteen feet across the road, and wounded me about the face and arms. Lieutenant McAllister called to me and asked that I try and secure some help as he was wounded in the legs. I secured medical assistance and he was removed to the first aid station, and a little later was taken back to the field hospital, where he died the next day. The doctor in attendance said that Lieutenant McAllister's right leg was shattered, and he had a wound in the right side, one in the chest and one in the stomach. Lieutenant McAllister talked to me after the four boys had him on a blanket and were carrying him to the first aid station. He told me to go ahead and get my wounds dressed and he would see me in the hospital. I was taken to a base hospital a long way behind the line, where I remained under treatment for six weeks.

I cannot give very much information as we were only to-

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gether at that time, and then only for a few minutes. I only wish I knew more of your son's fighting and his company, but as I said before this is all I know. There is one thing, however, Dr. Barry: Your son (Lieutenant Barry) with his company drove the enemy four miles through a wheat field the first day. Your brave son was with the division that drove the Germans from the nearest point to Paris.

Of Barry's last day of fighting, of which Private Doyle knew little, Captain John P. Bell, of the 59th Infantry, a warm friend of Barry's, subsequently wrote:

On July 19, we took over the front line from the 58th, and went over the top at 4.25 A.M., which was our first appearance under fire. I think that day and the next will ever be considered by the old men of the 59th as the saddest days of our lives. For the first time in our lives we saw our dear friends and comrades struck down at our feet. Your dear son like the brave, noble man which he had proved himself to be, was in the thick of it. He led his men on under the most adverse conditions, cheering them on with a splendid example of leadership. The day was over, the objective was reached, but under heavy losses. The next day, the 20th of July, was the day your dear son so gallantly made the supreme sacrifice. . . .

Lieutenant Barry was one of our best officers. His life was devoted to the welfare of his men. His men were devoted to him for his manly character.

Another captain of the 59th, John J. Finessy, heartily endorsed the statements of Captain Bell, and added: "David was an excellent officer and a gentleman. We loved him." When the men of the 59th buried Lieutenants Barry and Brewster near the spot where they fell they marked the graves as those of "our beloved officers and comrades."



HOWARD WALTER BEAL

M.D. 1898

THE medical studies of Howard Walter Beal at Harvard began in 1893, and, after an interruption through absence from the Medical School for what should have been his third year, were completed in 1898. He had come to the Harvard Medical School from Phillips Academy, Andover. He was born at Bangor, Maine, November 26, 1869, the son of John Doyle Beal.

The year of his graduation from the Medical School was the year of the Spanish War. Into this, Beal, having just completed his term as house officer in the Massachusetts General Hospital, entered with a commission of first lieutenant, Medical Corps, and served as surgeon on army

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transports to Cuba and Porto Rico. Transferred to the Base Hospital at Manila, he then saw active service in the Philippines until 1902, when he returned to the United States. In the autumn of that year he married Henrietta Hobbs, a daughter of Warren D. Hobbs of Boston.

In 1903 Beal resigned from the army, and became a member of the Medical Reserve Corps, subject to call when his services might be needed. He then took up the practice of his profession in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he became widely known as a surgeon.

He was not one of those to wait for his country to enter the war in Europe, but on September 4, 1914, only a month after it began, sailed for England on the first Red Cross ship that left the United States. He soon became head of the American Women's War Hospital at Paignton, England, which he organized effectively and conducted as director and chief surgeon until December, 1915. Exhausted by the strain to which this work had subjected him, he then returned to the United States and was ill for several months.

The new challenge that came to him with the entry of the United States into the war was immediately met by the offer of his services to his country. He received the commission of Major, Medical Corps, and on August 6, 1917, sailed for France with the 76th Engineers. His first assignment overseas was that of consulting surgeon at the Base Hospital of the First Division. Then—in response to his own request for a station at the front—he became chief of the First Surgical Division, 6th Field Artillery.

While performing the duties of this post he was wounded near Roye, July 18, 1918, by a bomb from an airplane.

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Borne to the American Red Cross Hospital Number 1 in Paris, he died there of his injuries, July 20.

“He was a man”—it is written of him in “Phillips Academy, Andover, in the Great War,”—“of steadfast and earnest qualities, with the spirit of self-sacrifice in his heart.”



DONALD EARL DUNBAR

CLASS OF 1913

BORN at Springfield, Massachusetts, August 1, 1892, Donald Earl Dunbar was the son of Palmer Hall Dunbar and Martha Jane (Underwood) Dunbar, of that city. He received his preparation for college at the Springfield public schools, entering Harvard in the autumn of 1909 from the Central High School, in which he led his class.

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His scholastic record at Harvard was of the best. In his freshman year he won a "detur"; in each of the three remaining college years he was a scholar of Group I. As an undergraduate he held Bowditch, Price Greenleaf, and Richard Augustin Gambrill Scholarships, and, for the first year after graduating *magna cum laude*, was a Sheldon Travelling Fellow studying at King's College, Cambridge. In his senior year at Harvard he won, besides the Ricardo Prize, the second Bowdoin Prize with an essay on the tin plate industry to which the Hart, Schaffner and Marx prize was awarded in 1915. In his sophomore and junior years he received honorable mention in the Bowdoin prize essay competition. He was an editor of the *Advocate*, the *Crimson*, and the *University Register*. He belonged to the Memorial Society, the Speakers' Club, the Signet, the Student Council, and the Phi Beta Kappa, of which he was second marshal. He served on the committee for the sesquicentennial celebration of Hollis Hall and as chairman of the Student Council Committee on Scholarships.

After his year at King's College, Cambridge, he entered the Harvard Law School. There he concerned himself especially with the economic aspects of the law of public utilities. He won the distinction of an editorship of the *Law Review*, which said of him, after his death, "He was immensely popular both inside and outside the classroom. In the former he was always distinguished by the keenness of his criticism and the width of his interests. He had a real genius for friendship. All those who have known him will realize how ill he can be spared. *Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.*" The promise for his professional career was bright when he left the Law School in the month following

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the declaration of war and entered the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. At the Commencement of 1917 he received the degree of LL.B.

When the Plattsburg camp came to an end, Dunbar was commissioned, August 15, 1917, second lieutenant of infantry and ordered to the 76th Division at Camp Devens. Almost immediately he was assigned to Company L, 101st Infantry, 26th Division, with thirty-five young officers of which he sailed for France, September 7. In the period of training at Rebeuville, near Neufchâteau, Dunbar proved himself one of the best junior officers of the regiment, and on January 15, 1918, was commissioned first lieutenant. At about the same time he was appointed battalion adjutant and performed the duties of this exacting post with marked success for the brief time until the regiment went to the front at Chemin des Dames early in February, when he was reassigned to Company I. With this he remained until his death.

It is an interesting fact that a platoon of the 101st Infantry was the first infantry unit of the National Guard or National Army to take a position on the front line. It is also related, in the memoir of Dunbar in the Third Report of the Class of 1913, that he and a battalion scout officer "were almost wholly responsible for the plans and execution of the first All-American raid, which was made on the German lines opposite Seicheprey," on the Toul front in May. In the same account of him his characteristics as a soldier and the circumstances of his death are thus described:

He had one of the greatest "field presences" I know. Men who were working with Dunny in No Man's Land always had

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an unconscious feeling of confidence: it was not that they felt sure that he would bring them back safely; but they felt that he knew where he was, what was around him and what he wanted to do, and that the patrol had no need to worry about any Boche patrol of like numbers. In other words, he went into the field looking for information quite as he would walk into a city building and look for the janitor.

When the regiment moved to the Château-Thierry district, L Company took up a position in a ravine just west of Vaux, and Dunny was here on the memorable morning of July 15 when the Germans tried to take the town. Throughout the barrage and attack he was walking calmly up and down his lines, giving orders and steadyng the men. Later he personally organized and led a party to counterattack on a portion of the line to the right which had been broken, and he successfully cleaned out some straggling Boche positions in the woods behind us.

Five days later the company went over in attack; on leaving cover they were met with terrific machine gun fire, as the place was open to the sweep of several Boche nests. Babe was killed almost immediately, while walking before his men, looking after their shelter and alignment, and quite forgetful that he even existed.

Babe was a remarkably intelligent officer, absolutely fearless and absolutely fair: those above him could not coerce him, and those under him knew they would be squarely treated. The officers and men of his company erected a stone over his grave, with a simple inscription which shows their feeling, "He still lives in our hearts." And they still preserve the picture of that grave and their memory of Dunny as one of the greatest treasures of the Great War.

In the pages of this Third Report of Dunbar's class another tribute is paid to him by William James Blake, '13:

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If the men of the class knew how "Babe" Dunbar was loved and respected by every man in the 101st U. S. Infantry because of his courage and fearlessness and qualities as a real man and leader, and could hear this sentiment voiced by the officers and men of my regiment when the news of his death passed around after Château-Thierry, it would be some recompense for the disappointment all 1913 men felt at the news of his loss to the class. Distinguished in college in times of peace, he was equally distinguished in war. He, Roger Bennett, and myself, had the honor to be chosen as three of the officers to lead the first American raid, composed of a battalion, and the man who had most to do with the planning, training, and successful execution of this first large *coup-de-main* was "Babe" Dunbar.

A letter of an older Harvard man, William Read Buckminster, '94, addressed to Dunbar's mother a fortnight after his death, contained the following words:

I write you of your son who died gloriously for France and his own land on the twentieth of July. I think that I was his closest friend in France; I know that he was mine. He was my roommate during fall and spring. We wore one another's clothes, and shared everything. He and I were always going together to the Lafayette Club and to pleasant parties with French officers who were our dear friends. The memory of those days together will always be one of my happiest recollections.

I was the last officer to speak to Donald before he died, just as he went up over the high bank where within three or four minutes he was shot down. I think that I was the first to see him as they brought him back dead just after dusk. He must have died painlessly for his head was thrown back and there was a smile on his face, just as I always knew him.

You may well be proud of his life and of his death. Had he lived, I knew that he had a great future. But he died as he

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would have died, leading the attack which forced back the German foe from the very nearest point of his advance on Paris. There could be no more honorable place.

Dunbar was three times cited for bravery, and received the *Croix de Guerre* for his part in the raid at Rupt-de-Mad.



GEORGE WILLIAM RYLEY

CLASS OF 1910

A MEMOIR of George William Ryley in the Decennial Report of the Harvard Class of 1910 presents the record of his life and character with such sympathy and fullness that it would be superfluous to tell the story in different words in this place. It may, however, be prefaced with the names of his parents — the late Thomas Ryley, long associated with the wool industry in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and Annie (Hartford) Ryley, a native of Kentucky—and with a definite mention of the fact that while an undergraduate he was a member of the freshman and University track teams; in 1909 the Varsity team, on which he was half-mile runner, won the intercollegiate championship.

GEORGE WILLIAM RYLEY

In the Class Report, the following paragraphs appear:

George William Ryley was born September 29, 1888, in Lawrence, Massachusetts. After graduating from the public schools of that city he entered Harvard College and was with the Class of 1910 four years. During the next three years he was at the Harvard Law School, graduating at the time of the Triennial. He was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in September, 1913, and began to practise law as an attorney for the Boston Legal Aid Society. It was characteristic of him to go with the Boston Legal Aid Society upon leaving the Law School. Other positions offering far greater financial rewards were open to him, but he made his choice because he thought he could learn for himself and do more service to others there than anywhere else. His work with that charity was much appreciated and since his death money has been donated to the society in his memory to assist in the work he once helped to do. After serving in that office about a year he was employed on the legal staff of the Boston Elevated Railway Company for about the same length of time. In October, 1915, he entered the office of Rackemann and Brewster in Boston and was associated with them until he entered the military service of the United States.

In May, 1917, he entered the R. O. T. C. at Harvard University and continued there until the opening of the Second Officers' Training School at Plattsburg, New York, which he attended from August to November, 1917. He was commissioned a first lieutenant, U. S. R. at that time. In January, 1918, he sailed for France, not being attached to any unit, but under orders to report to Pershing. In France he attended an Officers' School [at Chatillon-sur-Seine] until he was assigned to Company L, 102d Infantry. On July 20, 1918, at Château-Thierry, during the progress of a violent action, he was killed by a German shell. His body lies in the American Cemetery at Belleau Wood, its resting place being marked by the same plain white wooden cross that marks the graves of all the soldiers there.

His classmates will remember him with affection and respect

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because of his cheerful disposition and certain unusual qualities. The power and control of his mind over his body extended beyond the point of mere coördination of mind and muscle. He was an accomplished pianist, which implies at least coördination. Few men of any degree of physical strength could run four hundred yards after having the flesh of one leg slashed to ribbons and a shoe literally cut off. Ryley did this in the track meet with Yale at New Haven in 1909 and he was physically smaller than most of us. Nothing further need be said of the quality of his courage. He was introspective and self-analytical, but this did not make him either melancholy and gloomy or self-satisfied and vain. He was, on the contrary, very modest and always cheerful. While at Plattsburg in 1917 he said to several people that an investigation of his motives in going into service convinced him that he had gone in as a matter of expediency rather than of patriotism. His habit of introspection made him investigate his motives at times when it would occur to very few men to do so at all. His modesty would not allow him to reach a conclusion which gave himself a well deserved credit that he felt to be undeserved and his habit of frank speech led him to say exactly what he thought about himself.

He contemplated economic, philosophical, and religious matters more than most men do. In such contemplation he frequently thought aloud. This may have misled some hearers into a wrong opinion of him by their failure to realize that what was a mere link in his chain of thought on a subject was not necessarily his final conclusion. Such hearers may have considered him queer or thought his ideas strange, but his thinking aloud was well worth listening to, and his conclusions were sound when he reached them. The last year of his life had much tragedy and pathos in it. He greatly deplored the war and frequently said he did not expect to come out alive. On May 17, 1917, he wrote on his office diary, "Finis. Left for the Army. God help us." In spite of that feeling, he continued to be cheerful, optimistic, and companionable, and it is so that he will be remembered by all who knew him.

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First buried at Belleau Wood, as these words relate, Ryley's body was afterwards brought to the United States, and on September 8, 1921, reinterred at West Paris Cemetery, Andover, Massachusetts. The Lawrence *Daily Eagle* printed, on September 10, a full account of the services, and of Ryley's own record, gathered largely from one of his fellow-officers of the 102d Infantry, Lieutenant Paul Hines, D. S. C. To the words of his classmate already quoted this report from a comrade in arms should be added:

"He was the coolest man under fire that I ever saw," said Lieutenant Hines. "I never saw him flustered in the least. He was a continual surprise to us, for he was continually making improvements in the company in lines that we never knew he was interested in. The men had implicit confidence in him, for he never sent them into a place where he would n't go himself."

As second officer of the company, Lieutenant Ryley had charge of the mess. He insisted that the rolling kitchen should be kept meticulously clean. It took hard work to do this, for some cooks were disposed to be careless. His insistence won the day. When the regimental adjutant came for inspection, he pronounced the kitchen the cleanest in the A. E. F. He thought so highly of it that a few days later he returned with General Edwards and his staff to inspect the "model kitchen" of France.

L company just missed the battle of Seicheprey by two hours. It held the position which the Germans took in April until two hours before the Germans came over in large numbers. Some members of L company had been left behind to act as guides for twenty-four hours, and they were killed or captured when the perfect box barrage of the Germans cut them off.

Following this L Company went back into the line in the Toul sector and about July 1 went into a rest area. On July 6 it moved into the front lines near Château-Thierry. It went over the top on the 19th, and was badly decimated.

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Before this, however, Lieutenant Ryley had rendered a conspicuous example of his ability to think clearly. One evening as the company moved up toward Beaumont to relieve another the road was heavily shelled with gas. Lieutenant Richie thought of having the company break ranks and take to the trenches along the road. Lieutenant Ryley pointed out the danger from their low valley position and urged his senior officer to push on through the gas and reach a higher place. Lieutenant Richie had great faith in his junior, and adopted the suggestion and brought the company through with practically no casualties.

The pity of his death was that he was destined to be killed on his first venture "over the top." The objective for L Company on July 19 was a knoll outside Bouresches about 1000 yards from the trenches held by L Company. The knoll overlooked a single line of railroad and the Germans strongly fortified the knoll with machine gun nests. To take the knoll meant to leave the trenches and cross the exposed track and than go 1000 yards through a field of wheat.

The attack was set for 3 o'clock. Just before the company went over, Lieutenant Richie, Lieutenant Ryley, Lieutenant Rugg and Lieutenant Hines had a conference on the way the men should best leave the trenches. L Company was on the extreme right of the 102d Infantry, and was therefore in the most exposed position. Three different theories were advanced by Lieutenants Richie, Hines, and Ryley, but the other three officers agreed that the method devised by Lieutenant Ryley was the best. Later they learned that had either of the other two suggested methods been followed, the company would have been annihilated. As it was, the company lost sixty men in the operation.

Lieutenant Richie led the attack and went down almost instantly. A high explosive bullet pierced his thigh. He will limp the rest of his life from the wound. He called to Lieutenant Ryley to take command. Lieutenant Ryley did, and

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went down a few seconds later. He had not gone more than 100 yards from the trench that he had left.

Lieutenant Hines did not see him fall because of the wheat. A few moments later Lieutenant Hines all but stumbled over his body. He was lying on his face with his head pillowed on his right arm. Death had been instantaneous, for a bullet had gone through his head. . . .

L Company took its objective and then rested. Its loss of life was appalling. The day was the worst that Lieutenant Hines experienced in France. A detail went back that night and buried Lieutenant Ryley. With great care the body was wrapped in blankets and then the blankets were sewed together. Then the body was placed in a grave sheathed with boards and the burial detachment went forward to join their comrades and keep faith with the dead.

The last word of Lieutenant Richie to Lieutenant Ryley before going over was to remark that neither had provided himself with emergency rations. "Never mind, Richie, we won't need them," was Ryley's reply. He was right. The tone he used in his reply was offhand and carefree. Lieutenant Hines has never thought that he had a premonition of the fate that was so soon to be his.



GEORGE ALEXANDER MCKINLOCK, JR.

CLASS OF 1916

As a portrait forms the frontispiece of a biography, a picture of McKinlock, drawn by a classmate for the Memorial Report of the Class of 1916, may well stand at the beginning of this memoir:

To me he was always Mae. We met first in the Union at mess, strange and a little shy, as freshmen are, but eager for everything in our new environment. I remember best Mac's smile, stretching from ear to ear, his large fine teeth as white and bright as ivory in sunshine. A wonderful smile, radiant, unbounded, comprehensive; an epitome of untainted, strong boyhood, full of the wind and sun of open air, too young and too bubbling for care or suppression; a provoking, beckoning smile that called you out to play — and you smiled back, and went with a rush. His eyes were deep, and brown as beech leaves

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at the bottom of a brook pool; they reflected the sun of his smile. But in them, too, were sympathy and a wistful look, as you found on better acquaintance.

At first I called him "The Brown Bear"; he was so stocky and short, his curly, thick hair ("like a nigger's," we used to shout at him) as brown as his eyes; and there was always something playfully bothering and quarrelsome about him. He was in every rough-house in those days, at the bottom of many, and day in and day out engaged in personal combat of the most ridiculous and amusing nature with Whitlock, who was as short and irrepressible as himself.

Mac was a keen athlete, playing on the freshman and Varsity teams, and easily winning his "H" in football. Though he was sturdy and quick and strong, he worried about his condition as a mother would over an ailing child; it was in his temperament to do so. For athletics was a serious matter, now detested ardently, now enjoyed thoroughly, as the day varied with success. I always felt athletics worried him more than they pleased, — I am sure his courses did — but he wanted success in them and attained it.

Over here in Germany, with the veil of the war drawn full across other times, only the more shining memories stand out; the rest have been absorbed. But I remember the last time I saw him — in the court of the centre Freshman Dormitory facing the Charles. We were second lieutenants, he of cavalry, I of infantry; he *en route* from Camp Sheridan to France, I studying under Colonel Azan. It was September, the night warm and full of stars, and as we said good-bye for what was the last time, Mac's voice was low and uncertain. We were young boys again, as in our freshman year; and as I turned up the stairs to my whitewalled room I thought it must be very lonely and sad to go thus to France, alone, without friends, and the war for us so new.

It was over a year later, in the full rush of our victory, when I heard of Mac again. He was dead. How rumor flew through

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France with a hundred tongues, each speaking a different story, those in the A. E. F. know; one day you might sit in quiet shelter with a happy letter from a friend, the next morning would come a broken story of his death that pieced itself together, here a little, there a little, for weeks and months before confirmed.

But Mac is dead, bravely, we know, honestly and fearlessly, carrying the true heart of the boy against the murdering cannon. And we who can never sit under his smile again can place it in our hearts to warm in afterdays our faith in what is untainted and straight and true in life.

The points of detail which can be added to the broad lines of this picture only substantiate its faithfulness.

George Alexander McKinlock, Jr., was born at Chicago, May 16, 1893, the only child of George Alexander McKinlock and Marion (Rappleye) McKinlock. His father is president of the Central Electric Company of Chicago. The boy attended no school until he was ten years old, when he entered the Fay School, Southborough, Massachusetts, equipped with such physical strength that one of the older boys immediately asked him the flattering question whether he played football. "No, but I think I'd like it," was the characteristically honest reply. After three years he entered St. Mark's School, Southborough, in the first form. There his strength became a byword—in the saying, "strong as McKinlock." He played for three years on the school football eleven and hockey team, of both of which he was captain in the sixth form year. For two years he played also on the school baseball nine, and in his last year at St. Mark's had the honor and responsibility of a monitorship.

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One of his letters from St. Mark's reveals a shrewdness of observation to which speakers at boys' schools may be subjected more often than they suspect. Theodore Roosevelt, no longer President, had been talking at St. Mark's. McKinlock, writing to his father, gave an excellent summary of his remarks, and proceeded:

His delivery took me rather by surprise. I had expected him to have a rather deep voice. On the other hand, he impressed me as having a rather small voice. He spoke in a rather sympathetic and confidential tone, making side remarks and having a good sense of humor. Afterwards, I met him and he congratulated me on having won the Groton game. He seemed shorter than I had expected, but when he spoke he reminded me of Homer's description of Odysseus, Book III, 208:

"But when truly they mingled among the assembled Trojans, Menelaus indeed surpassed them with his broad shoulders, but when they sat down, Odysseus was the more august. But when they began to weave speeches and counsels before all, truly Menelaus harangued fluently a few things indeed, but very clearly, since he is not abounding in words nor rambling in speech, even if he was later in birth. But when crafty Odysseus arose, he stood and looked downwards, having fixed his eyes on the ground and he moved his sceptre neither backwards nor forwards, but held it unmoved, being like to a foolish man; thou might say he was some morose man and likewise senseless. But when indeed he uttered his great voice from his breast and words like to the wintry snow storms, then no other mortal indeed could contend with Odysseus."

This simile perhaps is not a very happy one, but both Mr. Roosevelt and the simile impressed me, so I thought I would tell you about both.

Evidently the boy was using his eyes and his mind as well as his muscles. The general impression he left be-

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hind him at St. Mark's is embodied in words written by the headmaster of the school, the Rev. William G. Thayer, recalling him both in his boyhood and in his young manhood in terms that speak for their essential oneness:

There are only happy memories of Alexander McKinlock's life in St. Mark's School. I recall him as he entered the School, a sturdy little boy of twelve, strong in body, open-minded and transparent in character. One could almost predict the kind of boy and man he was going to be. A thorough boy but sound in his judgment and reserved in his estimates, he was not carried off his feet by the enthusiasm of the new school life, as is commonly the case of the new boy. His interest in the School and his loyalty developed naturally, and when they became factors in his experience he expressed them in service.

McKinlock always looked for a reason and motive for action. In his studies he did what was required of him and unless his interest was aroused he did not exert himself to do his best, but his sense of duty and self-respect kept him up in his studies and school requirements. I was always aware he had far greater ability than he showed in his school work. This ability did not find full expression until he was well along in his college life. In some of the college courses he did noticeably good work and showed mental ability of first order.

Though he was interested in various school sports, his character was shown best in football. Both in school and college he played the game for all it was worth. He did not care about the game so much that he would have played it for its own sake, but because he played well he recognized his obligation to the school and college, and he used his abilities for the school not because he found great pleasure in the game but because his service was needed for the success of the team.

In the same spirit he entered the war. Many young men were drawn by the love of adventure and the excitement of getting into the fight. McKinlock much preferred peace and the op-

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portunity for other kinds of service, but nothing could keep him from fulfilling his obligation. From the moment his life began in the training camp to the moment he fell, he entered heart and soul into the task before him using all his energies, physical, mental, and spiritual, in full measure pressed down and running over.

McKinlock's friends always speak of his clean-mindedness, but it was more than that. He had a clarity of soul and cared only for the things that were true, pure, honorable and of good report. He did not wear his heart on his sleeve but his affections were deep and strong. The personal recollection which means most to me, is the responsive smile that revealed the mind, heart and soul. I cherish his memory as a rare possession.

In the autumn of 1912 McKinlock entered Harvard. In the summer between his freshman and sophomore years he went to Germany with his mother and studied the language of the country. In a letter to his father, dated Dresden, July 2, 1913, after describing the modern attractions of the cities he had seen, he made these significant observations: "I would rather live in America than here amongst all this order and perfection of material things. The German seems to me, in his desire to make Germany powerful and famous, to have forgotten to develop his finer qualities. The workaday man is fettered and consequently uninteresting. You can't get away from civilization. I feel that what I am doing has been done by so many before my time that it is worn out." From Heidelberg he wrote a few weeks later: "The college buildings are unattractive things spread indiscriminately through the town. The students live in *pensions*. They sit in the cafés, drink beer, and play cards. Mostly they are unattractive, sloppy-looking animals. The Germans look

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like our cheap sports in a small country village. If you want to exercise here, evidently you must join the army; all the others eat and drink. The average German does not seem to think. His life is in a rut. They have not many morals." One summer in Germany was all he wanted. But its result, on his reaching France in 1917 with little French then at his command, was, as we shall see, that he was able to conduct his first conversation with a French officer in German.

In other summer vacations he gained a valuable knowledge of life in the open through camping and hunting trips with his parents, while he was still a boy, and with college friends after he had come to Harvard. One of them describes him as the man of the cleanest mind and body he ever met, warm-hearted, thoughtful of the comforts of others, and generous in the extreme.

At Harvard, where McKinlock belonged to the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, S. K., and Porcellian Clubs, he was conspicuously successful in football. He played on his freshman team; in his sophomore year he belonged to the University squad; and in his junior and senior year was a member of the University team, on which he played in the Yale games of 1914 and 1915, both of which were won by Harvard. His character, abilities, and personality marked him clearly as one who might well "go far."

On graduating from college in 1916, McKinlock entered his father's business, the Central Electric Company, at Chicago. Beginning at the bottom, he endeared himself to his fellow-workers, who would some day, as they all thought, become his employees. The laborers in the pack-

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ing rooms looked up to him because, with his uncommon strength, he could toss a box higher than any of them. Throughout the organization his sense of justice and his consideration for others bespoke a genuinely democratic instinct of the best augury for the future of the business. When he left it for the war, the faith and courage with which he went were a strength to those who remained at home.

McKinlock entered the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, in May, 1917. On August 15 he was commissioned second lieutenant, cavalry. On September 9 he sailed for France as a casual. There he was detailed to the First Corps Schools at Gondrecourt. After about three months of varied training he was assigned in January to the 3d Machine Gun Battalion, First Division, and detailed to duty on the staff of Major (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel) Chester Arthur Davis, as intelligence and liaison officer. On June 15 he was transferred to Headquarters, 2d Infantry Brigade, First Division, for duty as intelligence officer on the staff of General Beaumont B. Buck. He was killed in action, July 21, 1918, at Berzy-le-Sec.

To supplement this bare outline of his military record, in which engagements at Cantigny and in the Marne-Aisne offensive were included, there are letters from McKinlock and from the officers under whom he served. There are also less formal remembrances, of his smile, of his ready humor, of his truthfulness. "Alexander keeps us sane," wrote one of his friends, and related an experience at the end of a trying day: "We were pretty well all in. I particularly was in a frightful state of mind, and I

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came back to find Alexander lying on his stomach reading a magazine, and when he threw back his head and laughed, it made everything all right." On a moonlight night at Cantigny, after long-continued and terrible fighting, while the German shells were still falling, Colonel Davis was struck and called out, "I have been hit." In a few minutes he looked up to find McKinlock beside him, and exclaimed, "You did n't come to me through all this glare!" To which McKinlock, with his smile, replied, "But, sir, I thought you said you were hurt." At Cantigny also, reporting, under orders, on the placing of guns at a certain moment, ten minutes before they were actually in position, McKinlock won the respect of his superior officer by qualifying his written statement so as to make that officer, and not himself, responsible for the naming of the not strictly accurate hour. There are stories, too, of his devotion to his mother, who, visiting the First Division Headquarters after the Armistice, was told what a wonderful fellow her son was, and how he was loved. "Well, don't you suppose I knew him too?" she finally said. And they replied, "You may have known a wonderful boy, but we knew a wonderful man."

Of the letters to be quoted, there are first these passages from a few of McKinlock's own:

October 22, 1917.

I am now at the First Corps Training school and having an interesting time: we are n't allowed to write about details but our living conditions are exactly the same as our last week together in New Brunswick — cold weather, rain and mud; the rubber shoe packs have been a life saver.

Tonight I have the two trunks piled on top of one another for a desk and am sitting on the bed writing by the light of the

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collapsible lantern; you see we made some good purchases. The sleeping bag with waterproof cover has been just the thing, for during the first week there were three leaks in the roof, but now I have moved to a dry spot. The weather is like that we had when we motored in Scotland.

We travelled here by troop train in a second-class *voiture*. I slept in my sleeping bag in the aisle, we washed up on the station platforms, and bought rye bread and *vin ordinaire* whenever the train stopped, which it did very often, and for half an hour at a time. We came directly here without stopping. It was a relief to settle down even though the accommodations are n't any too dry. When we left the big boat we had a day and night before taking the train for the crossing.

Dave Sigourney and I had seven French officers for supper after the theatre, in an upstairs room in the hotel we started our tour from; I sat next to a major who talked very little English; we got along best in German — rather odd to talk to my first ally in the enemy tongue.

I have been taking an hour's French at seven P.M. from a middle-aged woman in the village, which is about ten minutes walk from the barracks. This evening I walked down with some laundry to the Flaubert's, a French family, who do my linen. I spent an hour in the kitchen, talking and explaining the advertisements in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We buy grapes, apples, figs, chocolate and English walnuts at these tiny little shops run by a mother and daughter. There are few men and everyone looks now to us. There's a general feeling, felt more than expressed, that they would have closed shop over here if we had n't come in. The grey color which one sees everywhere is monotonous and rather depressing; it would be even more so if it were home and we had three years of it.

We did n't have a smell of a submarine. I don't think so much of the *unter-see-boten*. Either the Germans are not making use of it, through lack of supplies, or else it's not an omnipotent weapon, but rather one which can be fairly well foiled by proper protection.

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November 2, 1917.

I am well and pretty happy and content. We are gradually getting used to rain and mud.

The last ten days have passed quickly and soon our term here will be over; what will happen then, none of us know. I am thinking of trying to get into the machine gun school — this branch of the service attracts me about as much as any. I have been taking bombing and trench raiding; also automatic rifle, following the courses I was assigned to, because they're good and also because I did not care for any one enough to try to be transferred. I am not sure even now about which branch I am more fitted to go into. While things are unsettled and shaping themselves, it is a good thing to go into as many classes as possible. Opportunities for special assignment come up every day and soon I'll get some sort of a job, but there's a good chance of our going back to the States, so I am going to let her go for a while.

[After a "permission" in Paris]

November 25, 1917.

The *jeunes filles* are thick as flies and about every other officer, French, British, and American, has one hanging on his arm. This trip has made one thing clear, you either play around with them or you leave them alone; I'm going to leave 'em be; don't worry over me in that respect; in fact you don't have to worry unnecessarily about me for now I'm billeted and have an old woman to take care of my things.

I am now in an old peasant's house; two rooms in front, my bedroom and the kitchen, and the stable in the rear. As I sit writing I can hear the horses stamping and the old woman talking with her granddaughter and a couple of soldiers in the kitchen. The old woman sleeps in a cupboard which opens off the kitchen. The hay-loft runs over my room and I can hear the rats at night, in fact I think there's a nest of mice in the mattress of my bed which is one of those big, thick heavy affairs. The old girl is a widow with a couple of sons in the war;

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her husband fought under Maximilian and was a prisoner four years in Mexico. She was in the siege of Metz, being a native of Alsace. The other night she had an old crony of hers for supper who's from Lorraine; they looked picturesque sitting near their little *fourneau* with bowls of chocolate and bread. Madame Fringant takes pretty good care of me; she cleans my boots and brushes off the mud from my clothes, mends, etc. Of course I am lonely and miss you a lot. The only compensation is the knowledge that this is a wonderful experience and one it will be most pleasant to look back upon; it's also a pleasure to be taking part in a big game.

February 8, 1918.

I am liaison and intelligence officer of the 2d Brigade M. G. Bn. and therefore a member of the Bn. staff. Major Chester Arthur Davis is our commanding officer and a fine gentleman into the bargain. The staff, in addition, consists of the adjutant, Lieutenant Butts; the doctor, Captain Bisbee; the dentist, Lieutenant Arbuckle; the gas officer, Lieutenant Paulson; the supply officer, Lieutenant Kimberley and the interpreter, M. Lacrosaz. We all get along well, which makes it most pleasant.

When we are in billets I have a good many jobs, for I am Provost Marshal, Police and Prison Officer, Fire Marshal, Battalion Headquarters (Bn. H. Q.), Officer's Mess Officer and Survey Officer. We are in a little French village and acting under the various titles given above I look out for the place; for instance in every café there is posted an order signed by me, of the hours the enlisted men are allowed to frequent it. I am in charge of the guard house and the prisoners who police up the town; a couple of wagons go from billet to billet every morning and the prisoners load in the refuse. My first experience with enlisted men has been in handling prisoners who are the outlaws of the different companies, and they together with the teamsters, the hard guys, have led me quite a dance. I have not yet learned how to bawl a man out, that's one way you failed me, my dear. All the stuff one reads in the papers, magazines,

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etc., about "we are all men, etc.," is rubbish. To be any good an officer has to rule with an iron hand, of course justly, that goes without saying. I have a room in the Bn. H. Q. building with Captain Bisbee, the medico, and believe me it's some change from the school; a stove with a big wood box (I am in charge of the wood so we always have enough; a wagon for each company for H. Q. goes out each morning and the men cut wood as marked by the French forester), and also a big bed with sheets, etc. Also I have a big lanky sorrel horse who is a rough old devil but strong and sound which is rarity over here. I have enjoyed riding immensely; this is a great country for riding, not a single fence; it is wooded and hilly and I often ride up out of the valley and look down on our little town four hundred or five hundred feet below on the banks of a small river which feeds a canal that winds in and out like a snake. It's most picturesque and makes one forget the war. I have enjoyed this last month immensely. The work with troops is most interesting and pleasant because I am with a good organization. Today we were out six hours and I was five hours in the saddle, something like the days out west. I wonder often as I ride about especially at dusk whether you are taking any relaxation from your work. Don't run your legs off in that sooty town; remember that I don't want to come home and find a nervous wreck or a lame Mother.

April 4, 1918.

We are staying for a couple of days in a delightful little town before starting for "Somme where in France." Being on the Bn. Staff and on good terms with the Major I am in the château with him. Formerly the word château would bring before my mind's eye a huge Gothic pile; but experience has taught me to expect otherwise; for every small town and village has its château, i. e., the home of the prominent family; it is an old country house of stone and plaster something on the order of those in Libertyville, although nowhere near so dry, sunny, or sanitary. We may have progressed in the art of war, but we

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certainly have gone back into the ways of our forebears as far as personal hygiene.

I visited Archie Roosevelt in the hospital day before yesterday and he is getting along in good shape. At present he has a stiff leg and can't bend his left wrist, but they expect him to limber up. He was standing on the parapet in front of his dugout when the Boche put down a barrage and an H. E. shell exploded near by and caught him just above the elbow; he said it did n't pain much so he stayed up until another went off and a fragment pierced through between the kneecap and knee and then he was down and out. The next day when they (the Red Cross) started to take him out the trenches were narrow so they tried going over the top, but the Boche immediately opened up on them with shrapnel and the Red Cross jumped into the trenches and left him lying on top (he had quite a few people to thank for a pleasant ride) and came out afterward and took him in without further mishap.

I have just been out in the garden and in the fields near by; it is a wonderful spring night and it's great to be out alone and hear the frogs and night birds, the peace and quiet here is wonderful after the front. The nights up there are n't much. There is a steady stream of ration wagons and ammunition trucks on the road until about midnight and then, of course, is the time that each side is busy shelling the roads and communicating trenches in the hope of putting a crimp in the other fellow's style. I have had a couple of interesting experiences (I just asked the Major and he said it would be all right to write about it, so here goes). Well to begin with. It was not a dark and stormy night, it was just a plain night, not dark nor was it light when the Major and I embarked in the General's car to visit the *Commandant du Secteur* on our left; we were going to take over from the French another sub-sector, therefore preliminary arrangements had to be made; hence the visit. There were two ways of going to the French P. C. (*poste de commande*), and we tried both. Going out we took the roundabout way

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through the woods which are about six kilometres from the front, but the going was bad, so when we had finished our job we decided to chance the short way home, a good road (one of the *Routes Nationales*) which parallels the front about three kilometres behind the lines. Well, we left the town about eleven o'clock and in about fifteen minutes were on the main highway. For two hours previous there had been heavy shelling away to our right, and it had gradually worked down to the left toward us, but in a comparatively mild degree until it took the form of ordinary counter-battery work and did not appear to be worth any thought. But when we approached one of our towns we stopped, because the Boche had been throwing incendiary and the H. E. shells into it; the place looked as if a row of bonfires had been built around it (it had originally been shelled to pieces at the outbreak of the war). We decided to go through and as we went ahead a couple of 77's (3-inch) dropped in the ruins on either side of us. I was pretty darned scared because we were in one of those enclosed nationals which are all glass windows just like a fish tank, and I could just see a big one landing near and the concussion splintering the glass. But we got through the town all right and were just coming out on the other edge where we had to pass in front of one of our batteries against which the Boche were doing some counter-battery work, when I was really scared green. For just at the place where we ought to have put on full speed ahead, we were held up by a ration wagon with a four-mule team which was directly across the road with one mule, the off-wheeler, down, and no driver (the driver and mule I afterward learned had been killed by shell fragments). I got out of that car like a shot out of a gun (it was a relief to be out of that plate glass palace which may be good as the pictures show in the *Saturday Evening Post* to protect the family from dust and rain but which ain't much when "Fragments from France" are flying around) and ran after that mule, stick in hand and heart in mouth. For some reason or other they were scared of me and after chasing them

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all over the road I finally ran them off far enough to let the car pass and then in I pops and off we goes to bed. It is n't very thrilling to read about, but there are the thrills in the doing.

June 3, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER:

Well, I am safe and sound, and experienced.

If you have the papers and look at the maps, you can at least know what we were doing during the last week. I was with a barrage group of machine guns in a wood, and it was our job to fire into the Boche, well behind his lines and break up his reserves. We did not go over the top, but even so we had our share of attention from the Hun', who played continually upon our support lines with artillery.

I could see our men go over the top with the tanks; it was interesting and a fine sight: a quiet steady movement, more impressive than spectacular, something like the slow steady progress of line plays down a gridiron.

Our artillery preparations were magnificent. One really has to see an artillery show to appreciate the noise, smoke, dust, and terrific confusion.

Barrage machine guns have a hard time, even if they are not right up on the line. The enemy takes pains to locate them, because they do great damage, and then goes right after them with his artillery.

We were out for three days and nights under heavy shelling all the time. It is wearing, because, even if the greater part of the shells are wide of one's position, everything is constantly jarred so that one cannot get any rest. I spent most of my time in a small trench about six feet long, two feet wide and four feet deep, which was good protection against fragments but of course nothing against a direct hit. We had one early morning hot and heavy. I was in a trench directly behind a couple of our guns when a shell fell out in front so close that the gun crews even tumbled back into the trench, one man wounded in the thigh and another in the shoulder, neither of them seri-

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ously. Shells falling closely sort of thin and terrify one. It was only a miracle that we all got out. Of course we lost a few, but the Boche artillery was a little off in the range, overs and shorts.

You must have been pretty well upset by the last drive, which I believe now is stopped. The Hun certainly has made it hot for the British and French this spring. It seems highly improbable that the end of the war is any nearer and yet one cannot believe that Germany can make such sacrifices, which have gained her relatively so little, without cracking.

It's fine that you are doing so well with your canteen. I hope that I can come back and have a look at it in the near future. There probably will be some sort of provision made by which those earliest in France may go back to the States after a year or so over here.

I have n't been to Paris since November, and the Lord only knows when I'll be there again; when one is forward and conditions are such as they are, leaves are mythical. But I am in good health, happy, and, considering the fact that we have been in small towns with nothing to do, in fairly good spirits.

June 15, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

I am now temporarily on duty with the 2d Brigade Headquarters and consequently live in style in an old château. We are right out in the country and the fields are wonderful. They have loads and loads of poppies and daisies which make big seas of colors. Yesterday afternoon I stumbled on a patch of wild strawberries, and although our own 75's were sending them over I could not resist them and we had a very delightful fifteen minutes.

Life has gone smoothly for us, although we have had scares which have made things uncertain. I have n't had much work to do as my job has gradually, owing to its uselessness, dwindled to nothing of importance. When we go into rest I shall probably go to a company. I have enjoyed staff work but don't mind going with troops. The only unpleasant part of staff

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work is in the contact with the rest of the members. About half a dozen live, eat, and sleep together and stay in dugouts doing office work without exercise, so that it's easy to get scrappy when we are under a strain for a couple of days. With troops one has a certain amount of exercise and being in the open naturally is not so tiring.

Americans have done well over here; of course on a small scale and under supervision. The French are fine and their higher commands have the technique of military art. The front is divided into sectors, generally about two miles in width and varying from five to ten miles in depth. Each of these sectors has to be organized in respect to infantry, machine guns, artillery light and heavy. It's like laying out a golf course and at the same time organizing a business house with its minute details in regard to shipping, accounting, and general policy. So far I have had the same kind of experience as I had with the Central, visiting different departments and working a bit in each one. It's been instructive but not conducive to promotion in that, if one is in one branch and stays there, the way up comes gradually by the fact of just being there. The Army has no fascinations for me; I am willing to work and do the job, but there's nothing inspiring, at least one does n't feel that there's a future to be worked up to—get it over with and then clear out.

The mass of people in the States will never appreciate the war, in fact one has to go through a bit of it to grasp it. Life at the front is not as exciting as behind the lines. Here there's a sameness that's universal; a new sector offers new features of the same terrain and makes new dispositions necessary, but life soon simmers down to a regular cadence with few distractions, and after a few readjustments we are down to the same existence. Behind the lines there is continual change and the uncertainty of what is happening, and also politics. Here we are interested in what's going on on our own front and that of the divisions on our immediate right and left, the mail, food, and a chance horseback ride.

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Of course it's a pleasure to realize that you are making airons and boats instead of talking them. Air planes are very important; having them is like seeing the hole before driving, one has a better chance of getting there.

The other day a Britisher read his map wrong and flew over us with his machine gun playing and dropped half a dozen personnel bombs. The rest of his flight got after him and we peppered him until he finally came down with a broken leg. He kept us going for about half a day, we could not tell when he would light on us again because his plane could not be distinguished from the rest so we had to be ready to let anyone have a dose that came by.

July 10, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER:

I am now with the Headquarters of the 2d Brigade and am filling the bill as intelligence officer. I read the Bulletins of Information issued by the First French Army and by our own G. H. Q. These reports give the latest information concerning what is going on in the German side of the lines, which is information picked up from letters and documents found on prisoners or dead men and from deserters and the prisoners who are all quizzed by the Intelligence section at the Division Corps and Army Headquarters. I am in charge of the brigade maps and airon photos. It is interesting work.

We have had fine weather for troops but poor for crops, that is, no rain. If I had arrived in France say the first of March instead of the fifth of October, I would take the nickname "Sunny France" for granted and think I was lucky to be away from our disagreeable spring. Over here all the bad weather is apparently concentrated in the fall months from October on into the winter to February.

I have been very homesick — there is so much time when one has nothing to do. When things are stirring we may be up all night several nights during the week but when we are *en repos* there's lots of time to wish one were home.

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I am going to take up riding again and get more exercise which I need badly now that we are able to stay away from Headquarters a bit. My French gets better, but of course I do not make the progress I would if I were with them regularly. I only talk a couple of sentences a day which keeps my hand in but does not make for fast progress. . . .

I certainly would like to be home with you at present. I need your good influence, this life is too primitive, we have nothing of the finer things at hand and unless one has ideals constantly in the foreground why it's easy to act like an animal.

After the fighting south of Soissons on July 21, McKinlock was reported missing in action. For some time thereafter the circumstances of his death were unknown; but the events that immediately preceded it, and the impression produced by McKinlock's character and actions upon those who had the best opportunities to observe and know him, may be found in the following letters to his father, two from General Buck, one from Colonel Davis.

HQ. 3D DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
FRANCE, September 19, 1918.

MY DEAR SIR:

Today I received a cablegram from you inquiring about your son, Lieutenant George A. McKinlock, Jr., who was a member of my staff when I was in command of the 2d Infantry Brigade, Am. E. F.

We had been engaged in a four days' battle, the culmination of which was the capture of Berzy-le-Sec, just south of Soissons, July 21, 1918. I sent your son, one hour after the capture of the village, to definitely locate our lines in advance of the village. He did not return. I sent another staff officer late that evening to make a diligent search and inquiry about him. Your son was traced to the village. He had been seen going down the

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Ploisy ravine accompanied by two French officers. All three entered the village together. As they were passing through the eastern edge of the village there came a burst of machine gun fire from long range, one bullet taking effect in your son. He fell, apparently dead. The two French officers hastened to cover. The body lay in the street all day, as the enemy continued intermittently to sweep the town with machine gun fire, also to bombard it. That evening, about dusk, an American ambulance stopped near where your son's body lay, the attendants picked up the body and depositing it in the ambulance, drove off. I had several officers search the aid stations, hospitals, etc., hoping to find your boy, and to learn that he was only wounded, but no trace has been found of him. The above was told by an American soldier who was posted in the eastern edge of Berzy-le-Sec with a party of soldiers whose duty was to hold a certain post there. He was not relieved from this duty for several hours after your son was carried away in the ambulance.

I have hesitated to communicate the foregoing to you because in the search made for your son a soldier was found who claimed to know that one of my staff officers was taken prisoner just as he entered Berzy-le-Sec on the morning in question. He claimed that some Germans who remained in hiding in the town after it was captured by my troops pounced upon my staff officer as he entered the town and made him prisoner.

As we could not find him or his body, I have been hoping to learn that he is a prisoner. The battle was still on when these two accounts were given and in the rush of events the officer to whom they were given failed to get the name and organization of the soldiers who told the stories. We have been unable to learn anything further.

I need not tell you of the deep sorrow which fell upon me and the surviving members of my staff in the loss of your son who was loved by us all. I had selected him as a member of my staff on account of his splendid qualities and ability. In sending him to make a sketch of the position of our troops I had no

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idea he was to be in any danger, as I and another staff officer had come from the immediate vicinity only an hour or two previously. Please accept my sincere condolence and share the hope that he may be a prisoner and may safely return to you some day.

Very sincerely yours,

B. B. BUCK, *Major-General,*
U. S. Army.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP MACARTHUR,
WACO, TEXAS,

MY DEAR MR. MCKINLOCK: December 27, 1918.

I have not written to you, or to Mrs. McKinlock, or to General Barry, on the subject of your son's disappearance because I have hoped there might be some new development in the case. The case was very puzzling to me from the start. I never put much faith in the rumors about his being captured or being seen in company with two French officers. All I can say definitely is that I last saw him at the advanced telephone station of the 26th Infantry in a little gully by the side of an unused road. This was a very dangerous position, but the telephone being located in a little scooped-out place there was the reason of Alexander's being there where he could receive information from the front promptly. I left him there early on the morning of July 21 for this purpose, and the place having been discovered was kept under heavy shell and shrapnel fire all day.

When I returned to this place from the capture of Berzy-le-Sec at about 10.00 A.M., I found Alexander there. I then went with Lieutenant Pearce and two orderlies to the right flank of my brigade and from there up to the front of the fighting just south of Berzy-le-Sec and made a thorough reconnaissance of the field, sending the last of my reserves to secure the line running southeast from Berzy-le-Sec toward Buzancy. After I considered the situation along this front satisfactory and stable, I returned to the advanced telephone station of the 26th Infantry. Alexander was still there. He showed me the

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information he had accumulated. I made a telephonic report of the situation to Division Headquarters and learned that the Division Commander desired a sketch showing definitely just where our advanced line was holding and the units occupying various positions, their strength, etc., so I sent Alexander into Berzy-le-Sec *via* the Ploisy ravine, and Captain Parris and Captain Fleet to that portion of the line southeast of Berzy-le-Sec with orders to make the sketch required. This must have been about 1.00 o'clock P.M. I then returned about 2.00 o'clock P.M. to my Headquarters at Missy-aux-Bois. Captain Parris and Captain Fleet returned to my Headquarters about 5.00 P.M. Alexander never returned. . . . Our rule which has been established in the brigade for several months and which was well understood by us all was that under no circumstances should an officer ever go into the battle zone unaccompanied, so I gave no instructions whatever on this subject at the time.

Today I have found among my papers on Berzy-le-Sec my memorandum to the effect that "General Buck, Lieutenant McKinlock and Lieutenant Pearce visit front line battalions verify number of men and positions of the 26th and 28th Infantry," etc. You will remember that in our conversations I could not remember whether Alexander accompanied me on that perilous trip or not.

I am enclosing a sketch showing the ground in the vicinity of Berzy-le-Sec and Ploisy, with important points marked. Also, among my papers, I today found a copy of my citations and am sending you a copy of Alexander's citation.

Now, I am also sending today, through the War Department, a recommendation for the Distinguished Service Cross for Alexander — not only for the service recited in the citation, but for his service in accompanying me between 2.00 and 4.30 A.M. on the morning of July 21 and for his duty at the advanced telephone station of the 26th Infantry during the attack on Berzy-le-Sec.

I did not recommend this award earlier than the present time, because of our law that the Distinguished Service Cross

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cannot be awarded for acts in which the person is taken prisoner, and I have waited until now to see if Alexander would show up as a prisoner.

B. B. BUCK,

Major-General, U. S. A.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
GERMANY,

December 29, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. MCKINLOCK:

I have desired for a long time to write you frankly and fully concerning your son, but inasmuch as he has been officially carried as "lost or missing in action" I have been precluded from doing so. Our regulations prohibit officers and men from writing to the relatives or friends of missing soldiers and suggesting that they were killed or even establishing proof of same until the casualty list is published changing status, for instance, as from missing in action to killed in action. I am informed that your son is now carried as having been killed in action; therefore I propose to relate to you all that I have been able to find out concerning him.

Your son was my intelligence officer for many months while I commanded the 3d Machine Gun Battalion (previously called the 2d Brig. M. G. Bn.). Shortly before the offensive operation southwest of Soissons, General Buck, then Commanding General of the 2d Brigade, lost his brigade intelligence officer through transfer and believing that your son would and could hold that comparatively important position I recommended him and he was appointed. During the aforementioned operation his Brigade Commander sent him forward to Berzy-le-Sec to verify the position of our first lines and according to Chaplain O'Flarity of the 28th Infantry he encountered three French officers who were on a similar mission and the four men went along together. In the town of Berzy it seems that, according to the story of the French officers, a single bullet fired by a Boche sniper killed George instantly, having penetrated his heart. The French officers, immediately following this one shot, took cover

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and while running from the scene encountered Chaplain O'Flarity or O'Flaherty, and to him they related this story. They described your son with great accuracy, so much so that my description exactly tallied with theirs, and O'Flaherty had never seen your son. They told the chaplain that a young lieutenant, a liaison officer of 2d Brigade Headquarters, who spoke excellent French, had just been killed and related what I have stated above concerning George. That evening the chaplain went to the spot and looked for the body but could find no trace of it. He inquired of some enlisted men where the body had lain and they indicated the spot stating that the body of the lieutenant had laid there all day and that they believed an ambulance carried the body away shortly before the chaplain's arrival. I got this statement from O'Flaherty personally and asked him to put it in writing but this good man was killed almost in my presence just after I had made a request for the statement. Another young man had heard that a brigade staff officer had been killed near his outfit at Berzy and unfortunately he (Captain Hawkinson) is also dead.

Frankly, I believe that your noble son is dead and that he was killed as I describe. The story about the ambulance is confusing, as dead bodies are never carried in such conveyances. I have tried to ascertain from the Graves Registration Bureau whether they have any record of your son's grave, but they have none—he is not a prisoner in Germany, else the records would show it, neither is there any record of his being or ever having been in any of our hospitals. My conclusion is that he is dead and was buried near Berzy-le-Sec.

George joined my battalion in January, 1918. I at once noted his fine qualities and detailed him for duty on my staff. We were very closely associated for many months, during which time I learned much about his past life. I have never known a man who so thoroughly loved his home and his parents. Many nights we rode our horses well out into the various sectors and never will I forget our conversations or rather his as

GEORGE ALEXANDER MCKINLOCK, JR.

I was quite content to ride silently and listen to this exceedingly clean and noble-minded young man who loved his mother as a sweetheart and longed for the day when he would go into business with "dad" as he called you and pal with his mother as he had before. It was an inspiration to me, and I became tremendously fond of him. His loss was a cruel blow — such men are an asset to the army and to the nation.

I deeply sympathize with you and Mrs. McKinlock in the loss of your splendid son. Please be consoled in the knowledge that he died for his country and left a name among us which shall ever be honored. . . .

Faithfully yours,

CHESTER ARTHUR DAVIS.

After a long search for McKinlock's grave it remained for his mother, acting upon her instinctive knowledge of the workings of his mind, and therefore of the directions of his last footsteps, to find the spot where he had fallen and was buried.

For his conduct on the day of his death he was cited in general orders, Headquarters 2d Infantry Brigade, and received the posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross. His citation read:

For exceptional gallantry under heavy artillery bombardment and severe machine gun fire in proceeding along the front lines near Berzy-le-Sec to verify the position reports of the advanced locations of the front lines, and was killed while so doing.

The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded in these terms:

In the attack of Berzy-le-Sec, France, July 21, 1918, he showed noble disregard of self and devotion to duty by traversing the front lines for information necessary in connection with his work as intelligence officer, and while fearlessly performing this work was killed.



RALPH GUYE WHITE

LAW SCHOOL 1913-16

RALPH GUYE WHITE, born in Osceola, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, September 18, 1883, and thirty-five years old when fatally wounded in action as second lieutenant in the army of the United States, was one of those maturer citizen-soldiers whose spirit and valor must have had their sources in something besides the eagerness of youth.

His parents were Alonzo White and Annie (E.) White. He received his earlier schooling at the Ramey (Pennsylvania) Grammar School, and the Osceola Mills High School, from which he graduated in 1902. From that time until 1913, when he entered the Harvard Law School, he was principal of the Ramey and Osceola Mills High

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School, and taught, besides, in the Irwin and Beaver Falls High Schools, all in Pennsylvania towns. Through this period he was pursuing college studies, and in 1910 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, after three years of residence, at Grove City College, Grove City, Pennsylvania, followed by the degree of Master of Arts from the same institution in 1912.

When he entered the Harvard Law School at thirty in the autumn of 1913, it was after a serious consideration of the ministry, rather than the law, as the profession for him to choose. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Osceola, and took an active part in the religious and social betterment affairs of the place. As an altruist, therefore, he felt the appeal of the law in its legislative more than its executive aspects.

While he was pursuing his law studies at Harvard he carried the double burden of his work in the school and of meeting his financial necessities by teaching at the Huntington School in Boston. It was a grievous disappointment to him that these circumstances prevented the completion of his course with his class in 1916. Here for the first and last time he did not win his objective. But his qualifications as a teacher gave him a place immediately at the Abbott School, Farmington, Maine, and with the troops of that state he began his military service.

White had been a member of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, and during his course at Grove City had risen from the rank of private to the command of the college battalion, with the rank of major. As early as July, 1915, apparently with a premonition of the coming opportunity to serve his country, he caused his name to be

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enrolled on an Officers' Reserve list. Before the United States entered the war in 1917 he offered his services to the adjutant general of the state of Maine, and again on April 13, 1917. On April 20 he received his commission as second lieutenant of infantry, and from that time until September 24 was stationed at Camp Bartlett, Westfield, Massachusetts, where the 2d Maine Regiment, of which he was a member, was merged in August with other New England troops, in the creation of the 103d Infantry, 26th Division. With this organization he sailed, September 25, on the *Saxonia* from New York. On August 21, he was married to Sarah Hart Ross, of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, now living at Juniata in the same state.

For ten days from his arrival at Liverpool on October 9, White, with his regiment, was at Borden in Hampshire, whence they proceeded to Villouzel, near Liffol-le-Grand, Vosges. For all but a part of January, 1918, when he attended a British Military School near Amiens, he remained at Liffol-le-Grand until February 5, when his unit entered the Forêt de Pinon sector of the Soissons front. Here for five weeks his regiment joined in holding the line under fire. On March 5 White was detailed to advance headquarters S. O. S. at Langres, where, except for several days' illness in a hospital, he worked at the mail and motor dispatch service and censorship until June 30. Then at his own request, made some time before in response to a call for officers for front line duty, he was assigned to Company C of the 23d Regulars, 2d Division, and *via* Paris proceeded again to the Soissons front. Mortally wounded near Soissons July 19, he died July 21, 1918, at Field Hospital No. 1.

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Such a military record was typical of many in the A. E. F. Each such record is individualized, however, by the details of its making, and the personal quality of White's service was strongly marked. One of his fellow-officers at Langres recalls him, for example, there: "Ralph was in charge of the Motorcycle Dispatch Service and assigned to the Adjutant General's Department for duty. The establishing and perfecting of new routes for the M. D. S. were his chief duties. On duty he was a tireless worker and a very efficient officer. Off duty he was to be found always surrounded by mobs of French children, all gleefully crowding round him and trying to 'spick Angleesh' with 'mon lieutenant.' So popular was he that he came to be called 'father of the flock.'" One boy, whose father was killed at the first battle of the Marne, became in particular an almost inseparable companion, took most of his meals with White at his hotel, and established an affectionate relation which has been maintained through correspondence with his widow.

Then there are White's letters. A few passages written in the brief interval between his return to the front and his death are typical:

July 2, 1918.

My heart is high at the courage and fortitude of the heroic race that inhabits this romantic land. . . . There is no spot on earth outside of America where I could die so peacefully, so willingly, for right and justice as here on the heroic fields of France. I have stood on the streets while "Gothas" hummed overhead and watched this fearless people. Germany can never conquer their proud defiance. I thank God who called me to help in this sacred struggle.

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July 14.

Today is the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, a day glorious in the history of the progress of human liberty. We Americans celebrate with the French today and feel that we too have a part with them because our army stands like a mastiff, head and eyes to the front, shoulders squared, and feet planted firmly on this sacred soil, threateningly facing the Boche, who, dismayed and affrighted, stopped on May 28, gave ground and guns on June 6, and felt the full force of an American bayonet charge on July 1. I am proud of our soldiers. I am proud that I am one of them, that I have "stood to" in the trenches and would, with every American in France, gladly leave office and comfortable billet for the front before we would permit the Boche to capture the goal on which he has set his vandal heart.

And only two days before receiving his fatal wound:

July 17.

My country, the cause of right, and these American boys of my platoon needed me. I came. Tomorrow we attack. God strengthen the right.

The letters of military comrades make a further contribution of detail. One of these, Ralph M. Eaton (University of California, '14, Harvard, Ph.D. '17), also a lieutenant in the 103d Regiment, now instructor and tutor in philosophy at Harvard, has written:

I first knew Ralph White at Camp Bartlett, Westfield, Massachusetts, where the 26th Division was mobilized in September, 1917, for service in France. At that time he held the rank of second lieutenant in Company F of the 103d, to which company I had been assigned. The fact that we were both from Harvard drew us immediately together, and mutual duties, mutual joys, mutual grievances, together with the irresistible good humor and brightness of White's personality, soon made

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us fast friends. We were the junior officers of the company and the attitude of our seniors toward us was very distinctly that we had yet to prove ourselves. It was to be White's fate that he should prove himself more completely than any of us, juniors or seniors; he was the only one among the group who did not return.

On the old *Saxonia* [Mr. Eaton had previously said], during the fourteen days of our tossing about the Atlantic, we met the initial difficulties of young officers together and between times pored over a volume of Walt Whitman.

I shall not forget how Ralph cheered the miserable week we spent in the mud at Borden, Hampshire, England; we were in need of cheer — with no blankets to sleep in; the rain coming down in torrents through the tents, the men taking pneumonia on every hand from sleeping in the water; and so very little to eat. Ralph did n't mind; and helped us all not to mind, to see it as a romantic adventure.

We went to London together, bought trench boots and Sam Browne belts in Regent Street, stood above the graves of Browning and Chaucer in Westminster Abbey; ate lamb-pie at the Cheshire Cheese with the shade of Samuel Johnson and Boswell — what a great day it was, rushing wildly from one end to the other of the town, to see and feel and understand it all! That day with the "nasty English drizzle that wets the marrow in your bones" is a bright spot in the memory of our war days. France was ahead of us — and how we longed for it! At the end of the week we went — crept out of Southampton one still moonlight night across the glassy channel — thousands of us packed above and below and between decks; past the mine fields; past the hidden U-boats that did n't come that night, till in the morning we saw through the fog the white houses of Le Havre.

I remember the tenderness with which Ralph spoke to the chap — a soldier from his platoon — whom we left behind at

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Southampton with pneumonia; we knew the boy could n't live. Ralph always cared more than anything else for the human side of the business — and that quality of caring for them as human beings was sensed at once by his men. They loved him for it.

When we reached France in October, 1917 [to revert to the interrupted letter], White and I settled to the long winter of training and waiting in a small paper-box of a barrack at the edge of the tiny hamlet of Villouxel in the province of the Vosges, many miles from any city, the nearest village being Neufchâteau; and there we drilled in the snow and the mud, and made merry when we could, with the distant noise of the guns always coming faintly to our ears night and day, and waking in us questions as to how long we should have to wait, when would our turn come, and what would it bring us. In those times we often spoke of death, and White, I remember, said many times that life had already given him a great deal, that he was grateful for it, and willing, if it must be, not to return. It was impossible not to reflect during those cold and endless winter evenings.

At the earliest beginnings of the French spring we went to the front, White and I very queerly dressed, because our barracks burned the day before we entrained and left us without clothing, so that we had to depend upon the generosity of our men for uniforms. In the darkness of the night of February 5 we crawled through odd holes and tortuous communicating trenches into our first dugout, a vast quarry, just behind the ridge of the Chemin des Dames, and there we stayed, except for sorties at night to dig trenches in the mud under the glare of white flares and betraying rockets, for two weeks till it came our turn to hold the front line outposts. It was at that time, I remember, that we began to appreciate White's nerve, and often when some of us were trembling in our boots he was calm and unmoved by the general alarmingness of things. White not only fought the Germans, in those days, but also fought for his men — which was often the greatest battle of the junior officer when majors

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and colonels made unreasonable demands. And I think he found his greatest joy in the confidence and friendship of the enlisted men whom it was his duty to command. In this respect he was like many of the younger American officers in that wholly un-European army, the A. E. F., whose standards of respect were more often built on men's quality as men than on the number of stripes on a sleeve.

It was after our return from the Chemin des Dames sector that White went to the General Headquarters of the line of communications at Langres. I bade him good-bye as he went off to Soissons, from the crushed little village of Nanteuil-la-Fosse, in one of those rattling, primitive vehicles so well known to the army — the “escort wagon”; and I was to see him only once again. He wrote me, after the great German offensive of March, 1918, that the general at Headquarters had asked for volunteers among his staff to fill the gaps left in the 2d Division after its fight at Belleau, and he, not being content at Langres, far from his well-loved doughboys and the smoke and uproar of the front, had begged to go. He was lying in a “fox-hole,” under a rain of shrapnel, when I saw him again, and I had only a few minutes to talk with him; but he had his wish; he was again at the front and in action. That was a week before the offensive of July 18th, when his regiment was at so-called rest, just behind the Château-Thierry front. On the morning of the 18th he jumped off with his platoon, as his regiment began the attack on the salient to the south of Soissons; and he was among the first to fall, seriously wounded by a machine gun bullet, as he was gathering his men together for the second rush. He was carried to the rear and died the following day.

We of Company F of the 103d, when the news of his death came to us many weeks later, knew that Ralph White had proved himself.

Another letter, from Lieutenant Joseph B. Earl, attached with White to the 23d Infantry at Langres from

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March 11 to June 30, 1918, recalls the closing scenes of his life:

About the middle of May the Headquarters Advance Section S. O. S. moved to Nogent-en-Bassigny near Chaumont. He and I were both pretty tired of the S. O. S. and yearning for the line. I applied for front line duty and my travel orders to report with Ralph came through on June 26 (1918). They read "Hqtrs. First Corps" which was then at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. We both set off on June 30 for Paris and left Paris the following day for First Corps Hqtrs., where we arrived on the 2d of July (1918).

We were assigned to the 2d Division through the courtesy of Major Llewylan, whom we both knew very well at Langres. We went on the next day, July 3, to join the 23d Infantry, then in sector support in the Château-Thierry salient. It was just after the Vaux attack, the 23d Infantry having been relieved after winning its objective.

Ralph was assigned to C Company, and I to L Company. We were in a woods called Buzy until about July 10 when we marched back to the woods near Montreuil where we stayed until July 16, when we marched back into the latter town and loaded in camions, which swung due east through La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, Meaux, Dommartin, Crépy-en-Valois, and were dropped near Vaumoise at 10 A.M. We then started hiking east through Villers-Cotterêts Woods. At about 6 P.M., still in the woods, a national forest, by the way, we halted.

The 3d Bn. major (Elliott, badly wounded in the attack on the following morning) called the 3d Bn. officers together at 8 P.M. and smilingly remarked, "Gentlemen, here is the plan of attack. We move out at 8.30 P.M. and must reach our starting point at 4.30 A.M. tomorrow" (July 18), 4.30 being the zero hour.

I can't take the time now to tell of that awful all-night hike, hungry, exhausted nearly, over a pitch dark road, jammed with every conceivable thing on wheels, rain falling; and God bless

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our doughboys. They pushed forward knowing what was coming, and uncomplainingly over all.

We reached the ammunition dump which had been provided for us and had to double time in order to reach the starting point, which we reached at 4.25 A.M. July 18. The barrage came down at 4.30 A.M. and then we "went over."

At about 10 A.M., after a wonderful advance, I saw Ralph over to my left about 200 yards. The advance was held up and I called to Ralph. He was standing surrounded by his platoon and joking with his men. He turned and exclaimed, "Why, there's my old friend Earl," and came forward with outstretched hand. *His morale was 100 per cent.* We parted again quickly with, "Best luck, old man." That is the last time I saw him.

The new advance started at about 5.30 P.M. that same day. We captured Vierzy and dropped through a ravine and up on a plateau, or rather a smooth stretch of land. We halted at 2 A.M. July 19, and dug in and took up a support position. . . .

During the day I dropped back to where C Company (Lieutenant White's company) was dug in and inquired for Ralph. I was informed by Captain Griffin (later killed in action) and Lieutenant Ristine, who went home with the 369th Infantry, of Ralph's having been hit pretty hard on the preceding day (July 18, 1918), just after we left Vierzy.

They told me that Ralph's "striker" had stayed with him and had finally got him back to a first aid station of one of the battalions. I learned that Ralph had been hit by machine gun bullets through the chest and head, that he had spun around without making a sound and had fallen unconscious.

The same officer, in a letter to Rear-Admiral Bradley Fiske, quoted the lieutenant in command of White's company as saying, "He was a fine young fellow and I never saw a platoon hang so closely to its lieutenant as his did to him," and proceeded:

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I understood he was to be cited for his work at Soissons.

One is incapable of rendering sufficient praise and credit to the Ralph Whites of the late war. When things looked most hopeless, causing a lessening morale, they were to be found working cheerfully and harder than any one else to bring order out of chaos until every one was imbued with the spirit of "Americans all, we can't be beaten."

I'll always think of Ralph White as I saw him on the morning of July 18, 1918, "smilin' through." I'll always believe he died that way, the finest of young fellows, the best of friends.

I'll always remember my first meeting with him. I left him feeling as though we were old friends, and I have had others tell me that they experienced the same feeling. He had a wonderful personality and one could not be gloomy in his presence very long.

He was a slim, clean-cut chap, and just as clean in speech and living. I honestly believe he had n't an enemy in the world and that every one who knew him wished him the best in life.



JOHN SHAW PFAFFMAN

CLASS OF 1916

JOHN SHAW PFAFFMAN acquitted himself with credit in three capacities — as a tennis player, an ambulance driver, and an aviator — the first of which bears no accepted relation to the second and third. His record, however, should go to confirm the place now taken by tennis in general athletics, and, but for its tragic ending, is typical of the leading Harvard tennis players of his college generation.

He was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, April 27, 1894, a son of George Eaton Pfaffman and Mabel Abigail (Shaw) Pfaffman, an older brother of Karl S. Pfaffman, '24. After attending the public schools in Quincy, he proceeded from the Quincy High School to Phillips Academy, An-

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dover, for his final year of preparation for college. At Andover he played on his class athletic teams. At Harvard he took a conspicuous place as a tennis player. He was a member of his class team for three of his undergraduate years and of the University team in his senior year. In 1916 he was runner-up to G. C. Caner, '17, in the intercollegiate championship tournament, and with an inexperienced partner was also runner-up in the doubles. A memorial article on "Jack" Pfaffman in *American Lawn Tennis* for September 1, 1918, contains these words:

The Editor well remembers the intercollegiate championship of 1916. He had gone over to Philadelphia for the last day of play, and reached the Merion Cricket Club in time to see the two final matches. Both were well played in the afternoon, and Pfaffman was up for almost certain defeat in both. Caner was the better player, with greater tournament experience, and in every way the logical winner. Pfaffman knew this as well as everybody else did, but that did not prevent his fighting from beginning to end, with never a falter or an approach to giving up. He won the third set, staking everything he had on it; but Caner came strongly in the fourth and won it and the match.

In the doubles match on the same day, Pfaffman was observed to do "everything he could to coach and encourage his partner."

In addition to tennis, he was interested at college in dramatic and musical affairs, and was a member of the Pi Eta Society and the University Glee Club. He belonged also to the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, and served on the sophomore finance committee.

Before the United States entered the war Pfaffman enrolled, March, 1917, in the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, and in the summer of that year served with the

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French Army on the Aisne front. There were annoying delays in Paris on the way thither, but once there Pfaffman encountered experiences of a liveliness matched by his description of them. Witness the following passages from one of his letters.

At last I was sent out to an old section, No. 11, run by a fine man, a Mr. Hoskier, and containing some fine fellows. We are in probably the most active sector of the French line; personally, I would n't want it much livelier. Ten minutes after I arrived in camp Fritz planes raided us. You see we are in the midst of lots of reserve camps, about six miles from the trenches, and as it is territory retaken from the Boches they know it pretty well. The planes dropped bombs three feet by eight inches, and killed two men and wounded thirty, about a couple of hundred yards from us. Too close to be comfortable. It was quite an initiation into the secrets of war.

All around us are anti-aircraft guns, and there is a machine gun fifty feet behind my tent. Air raids are most unpleasant, especially at night, and we've had one every night. The anti-air and machine guns can't hit the planes, and when you hear their motors over your head you certainly feel uneasy. Also our own guns shoot bullets and shrapnel somewhere up in the air overhead at the planes, and of course the pieces come down. Thus it is most unpleasant to lie in bed with a steel helmet on and listen to the shrapnel come singing down and drop around your tent. I've sat up on the top of the hill under the crest of which is our camp, and watched both German and French planes sail over the lines, with the guns popping at 'em and they never get hit. I saw one Frenchman observe for two hours, till finally the Germans got tired of shooting at him and let him go. The best plan the U. S. has got is to send over hundreds of planes, so as to have the odds five to one against the Boches. The only thing that can stop a plane is another plane.

Our advance evacuating post, where we get our wounded, is

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about half a mile from the trenches. It is under a railroad in the embankment and about fifty yards from a canal and the bridge over which a railroad runs also. It's quite an important bridge, so the dear Huns take a shot at it every so often. After supper one night we were sitting outside the dugout, when whiz-z-z-bang! and over came the first shell, landing on the other side of the canal. Believe me, we got inside that dugout fast.

Sleep among rats, which gallop like ponies and run off with your shoes, and lice and fleas! Oh, it's a great life; but as the French say, "*C'est la guerre.*" On the way back next morning we saw the remains of a horse ambulance hit by a shell that night — a beautiful sight, not.

When I started from home I was firmly convinced that the war was going to end by fall. But when I arrived in Paris and had talked with ambulance drivers and Tommies and *poilus*, I was most upset, for I could n't see then how the war was going to end within three years, and could easily see how it could go on much longer. It's not a matter of fighting ability; it's science; and the Boche are pretty good at that, you'll have to admit. And now they're on the defensive, and, oh boy, how those suckers can dig. They burrow like ants. If now they can get the old Boche going on both fronts at once they ought to prove something. But you never can tell.

The French have certainly sacrificed themselves nobly — not a man to be seen on the streets of my age, or a little over, unless he's minus a limb or blind. They're shot to pieces. It's pitiful to watch their heroic "old man" army around here. Few physical qualifications are needed. I don't know what difference America will make in this war — except to prolong it, and finally make Germany give up by mere matter of time. It's impossible to gain much. I heard from a young member of the American embassy recently in Berlin that they're really pinched for food, and now, with the United States cutting off food from Germany through neutral countries, they'll be worse than ever. I pray it's so.

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The worst of this war is, as H. G. Wells says, the "boresomeness of it." Work like — for twenty-four hours, and do practically nothing for a month. Half the men who have been killed or seriously wounded never saw the enemy.

It was no uncommon thing for an American ambulance driver in France, after the United States entered the war, to turn to aviation. This was what Pfaffman did. On October 1, 1917, he enlisted at Paris as a private, first class, in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, and was detailed to the 2d Aviation Instruction Centre at Tours. Here he remained throughout the remainder of the year. In January, 1918, he was transferred to the 5th Aviation Instruction Centre at Saint-Maxient. After five months of training there he was ordered, in June, to the French Flying School at Voves. In June also he received his commission as second lieutenant, Air Service, Military Aeronautics. At Voves he had nearly finished his training for the front when, on July 22, returning from an altitude flight of one hour at 6000 feet, which would have given him his military brevet as a pilot, he met with the accident which caused his death. In his descent he had come to about 200 feet from the ground. At this point the lower wing of his plane was caught in an air pocket. A counter-current hit the upper wing at the same moment, resulting in a crash and his instant death. Observers declared that at a higher altitude he could easily have regained control but that under similar conditions the most expert pilot could not have avoided disaster.

Pfaffman was buried at Voves with full military honors. "The procession to the cemetery," his father has written, "was led by the firing squad, followed by officers from

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Headquarters at Chartres, the officers and cadets of the Voves flying school, veterans of the War of 1870, the Mayor of Voves, and many villagers and children. As the procession passed through the village, Annamite troops from Tonkin stood at salute, and peasants and villagers with uncovered heads lined the way.” Lieutenant Mayeur, of the Headquarters staff, delivered an impassioned address, full of the French spirit of the summer of 1918, and ending with the words: “Dear Pfaffman, sleep here thy last sleep in the earth of France, thy second country. She will guard thee in her breast as a precious gage of noble and valiant America, thy mother country. Thou hast become her child, and she envelops thee in an aureole of glory and of light. The Allied flags mount their guard above thee unto eternity.”

In simpler terms it is written of Pfaffman in the Memorial Report of his class: “He had the faith of a Christian, the valor of an American, the courage of a warrior, and the heart of a white man.”

At the Harvard Commencement of 1920 the war degree of A.B. was awarded to him as of the class of 1916. A square in his native city of Quincy bears his name.



MALCOLM COTTON BROWN

CLASS OF 1918

A PRIVATELY printed memorial volume, "Lieutenant Malcolm Cotton Brown, Royal Air Force: 1897-1918" (Chicago, 1919), contains the material from which this memoir is drawn, and shows how deeply its subject, through his character and abilities, impressed the elders and contemporaries with whom his twenty-one years of life brought him into personal relations.

MALCOLM COTTON BROWN

He was born in Chicago, March 26, 1897. His father, Charles Albert Brown, a Chicago lawyer, traced his descent from George Brown, a Scottish Covenanter, who came to Perth Amboy, New Jersey, from Leith in 1685. His mother, Caroline May (Cotton) Brown, counted among her American ancestors one of the four *Johannes in Eremo*, the Rev. John Cotton, who emigrated from the English to the Massachusetts Boston in 1633. Whether from this extremely Protestant inheritance, or from other sources, Malcolm Brown developed early what the rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church at Hinsdale, Illinois, described at the memorial service in the young soldier's honor (August 4, 1918) as "a singularly balanced and accurate mind, not only penetrating and curious, but one that when the truth presented itself judged it almost unerringly, as by a sort of secret and sure instinct." At fourteen he sought, of his own initiative, what the church has to offer to such as he, and was baptized and confirmed. Meanwhile the secrets of machinery — the mechanism of watches, talking machines, and motors — were constantly challenging his successful study. "Through all his younger years," his parents have written, "we can now perceive there was always in him the pathos of a noble curiosity and keen understanding struggling against the handicaps of youth." As he went on, "music, art, and literature yielded to him many of their deepest treasures, but science, naturally, became to him the *pièce de résistance* of the intellectual banquet which he selected for himself." A list of the books in the small library he carefully chose for himself — biography, poetry, drama, philosophy — testifies to the broad catholicity of his tastes.

MALCOLM COTTON BROWN

For the four years immediately preceding college, he attended St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire. The rector of that school, the Rev. Samuel S. Drury (Harvard, '01), wrote of him after his death:

I can see him now: not a robust athlete, though spirited in play (he was captain of a hockey team, a member of a boat crew, excelled as a swimmer, and was an excellent tennis player); nor the typical popular hero, though beloved and appreciated by all; an alert, intense boy — pure you felt confident — intelligent obviously — tingling with life — thinking about and leaping onward to whatever is honorable, lovely, and of good report.

Malcolm won scholastic honors in plenty. Each year he was called to the platform on Last Night for a First Testimonial — our highest award. To the school orchestra he gave a talented allegiance. I can see him bending in boyish enthusiasm over his violin. My last remembered picture of Malcolm the schoolboy is of one singled out from the entire group to carry the Cross. A boy's school is critical, and intolerant of sham. A real person, therefore, it must be for this high duty. . . .

Into young manhood Malcolm carried over the best of boyhood — a spirit unsmirched and a body unsullied. Thereto he had added the beautiful strength of broad vision and a complete willingness to give his best and his all. Malcolm gave both.

Entering Harvard in the autumn of 1914 he remained a member of the Class of 1918 for only one year. In that year he became a member of the Pierian Sodality. His growing interest in science then caused him to enter the Institute of Technology, where he took up electro-chemistry and, later, physics. Of the work he did there one of his teachers, Professor Henry P. Talbot — whose opportunities for observation were the better from Brown's

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joining the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, of which he is himself a member— has written:

Among the many fine fellows whom it has been my privilege to know during more than twenty-five years as a teacher, few stand out in my memory as men of such promise as Malcolm Brown. He brought to his work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a native alertness of mind and earnestness of purpose which soon made him master of the subjects included in what is accounted one of the most exacting of the professional courses offered at that institution. His earlier experience at Harvard University served to strengthen his preparation for work at the Institute, while his deliberate choice of a scientific rather than a general college training accentuated his determination to make the most of his opportunities.

Among his fellows, Malcolm displayed the qualities of companionship and of leadership which are so important for the highest success in the work of life, and which, when associated with accurate knowledge and capacity for clear reasoning and power of initiative, make a rare combination, and are full of great promise.

Although he carried the work of probably the severest course in the Institute, Malcolm's attention was not limited to his work to the exclusion of such recreation as music and other interests afforded at different periods of time. He was a member of the Tech Orchestra, and occupied the position of Associate Editor of the Institute's official periodical, *The Tech*. He also took an active part in the presentation of the annual "Tech Show."

In the life of his fraternity, in which he took a keen interest, Professor Talbot has said: "His attitude was one of manliness without prudishness."

For the summer vacation of 1917 Malcolm Brown, with a restless band of companions, went to Camp Cunningham, the engineering camp of the Massachusetts Institute

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of Technology, at Gardner's Lake in Maine. Their discontent was such that towards the end of August, as one of them afterwards wrote, "things became so that we felt too much like slackers for endurance." Brown's family had been hoping that he would continue his engineering studies in order to be of service in the work of reconstruction that must follow the war. But when the summer camp was ended, he visited Toronto, and, on receiving his parents' consent to his joining the Royal Flying Corps before he was twenty-one, enlisted as a cadet in that organization, September 15, 1917.

His training for aviation began at Toronto, and was continued at Fort Worth, Texas. He quickly acquired proficiency in flying, and on January 12, 1918, was commissioned second lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps. "In his work in aviation," as his parents have said, "he met a challenge that evoked all his powers. Competition, peril, a new field of science, the zest of flying, all combined to stimulate him to the utmost. His large, full notebook of work on aviation, gunnery, wireless telegraphy, and photography, is a remarkable exhibition of industry and thoroughness."

In February he sailed for England, where he was detailed to flying camps at Shotwick, near Chester, and Brockworth, near Gloucester, for further training, and assigned to Squadron 90, made up largely of Americans. In June he was promoted lieutenant, Royal Air Force. One of his letters illustrates well his joy in the very act of flying:

I had a new experience yesterday in flying above the clouds. It was the first day we have had flying when the clouds were

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fairly heavy, so I took the opportunity to get above them. It necessitated about seven minutes of blind flying in the clouds to get through them, and those seven minutes were about the longest I ever spent. The cloud shuts you in and off from everything. You can scarcely see the tail and wing tips of the machine and, alone in the cockpit, you seem to have no more connection with the earth than with Saturn or the moon. With no horizon to steer by, flying becomes a matter of guess work. You know that if you start to dive the engine races; if you are climbing, you feel the pressure from the back of the seat. If you are falling, either to one side or the other, you feel the air against the cheek corresponding. You watch for these signs as anxiously as you can, and feel relieved when you suddenly burst out into the sunshine.

You find you are in a cloud cañon, with white cliffs towering high on each side. They look solid and imposing and white and very tall. The machine seems lost in the gullies.

When you finally climb up above them, you have a fine view of a white landscape. Everything seems so much like winter, with snow upon the ground, that you wonder you don't feel cold. But you don't. You have all the beauties of winter with deep blue sky and white ground, but not the cold. It was the most brilliant sight you could ever hope to see.

Once in a while there comes a slight rift in the clouds, and you see the ground disappointingly muddy and close beneath you. One of the strange things about flying is that, no matter how high you go, the earth never seems any farther away. You can't get away from it except by climbing above a good thick bank of clouds, and then you are in a new world.

At the end of another letter, written to his mother on June 18, this significant passage is found:

I have read your excerpt from the *Atlantic*, called "The New Death." It is very nice, but too cloistered and highflown, if these are synonymous terms, for me. I don't want anything

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better than to be killed, if that is necessary, while circling about the blue in my old bus when already half-way to heaven in more ways than one.

Were such an end to come, he would of course have chosen it at the front, which he was eager to reach. "You never get over this impatience at delay," he wrote his father on July 15. On July 23, still detained in England through the lack of planes, he was flying from the Brockworth field in a machine that proved defective and collapsed, causing a crash to the ground and his instant death. One of his friends, attached to the staff of Admiral Sims in London, visited the field immediately after the accident, and wrote to Brown's parents:

The officers of Malcolm's squadron wish me to write and express to you their deepest sympathy, and to say that in the loss of Malcolm they are suffering the loss of one of their keenest and best officers; that he was a gentleman and a credit to the British uniform; and that he was beloved by all the officers and men with whom he came in contact.

A graduate fellowship in physics, established by Brown's parents at the Institute of Technology, perpetuates his name at that school of science.



CLARK RICHARDSON LINCOLN

MEDICAL SCHOOL 1899-1901

CLARK RICHARDSON LINCOLN, a son of Moses Lincoln, Jr., and Martha M. (Morrill) Lincoln, was born in Boston, February 9, 1878. He attended the Boston public schools, graduated from the Dorchester High School and for two years, from 1899 to 1901, was a student in the Harvard Medical School. Compelled by misfortune to give up his medical studies, he turned from the saving to the insuring of human life, and in 1901 entered the Boston insurance office of James T. Phelps and Company, with which, except for a short time while he engaged in a business of hat manufacturing in Boston, he remained until war changed everything.

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Ten years before that change came he testified to his belief that all young men should interest themselves in military service by enlisting, May 7, 1907, in Troop A, First Squadron Cavalry, Massachusetts National Guard, of which he was continuously a member until the organization was federalized in July, 1917. He answered all calls made upon this body, including strike service at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1912 and duty on the Mexican border from June to November, 1916. Before going to Mexico he had passed through the various grades of non-commissioned officers and obtained the rank of first sergeant. On October 7, 1916, while still in Mexico, he was commissioned second lieutenant and assigned to Troop A.

Meanwhile, on May 29, 1913, he was married to Maude S. Andrews, of Augusta, Maine. In the following year he settled in Wollaston, Massachusetts, and afterwards moved to Wakefield, where he was living when he entered the national service. A daughter had already been born to him; a second was born in October, 1917, after he had reached France.

The cavalry troop to which he had so long belonged became, after its federalization, Company A, 102d Machine Gun Battalion, 26th Division, and with this unit he sailed overseas as second lieutenant, September 23, 1917. From that time until his death at Château-Thierry, July 24, 1918, he bore his part in the work of his battalion, with its record of engagements in the Chemin des Dames and La Reine sectors. On April 1 he was appointed battalion supply officer, and April 24 was promoted first lieutenant, infantry. The nature and value of his work may be clearly

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inferred from the following passages in a letter to one of his former office associates:

June 4, 1918.

About the war, which of course you and all are the most interested in, I am afraid I can give you but little information, if any, more than the papers give you daily except regarding our own sector. Here we are holding up the reputation of the 26th Division. We have our quiet days so far as fighting is concerned, and then of course we have the active ones. By days I mean the twenty-four hours. The greatest activity generally comes at night, thus disturbing our rest, but if weariness alone is ours we feel extremely fortunate. Permission and rest for us seems as far distant as ever but the men who are doing the fighting seem not to mind so long as they can get at the Hun.

The new German offensive is, I presume, holding the attention of all in America as it is ours here, both, in our case, as to its possible outcome and our participation.

With the French everything is serene. Never have I seen a Frenchman who is at all doubtful about the outcome of this struggle. Every new advance of the enemy brings forth the positive assurance that it is soon to be checked and to great disadvantage to the enemy.

As for me I am in my usual good health. My work is varied and keeps me busy providing food, clothes and all equipment for about 800 men and looking after and providing for about 240 horses and mules and 128 vehicles of all descriptions. My work also includes the paying off of all these men with monthly payrolls, the making out of which I have to supervise, which amounts to between \$24,000 and \$30,000. All discarded property, which includes even tin cans, has to be salvaged and that also is included in my work, and last but far from least the munitions. It is my business to see that ammunition is always on hand, ready to be rushed anywhere at a moment's notice. I must always have on hand at least 425,000 to 450,000 rounds. You must appreciate all this work when you stop to think the

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amount of ground covered by this division of over 30,000 men and my present mode of transportation being a horse. Much time is lost and I am patiently waiting until the government awakes to the necessity of supplying *all* their supply officers with motor transportation.

June 10, 1918.

I regret the interval which has elapsed since I started this letter, but so goes the war. To conclude with my work. When reënforcements are required I have to get them, and therefore have to keep fully informed as to the location of all my companies and their gun positions by frequent visits all over our sector. Sometimes I do this at night, and sometimes during the day, depending upon the visibility.

Enough of what I do, but thought you might be interested.

It was in the performance of these very duties that Lincoln was killed, July 24, near Château-Thierry, during the second battle of the Marne. On the evening of July 24, while he was bringing up a wagon train to its new station at Epieds, and all but one wagon, which was unable to "make" a hill south of Verdilly, were safe under sheltering trees, he turned back to lend the needed assistance. In the bright moonlight an enemy plane began to drop bombs. One of these, finding its mark, blew Lincoln and his horse well off the road. Badly injured about the body and unconscious, he was carried, with a wagoner and private injured by the same bomb, to a dressing station near Château-Thierry, where he died a few hours later.

"Dick was well liked by all," a brother officer wrote soon afterwards, "and none of us, even in these times when death is constantly with us, failed to think of him as we always found him, sincere, generous, brave and lovable, always ready to help, to give an honest lift, a word of

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encouragement and a smile." Evidently he had carried into the army the qualities that marked him in business, for in a "tribute" drawn up by a committee representing the office in which he had worked in Boston are found the words, "The sense of our personal loss increases with every day when the thought is borne in upon us that we shall never hear his cheery 'Good morning' again."



PHILIP OVERTON MILLS

CLASS OF 1905

THE father of Philip Overton Mills was the late Brigadier-General Samuel Myers Mills, at one time chief of artillery of the United States Army. His mother was Annie (Maison) Mills. Both parents were Pennsylvanians. He was born at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, December 10, 1882. His preparation for college was made at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, where his standing,

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both in studies and in athletics, was high. Spending four years at Harvard as a member of the Class of 1905, with which he graduated, he distinguished himself as an athlete, especially by holding a place on the Varsity football team in his sophomore, junior, and senior years. He became a charter member of the Varsity Club, and belonged to the Institute of 1770, Polo, St. Paul's School, Hasty Pudding, and Fly Clubs.

Six years after leaving college he reported that on graduation he had entered the banking business, and was then in the New York real estate office of Pease and Elliman. Three years later he described himself as secretary and director of the Picture Playhouse Film Co., in New York. When he entered the army of the United States he was a member of the firm of Mills Brothers, bankers and brokers, in Wall Street. His brothers are Paul Denckla Mills and Samuel Frederic Mills (Harvard, '99).

Before the United States entered the war, Mills had played an active part in it as an ambulance driver in the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps and the American Red Cross, with the French Army. Out of this experience came an indignant letter to the *New York Times* for March 7, 1917, denying the charge ascribed in a newspaper report to the German Minister of War, that German prisoners were tortured by the French and kept behind the lines under fire. "Night and day," he wrote, "I have been on the roads in the fire zone, and there is n't a prison camp or citadel that cannot be and has not been visited by our ambulance drivers. We have had eighty men in service with forty cars at Verdun during December, and never a tale from any man of any such atrocity as is quoted in this

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speech." The letter flames with Mills's devotion to the cause of the Allies. That he spoke whereof he knew, and was keenly sensitive to the pity of it all, appears with remarkable clearness in a letter he wrote, in April, 1917, to Eliot Norton (Harvard, '85), the American representative of the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps:

Tonight I am sitting in a small underground cellar of one of the public buildings of the town, acting as a sort of timekeeper or starter for the cars going up to our most dangerous post and handling the reserve cars for wounded in the town itself. I wish I could describe the scene as it is before my eyes — for the whole world is passing here — French, Americans, living, wounded, and dying.

A long, heavily arched corridor, with stone steps leading down to it; two compartments off to one side lined with wine bins, where our reserve men and a few French *brancardiers* are lying on their stained stretchers, some snoring; beyond, a door that gives into a small operating room, and to the left another door that leads to a little sick ward, the most pathetic little room I have ever seen—with four beds of different sizes and kinds on one side and six on the other, taken evidently from the ruined houses nearby — and one tired *infirmier* to tend and soothe the wounded and dying.

In the bed nearest the door, a French priest, shot through the lungs — with pneumonia setting in — his black beard pointed straight up, and whispering for water. Next to him a little German lad, hardly nineteen, and small, with about six hours to live, calling — sometimes screaming — for his mother and then for water. Next to him a captain of French infantry, with his arm off at the shoulder and his head wounded — weak, wounded, but smiling; and next to him a *tirailleur* in delirium calling on his colonel to charge the Germans. The *infirmier* is going from one to another, soothing and waiting on each one in turn. He asks me what the German is saying, and I tell him

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he is calling for his mother. "Ah, this is a sad war," he says, as he goes over to hold the poor lad's hand.

A *brancardier* comes in with a telephone message — "a *blessé* at Belleville — very serious." This is a reserve car call, so one slides out and is gone like a gray ghost down the ruined street, making all the speed its driver can — no easy matter — with no lights. In twenty minutes he is back. The *brancardiers* go out — they come in again bearing the wounded man on a stretcher and place it on the floor beside the little stove. One of them, who is a priest, leans over him and asks his name and town; then in answer to what his wife's name is, he murmurs, "Alice," while on the other side another *brancardier* is slitting the clothes from his body, and I shiver with the pity of it at the sight I saw.

The surgeon comes out of his little operating room. Weary with the night's tragic work — after so many, many other tragic nights — he douses his head in a bucket of water. Then he turned to the wounded man. He looked long at him gently, felt his nose, and lifted up the closed eyelid. Then, at his nod, the stretcher is again lifted and the wounded man carried into the operating room and soon after into the little room of sorrows.

In answer to my eager question the surgeon shook his head. "Not a chance." A *brancardier* and I gathered the soldier's belongings from his clothes to be sent to his wife, but even we had to stop for a few minutes after we saw the photograph of his wife and their two little children.

An hour later, as our night's work was slackening down and several cars had driven up and been unloaded, the *infirmier* came in from the little room and said something to the *brancardiers*. Two of them got a stretcher and in a moment "the *blessé* from Belleville" came past us with a sheet over him. They laid him down at the other end of the room and another *brancardier* commenced rolling and tying him in burlap for burial. As you looked he changed to a shapeless log. Then out to the dead wagon with it.

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Soon after I went into the little ward again to see how the others were coming through the night, and was glad to see them all quieted down; even the little German seemed less in pain though his breathing still shook the heavy little bed on which he lay.

Through a chink I saw that day was beginning to break, and as I noticed it I heard the chief's ear coming in from the "Sap" and knew the night's work was over.

Nothing could have been more natural than for Mills, on the entrance of his own country, into the war, to offer himself for service. This he did by enrolling, May, 1917, in the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. On its conclusion he received the commission of captain, infantry, and was assigned to Company G, 308th Infantry, 77th Division. With this regiment he remained in training at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island, until it sailed for France in April, 1918. Stationed first in Flanders and Belgium, the regiment was serving in the Baccarat sector of the French front when Mills, near Baccarat, met his untimely end, July 25, 1918. His company had been withdrawn from the front line trench, and was in reserve. A letter from E. Morgan Gilbert (Harvard, '09) to Mills's brother Frederic, describes the circumstances of his death and burial:

He was killed accidentally by the explosion of a rifle grenade. It was shortly after the period of instruction that he had held for his men. They were firing a few grenades for extra instruction. For some reason, the grenade, upon discharge of the rifle failed to leave the rifle, but exploded in the *tromblon* or the case the grenade is held in. Phil was standing back of the man who fired it, and received a piece right in the forehead, about the size of a quarter. He was instantly killed. The gunner, or

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rifle grenadier, as he is called, was unhurt, but another soldier standing near was seriously injured, right arm torn off and stomach wound.

He was buried yesterday here in the American cemetery. Six sergeants from his company were pall-bearers and six captains. Bert Cruger,¹ George McMurtry,² and I, and three others whose names I did not get were honorary pall-bearers, and marched beside the casket to the cemetery. A full military band and a full company of infantry preceded the casket, and as we marched slowly through the town all the soldiers on the street came to a salute as the casket passed. At the grave a brief service was held and three volleys fired and "taps" blown. It was wonderfully impressive, and I think you will be glad to know that the ceremony was very dignified.

A memorial address by Mills's classmate, the Rev. Palfrey Perkins, contained these words:

It was part of the irony of his fate that he had never led these men into action, but you can well imagine what an officer he made in the splendid power and magnetism of his personal presence. He was ever a fighter, and yet beneath that rugged strength and dominating will was a generous, even a gentle heart. We shall not soon forget the simple, forceful words in which he spoke to us three years ago of Williamson,³ and how he brought into that crowd of celebrating classmates a moment of true solemnity and commemoration. He was a soldier *sans peur et sans reproche*.

¹ Harvard, '04.

² Harvard, '99.

³ The first Harvard man killed in the war. See Vol. I of this series.



JAMES AUGUSTIN McKENNA, JR.

CLASS OF 1909

THE distinctive quality of the 165th Infantry, 42d Division — the “Fighting Sixty-Ninth” which forms the subject of “Father Duffy’s Story”— has been indicated in the memoir of Oliver Ames, Jr., a second lieutenant, and battalion adjutant in that regiment. On the very day of his death, July 28, 1918, an officer of higher rank in the

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165th, Major McKenna, commanding its 3d Battalion, another soldier whose name is found in the Harvard Roll of Honor, fell also in gallant action. His identification with the regiment, both in point of service before it went to France, and in respect of his personal share in its Irish-American tradition and spirit, was complete. The Harvard roll would have been incomplete and palpably poorer but for names and records such as his.

He was born at Long Island City, New York, September 24, 1885. His father, James Augustin McKenna, once postmaster of Long Island City, is now a certified public accountant in New York. His mother is Stella (Kelly) McKenna. He made his preparation for college at the public schools of Greater New York, including the Brooklyn Manual Training School, and came to Harvard from Cornell, where he learned to row under Courtney. He was a student at Harvard only for the first two of the four college years of the Class of 1909. Here he rowed on the dormitory and graded Newell crews and took part, successfully, in boxing. He was a member of the Catholic and Newell Boat Clubs and the Historical Society.

In the reports of his class after its graduation, McKenna revealed himself as a man who was constantly using his body and mind to good purpose. At first he devoted himself "to taking soundings, experimenting with sundry lines of business, and reducing the bump of self-esteem with which most of us are afflicted when we rush forth from college to astound the world." Thus he tested the work of a fire insurance broker, an office systematizer, a wholesale apple dealer, and an accountant — like his father — carrying on at the same time professional studies at the

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Fordham University School of Law, beginning his legal practice in New York before the United States entered the war. Through these years also he took a hand in politics and applied himself vigorously to athletics. He not only rowed, ran, and boxed himself, and for three years was a member of the rowing committee of the New York Athletic Club, but, as athletic director of the Ozanam Association of Boys' Clubs, an organization of the boys' club movement in the Catholic church, gave much time and effort to the coaching of younger athletes. "My final work," he wrote for his Class Report of 1915, "has been training the poor boys of our slums, the embryo 'gun men,' and in trying to give them a chance." He also wrote for the press on athletic matters.

It is notoriously the busy men who can always do one thing more. In McKenna's case, this was the work of a militiaman. On October 1, 1908, he enlisted in the 7th Regiment, National Guard, New York. On April 19, 1915, he was appointed corporal, Company F, in this regiment. During his term of enlistment his company had won a lion's share of the regimental athletic honors, in which his own abilities, notably displayed in wall-scaling contests, had played an important part. In June, 1916, he left the 7th and joined the 69th Regiment, N. G., N. Y., in which he was attached to Company I as first lieutenant, serving in this capacity on the Mexican border through the troublous summer before that in which our troops were first seen in Europe. On October 20, 1916, he was commissioned captain, and held this office, commanding Company D of the 69th, when the United States entered the war and he closed the door of his law office at 2 Rector

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Street, leaving upon it a sign that read "I'll be back when we lick the Hun."

On July 16 the regiment was federalized and designated the 165th Infantry, 42d ("Rainbow") Division. When its training at Camp Mills was completed, it started, October 25, *via* Montreal, for France, where it arrived early in November. The value of Captain McKenna's military work through the ensuing months — in the course of which, in March, Company D, under him, was the first company of the regiment to enter the trenches — may be inferred from the fact that on June 8, 1918, he was commissioned major and placed in command of the 3d Battalion of the 165th Infantry. Meanwhile he had been serving as trial judge advocate in a manner which caused Major Hugh W. Ogden, J. A. G. R. C., to write after his death: "He continued to try cases for me up to the spring of 1918 with continuous success and to the entire satisfaction of the Commanding General and the Chief of Staff. Those cases which I referred to Captain James A. McKenna as trial judge advocate I dismissed entirely from my mind, knowing that every detail would be carefully attended to and that the trial itself would be conducted in the ablest possible manner."

As "Father Duffy's Story" deals with the regiment as a whole, so "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow," by Martin J. Hogan, deals with the 3d Battalion. The author of this book writes:

We were now known as the "Shamrock Battalion," a name which we tried all along in the service we saw to make a proud name in America's military history. Major James A. McKenna, Jr., was in command, than whom no more fearless, gay-

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hearted, and lovable officer broke lances with the Germans during the more than four years of war.

Major McKenna, a college man, a clubman, an athlete, a sportsman, and a deserved social favorite, was an ideal officer, and the men of the battalion would have followed him into the worst muss on earth. The battalion was satisfied with its major from the ground up, and I think he was satisfied with the battalion.

This bears out what Father Duffy wrote in describing the regiment while it was still at Camp Mills:

Captain James A. McKenna of Company D is a lawyer — Harvard and Fordham produced him. He is a fellow of great ability, ambitious, energetic, and enduring. He will go far in any line he may choose, and as a soldier he will score a high mark. He has fine ideals and fine sentiments which he chooses to conceal under a playfully aggressive and business-like demeanor. But his enthusiasms, patriotic, religious, personal, are the fundaments of him, and everybody feels it. He lets himself out most in his affection for his men who reciprocate his devotion. Company D under Jim McKenna will play a big part in our annals of war.

At a later point in his book, under an entry dated Moriville, June 22, 1918, Father Duffy draws a picture in which McKenna appears as an attractive figure:

Today is Sunday and I told the lads in church that I wanted a collection to give a poor old priest a holiday; and they responded nobly. For a second Mass I went down to McKenna's town and found a new device, a green shamrock on a white background, over the door of his battalion headquarters. His is to be known as the Shamrock Battalion of the regiment. After Mass and another collection I took breakfast with him. I had brought with me some money that Captain Mangan owed him. While I was at breakfast Mangan came in himself, and

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in his presence I handed the money over to McKenna. "If I did n't have you around, Father, to threaten Mangan with hell-fire, I'd never get a cent of it." "If you were n't such a piker you would n't keep a cent of it, now you've got it. You'd give it to Father Duffy for his poor old Curé." "All right, I'll give it, and double it if you cover it." That meant forty dollars apiece for my nice old gentleman. But McKenna was not satisfied. "Come on, Cassidy, come across," and the Lieutenant with a smile on his handsome face came across with more than any Lieutenant can afford. McKenna shouted to the others, "Come all the rest of you heretics; you have n't given a cent to a church since you left home," and with a whole lot of fun about it, everybody gave generously. I could not help thinking what a lesson in American broadmindedness the whole scene presented. But the immediate point was that I was able to do handsomely for my old Curé. I went back to him, and from the different collections I poured into his hat in copper pennies, bits of silver, dirty little shin-plasters and ten franc notes, the sum of two thousand francs. He was speechless. The old housekeeper wept; even the dog barked its loudest.

The warm-hearted chaplain goes on to express his doubts about the holiday the Curé will really take, and his belief that if he lives for ten years, "he will have some of our 2000 francs left when he dies. In some ways it is a great handicap to be French."

Some of the letters written by McKenna himself to his parents and friends at home found their way into print. One of them fell under the eye of General Pershing, and called forth the following letter:

May 16, 1918.

DEAR CAPTAIN MCKENNA:

I have just read the letter that you wrote your father which is published in the Chicago *Tribune* of May 15th.

JAMES AUGUSTIN MCKENNA, JR.

Of course I have no notion that you ever thought your father would publish this letter, but I am glad that he did, as it was just the tone that should be used in every letter that our men write home. It is most encouraging and gives a personal touch, to the people at home, of just what is going on here and the attitude of the entire command, which is no less than splendid. The clear picture you have drawn has appealed to me and prompts me to write you this personal letter of approval.

I hope that I may meet you some time during some of my inspections.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.

The first of these letters from McKenna, written on Thanksgiving Day to a member of the New York *World* staff, appeared in that journal on Christmas Day, 1917. It ran, in part, as follows:

Yes, our Uncle Sam has taken fine care of us, and has fed us turkey, goose, cranberry sauce, plum pudding, apples, figs and good things galore. No Canned Willie (cornbeef) for us today, no scrawny turkey, no dried apples, but the real turkey, the real fat goose, fresh American apples, cranberries which we cooked ourselves — everything in the world fresh from the land of all that is good.

Last night there were rumors of no turkey, and no "plum duff," but we took those rumors as we have taken everything else — with a grin and what-the-hell-do-we-care, for if it came to a pinch there is no lack of turkey in this outfit, and I am told the Irish turkey is a fine bird. At any rate, we did not worry, for we knew there was plenty of other good grub, so even if we could not be thankful for the food we used to get on this day at home, we could be thankful for being able to get the three squares we do get every day here.

And when the rumors of no turkey were shattered by the arrival of motor trucks and good old army mules laden with

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everything from soup to nuts, the general comment was: Well, the chow is here on time.

We are used to getting things on time here and we simply take it as a matter of course that things will continue to come as usual. Such is our faith in Uncle Sam and you folks at home.

You might doubt me if I were to enumerate all the good things we had today. But I surely wish you could have smelled that sauce our mess sergeant made for that plum pudding! "Black Jack" had a wise grin all day, and if any one said "*eau de vie*," he just grinned a little more. Some say it was made of cherries, plums, and apples some thirteen years ago, while others swear it was made of the hind leg of a Missouri mule. For my part, I don't know. All I can say is that it did have a pretty fine flavor, a healthy kick, and wonderful effect for demands for seconds of the duff — "Aw, go ahead, Jack; a little more sauce."

All through the village I hear men singing, playing the various musical instruments they carried from home, joking and discussing the news or work of the week. There's not a gloomy man in town, not a homesick or sorry soldier, and not the slightest semblance of intoxication.

We are all glad we are here, glad to have the chance to take a chance for our country, and sorry for only one thing — that you all, in the goodness of your hearts, are worrying about men whose only hardship is in your own minds. We are in great health, fit as a fiddle and mighty well cared for by Uncle Sam and our friends in France.

Merry Christmas to you and your boy and to the rest of the bunch. I sincerely hope you are as happy as I am and will continue to be.

The next may well have been the letter which attracted General Pershing's attention. The "Billy" to whom it refers was Lieutenant William F. McKenna, later promoted captain, a younger brother, also in the 165th.

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I suppose you hear all sorts of wild rumors about the regiment, for the Irish imagination is a fertile field, and I have been told that even before we were in any kind of scrap there were three or four rumors of dead and wounded, but you must not listen to any such tales.

The War Department and the papers will give the facts long before anyone could write them, and you may always feel sure that the next of kin is notified of any mishap within a day or two. This is to quiet any misgiving. In order, too, to calm any one who may inquire at the office, I may tell you that to date there has not been a death in my company, and my wounded are doing well — hoping to get back into the game again as soon as possible.

I noticed in the papers artieles which indicate that certain news has been given full publication, so I shall recount a few tales for which I can vouch, and which I have already seen in print. Coming from me you will believe them and feel better satisfied, I am sure; furthermore, you will be able to spread the gospel of confidence among your friends, for surely the American soldier in France is worthy of confidence. Of course, I shall mention no names, dates, places or organization.

One incident: I saw a German shell hit a place in which there were several men. The explosion was like all the rest, but not a sign of confusion among my men. Soon the shelling passed that point, but not until it had passed did the men who were hit have a word to say, and when the first man spoke all he said was: "Boys, I think I'm wounded." I'll never forget that piece of calm Irish grit — wonderful. That fellow was painfully wounded, but he never groaned — not a sound. You will be glad to know he will recover.

Another day, while a group of men were out on a patrol, they were shelled by what we call the "Dolly Sisters." The men had never been fired at before in their lives, and you cannot imagine what an experience it was, but they kept cool, never dreamed of retiring, but just obeyed orders as though they were moving

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over a parade ground on practice attack. They went through the fire, accomplished their mission, came back in perfect order, and not a man wounded. That was another case of sheer courage.

I saw one of the shells land where a man had been just an instant before, and as the lumps shot upward I said to myself: "Too bad — that's your finish." But it was not, for my man was using his head, and will use it again and again before the Germans get him.

An incident you have read about occurred recently while a party of five were out in No Man's Land between the lines. They bumped into nine Germans at about 4 A.M. By all the rules of war they should have retired. But they did not mind a little handicap of about two to one. They just sailed in, shot up the Germans, took two live prisoners and did not receive a wound. Not so bad.

And just for variety, on the same night when the Germans put over a raid, a lot of Americans, instead of retiring from the damaged trenches, which the German artillery had pounded pretty hard, stayed right there and plastered the onrushing enemy with a lot of beautifully placed rifle, machine and automatic gun shots, which littered the ground with Germans and chased them back in disorder.

These instances are not news to you, but I recount them to illustrate the type of man America has sent here, not in any one regiment, but in all — and to assure you all that you can depend upon us if you just feed us with supplies. Have no fear, dad, for if my turn or Billy's comes to take the trip, you need not apologize for the manner of our going. We will give our best, and the count will not be against us — if the Germans get us, they must pay the bill in men, either to us or our pals. That is as it should be.

The candies and the New York *World* continue to keep me in touch with things at home, and I hope they will not cease. Aside from them I ask for nothing save that once in a while

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you send me a tube of tooth paste and a packet of bouillon cubes. The tooth paste is my only luxury and the bouillon cubes are a wonderful help on bad days; usually the food is great, but when a cog slips and the stuff is below grade, or when we get in late after a bad day, a cup of hot water with a bouillon cube to give it a little taste, and a good hunk of bread means more to us than a meal at Delmonico's means to any one in New York. Do not send quantities of anything, but try to send a little often. Mails are fairly good and things spoil if we keep them long, so we like little packets — in tin when possible — to arrive frequently.

In a short time I shall send you something which you will value when it arrives, as it should, for it is not in the prohibited class. It is a fragment of the first German shell to explode over this regiment. I picked it out of the hole myself within a minute of the explosion, so you need not doubt its authenticity. Incidentally it got two of my men, but both will recover. They feel highly honored to have been the first wounded in the division, and are eager to get back to us. That is the spirit which pervades this whole army and increases as we see for ourselves the outrages of which we had believed the Germans were not capable. You do not know how much we are envied by the others, but you can imagine how every company and every soldier hungered for the honor of being first in line and how pleased I am to have had my company gain the boon, and then exceed expectations. None of your friends has been hurt.

Every man is working hard and doing well. As for me, there is nothing I like better than just what I am doing, and truth compels me to confess that although I feel sorry that my folks must worry about me, I love the life, and am actually glad to be here — partly because it is interesting, instructive, marvellous, partly because I would hate to think my parents would have to apologize for me.

I am glad I am here, glad to be in the war, glad there are no glass eyes or conscientious objections in my system, glad there

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will never be a time in after life when the man who is making the money by staying at home can afford to look me in the eye — even if I should be a soldier all my life and never do another thing. But most of all I am glad because I feel that way down in their hearts, you, father and mother, take pride in my being here.

The two following letters were also addressed to his father:

Good Friday.

To begin with, you will be pleased to know that my company was the first in this organization to go into the trenches. We had a little scrap and two wounded before the rest of the companies followed. That is not a very important matter, but it gave me a great deal of satisfaction to be sent in first, and I know it will please you. Since the first tea party we have had many little arguments, and although I cannot say that any of us love the music of the shells, I can assure you that we are always ready for more. I can truly say that all my men are veterans now; they have stood the test of every kind of fire and their courage has been remarkable. In my company twelve men have been awarded the French War Cross for conspicuous bravery in action, and I am absolutely sure that the only reason every man is not wearing the cross is because not every one gets the chance to do the heroic.

And then, too, some of the finest deeds pass unnoticed. One of my lieutenants, for instance, did as fine a bit of work as I have ever seen, but I could not ask for the cross for him, because I'd have to ask for it for every man I have. The lieutenant took a lot of men through a terrible shell fire without any one getting a scratch and without overlooking a single part of the job I sent him out on. It was a rare exhibition of steel nerve, with shells crashing all around, but it was just such a thing as we see every day. We all look upon the decorations as fine things, but every one knows that, although it takes a good man

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to get one, it also takes a lot of luck, and many of the men who deserve the cross are hidden away among their fellows — but their turn will come.

One of my men who got the cross did a fine piece of work. During some night fighting he carried in from No Man's Land a wounded French soldier at the risk of his own life. His work was particularly good because he need not have taken the chance, and when he did go out he went into a stretch of territory which was being swept by machine guns, grenades, and artillery.

Many of our men have rescued wounded French. One big red-haired fellow named Ryan brought in three — two Americans and a Frenchman.

With things of that sort happening daily the greatest feeling in the world has sprung up between the French and Americans, and the French are loud in their praise of our men. The most remarkable thing of all the fighting is that every American outfit goes into the first fight with the cool courage of veterans, and every day there is recorded a fresh instance of Yankee pluck — that is not newspaper talk but cold fact. The Americans are really wonderful fighters; they are always doing the unexpected, always doing what the book says cannot be done, always springing quick thinking, quick shooting and slam-bang fighting. If we get half a chance, and if the folks in America keep the supplies and the men coming over in load after load, we will beat the Germans as sure as fate — not in a minute, but in the long run, where straight gameness is the issue.

Some of our Irish friends in New York will be glad to know that although we have our share of killed and wounded, we have more than our share of crosses for bravery in action. My company has twelve and in the regiment to date there are sixty-eight. The colonel was given one, and when I asked him why, he replied, "That is because I have such a good regiment." The old outfit is beating its Civil War record. You know what that means, and you may pass the good word to the Friendly Sons.

Billy and I came through the big scrap O. K. I got a little

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gas, but beyond a little discomfort did not suffer—and did not have to leave the scrap.

Of course you have read all about the fight, and I can add little at this writing. I will say, however, that we licked the Germans, and licked them badly. They had everything prepared and had a time table to a city well behind us—but their train was stalled on our line. We not only licked them, but we took a lot of prisoners, killed an enormous number, annihilated one whole battalion, wiped out a division and wrecked several others.

The Kaiser watched our part of the fight from an observation tower about fifteen kilometres away. Sorry we did not know at the time that he was there, but at that we gave him a good show.

We are not crowing, but we are hopeful and confident. I've often told you we could lick the Germans in a square fight. Now we've done it. All is not velvet, but from now on the odds will turn more and more in our favor.

As for our regiment—well, we think we are the best; but as we look the facts in the face we are bound to admit there is no best; all are wonderful, and what one does depends solely on the opportunity. Bravery is taken for granted, and the greatest acts of heroism are looked upon as "in line of duty." Maybe we are not great soldiers, but I guess nobody will deny that the American is brave, strong, aggressive, and versatile.

When we leave the chalk of Champagne we shall leave behind us some good comrades, but they died nobly and the Germans paid at least five times the price.

Tom Blake and Bingham are O. K. So are all the boys you know.

Shall write a longer letter descriptive of the fight if time permits and if I get through the next one.

This last of the letters from McKenna, received after his death, was written only a week before it. A few days

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earlier he was reported, in a letter to the *New York Sun*, to have said, as he sat with a few comrades, before an empty fireplace at Headquarters: "Before the regiment to which I am attached loses its Irish-American complexity by infusion of other racial replacements, it is my dearest wish that we have a chance to uphold the traditions of this great Celtic military organization."

"Bide your time, Jim," replied Chaplain Francis P. Duffy. "Our boys will have their innings. Don't be impatient."

McKenna, according to the story, was silent only for a moment. Then he said, "We must show the whole world where Irishmen stand, Father. We must show that we are in this fight for liberty, heart and soul."

His officers and his men had already shown it in engagements in the Lunéville and Baccarat sectors and the Champagne-Marne defensive. In "The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow" there is a memorable picture of Major McKenna, in the last of these engagements, walking with Father Duffy, whose "face was good for jaded nerves," along the line, on July 15, and pausing to speak a few words with each of the men waiting the command to go over the top. "The Major asked each man as he passed what the orders were, and each answered, 'Hold to the last man.' The Major then asked: 'Are you going to do it?' And each man answered, 'Yes.'" On July 17 he himself was gassed, and advised to go to the hospital, but refused because he knew the division would soon be in action again. Early in the morning of July 28, in the course of the Marne-Aisne offensive, came orders for the 165th to attack the enemy on the north bank of the

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Ourecq, to be crossed by the American troops. "The advance," a portion of the orders read, "will be by infiltration, with no artillery preparation. Greatest reliance will be placed on the bayonet. Your regiment will constitute the first line of the attack, covering the entire brigade sector."

In such an action it is difficult to follow the movements of an individual, but some paragraphs in a letter written after the Armistice to the father of Major McKenna by his battalion adjutant, Captain H. K. Cassidy, convey a clear idea both of the engagement, fatal to the beloved commanding officer, and of his personal part in it.

Our battalion was in advance of any other unit of the division. We made the attack on the Ourecq at dawn on the morning of the 28th. We had advanced a distance of twelve kilometres in the afternoon and night preceding. The 2d Battalion was behind us in support. The 1st was on our right, the 166th Infantry on our left. We passed through the town of Villers-sur-Fère at about 2 A.M. on the 28th. The 2d Battalion entered the town which the Germans began to shell heavily a few minutes later. We took position along a road about 400 yards from and parallel to the river — just beyond the edge of the town. Our patrols which went down toward the river drew very heavy machine gun fire, having several men hit. We had reached the objective which had been assigned us, so the major gave orders for company commanders to take advantage of all available cover and dig in. This was at about 3 A.M.

In the meantime the C. O. of the support battalion had withdrawn his troops to a wood about a kilometre behind the town in order to avoid casualties through the heavy shelling of the town. At 3.30 the colonel drove up in haste with orders to attack at once, and continue the advance outlining new objectives. The units on our right and left had not yet come

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up. The support battalion had withdrawn. We knew from investigation what the enemy had before us and the trap our battalion would run into attacking alone. The colonel sent a protest which the general forwarded. Later the attack order was postponed but the postponement came just fifteen minutes too late—buglers sounded recall in vain; the calls could not be heard fifty yards away in the din of machine gun fire and bursting shells.

The Ourcq along the line of our attack forms a natural basin with gentle slopes reaching up on either side and coming to a crest on parallel lines four or five hundred yards from the river. The river is but twenty or thirty feet wide and in most places about three feet deep. In the valley along the banks of the river ran a grove of trees—it was perhaps a hundred and fifty feet through this grove before we started the ascent of the gentle slope on the other side. Through the wheat field on this slope and over the far crest the first wave advanced. From the start it had been a glorious, if a sorrowful, spectacle. Wave after wave left the line of the road and advanced toward the river in perfect order. Here and there a man would fall, or a shell would burst getting several; the gaps filled automatically; there was never a waver. The rain of machine gun bullets and the rat-tat-tat was incessant; still they quickly passed the river, with what few Germans had not been killed in full flight before them. But after crossing the crest our limit was reached. With no one on the right or left and no one to push through us we could advance no further without the advance units losing contact with the rear and being cut off. Then came the slaughter. There had been comparatively few casualties up until this time, but the Germans, quick to appreciate our predicament, quickly placed machine guns on the flanks and we were nicely boxed, enduring a heavy and constant storm of machine gun bullets from the flanks and from the front. The wounded were passing in a constant stream to the rear. Constant reports came to the P. C. of first one officer, then another wounded or killed; then

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came the aeroplanes in droves, in pairs, and single; flying over-head a hundred feet in the air they rained machine gun bullets down on the defenseless men in the open, dropping bombs by the score and soon clearing the far slope we had taken of what few men remained alive there. We now held a line along the edge of the trees on the enemy side of the river. In this grove we then had the battalion P. C. The first battalion advancing now instead of going to our right were forced to come upon the same line with us. The second came in on their left. But no one succeeded in crossing the ridge ahead, where we had gone so easily at first, until three days later.

About ten o'clock the Germans began a heavy shelling of the woods along the river. They became almost untenable — still we hung on, the first battalion there too, now. Reports from our companies showed them depleted to an average effective strength of about thirty men each. Two companies had no officers left. There were three officers, one of them wounded, left on the line. One company which we still had in reserve in the town was still all right. About noon the major and I started for the colonel's P. C. at the edge of the town to report, and receive instructions. We had progressed without mishap over half of the distance when the Germans located us with an Austrian 88 (whizz-bang). We dodged along to within a hundred yards of the town; the major was a slight distance ahead of me, carrying my equipment. I, with a non-com, was carrying a wounded man whom we had found with his foot shot off. Captain Hurley was with us, too, a little way ahead and to the left. Suddenly with no warning a large shell lit just to our right, perhaps fifty feet away. We were all knocked flat by the concussion. The wounded lad was killed and seeing the major lay back rather stiffly instead of jumping up, I ran to him. He was unconscious but his pulse beat very faintly. I asked Captain Hurley to run for a litter, and tried artificial respiration for a moment, but to no use; so we tried to carry him. He was dead outright, however, and the corporal and I were

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so weak, not having had food for three days that we progressed very slowly. Besides that whizz-bang still pestered around so, seeing a litter a hundred yards away, I left him with the corporal in a shell hole and ran for the litter. I pressed half a dozen men into immediate service, and we rushed back, placed him on the litter, and hurried him to the aid station, three hundred yards away. His pulse was still flickering, in that same faint way. The doctor immediately gave him an injection of strychnine, but two minutes afterward the pulse beat ceased. . . .

The major had not been well since Champagne when, on the 17th, he was slightly gassed. He slept poorly and ate little, even when he had the opportunity for either. The day of the attack, three days had elapsed since we had either had any food. Weakened and run down, as he naturally was, the grief of seeing his battalion shot to pieces was almost more than he could endure. Besides, he had a habit which I have seen in many men, over here, of resisting the shock of a shell explosion instead of relaxing and yielding to the shock. Many times I had noticed that when a shell exploded, particularly close at hand, he would tense himself as though to fight it. When I remonstrated with him about it he remarked that he "could n't help wanting to fight the things." No man, no matter how strong, can resist the shock of a giant shell. I feel, however, that he might have lived had he not been in such a weakened condition. . . .

He died, as he lived, a man. Yes, the little smile was on his lips. On his face an expression of faint surprise, perhaps of wonderment. I am in command of the old company now. They have never failed him. There are not many of the original with the company now, perhaps forty. Fifty, three of them officers, who came over with him, have made the supreme sacrifice, as did he. The old men, who are left, strive with me to bring the company back to something like the standards of the old days. Whether or not this will ever be accomplished, we are all confident in the knowledge that the company acquitted itself nobly, as did the battalion he commanded. All that has been ac-

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complished by these, and much that will be accomplished by those who are left, singly and *en masse*, is the product of his influence and training more than that of any other one man. So his influence lives with us. He is still one of us, honored and revered. We are all proud to have known and worked with so brave and able a man.

Captain Cassidy says the postponement of the attack order came just fifteen minutes too late. Father Duffy wrote: "Major McKenna had tried to recall his company when the word came to countermand the attack order. But his wild Irish had rushed to the attack with too much eagerness for that, and the situation was beyond mending in this way." Colonel McCoy, in the letter about Lieutenant Ames quoted in the following memoir, gives the same impression: "My 3d Battalion, Major McKenna, went over at daybreak, and reached their objective without great loss, but their fighting Irish got the better of them, and they streamed up the open slopes to take Boche machine guns with their hands and teeth." McKenna's wish was gratified. His Shamrock Battalion had proved itself. Had his men not felt what he himself had contributed to this end, there would have been no provocation for a poem by Witter Bynner (Harvard, '03):

MCKENNA

When Major James A. McKenna, Jr., was killed in France on July 28, 1918, his men of the old 69th Regiment went forward to victory with the cry, "Remember McKenna."

What he had said of his men, said in his pride

When the second Battle of the Marne was near,

In a Château-Thierry grave is sanctified:

"Self has been buried over here."

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In the great rush which turned the mortal tide,
So well he roused them that they still might hear
McKenna leading, and he only died —
To be the more their battle-cheer.

On the day after Major McKenna's death his brother William — of whom a superior officer wrote: "Poor Billy will be broken-hearted. He thought there was nobody else like Jim" — caused his body to be buried at Château-Thierry. Nearly three years later it was reinterred in American soil. On July 15, 1921, when the Rainbow Division was holding a convocation in Cleveland, Ohio, Father Duffy, who had conducted the burial service in France, sang a requiem mass at the Cleveland Cathedral, at the same time with a similar service at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in New York. This was attended by representatives of the Major James A. McKenna, Jr., Posts of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars and of many other organizations. In Long Island City, the flags on public buildings and on McKenna Square, named in his honor, were half-masted throughout the day. Such honors were those due to one to whom the Distinguished Service Cross was awarded in these terms:

Extraordinary heroism in action near Villers-sur-Fère, July 28, 1918. He was killed while successfully breaking a most difficult and trying attack across the river Oureq, and against the strongly prepared positions on the heights beyond.



OLIVER AMES, JR.

CLASS OF 1917

"A courteous kindly gentleman and a true soldier."

THESE are the words that a corporal of the 165th Infantry wrote, in painstaking characters, on a wooden cross which he made from an empty ammunition box, and placed over a grave at Meurey Farm, near Villers-sur-Fère, on the river Oureq. Above this epitaph are the other words:

OLIVER AMES, JR.

OLIVER AMES, JR.

2nd Lt. Inf. U. S. R.

Killed in action, July 29th, 1918

Act. Adjutant 1st Bn. 165th Inf.

Close to this wooden cross another marked the grave of Joyce Kilmer, poet and soldier, who was killed on the day after Oliver Ames, under circumstances almost identical, in the volunteered personal service of their superior officer, Major (afterwards Colonel) William J. Donovan.

Oliver Ames, Jr., was born in Boston, April 8, 1895, the third child and elder son of Oliver Ames, of the Harvard Class of 1886, and Elise Alger (West) Ames. His grandfather, Frederick Lothrop Ames, son of Oliver Ames, Jr., was a graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1854, and from 1888 to 1893, the year of his death, was a member of the Harvard Corporation. The boy, thus predestined to Harvard College, began his preparation for it at Noble and Greenough's School in Boston, and in 1907 entered the first form of St. Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts, where he remained through the six years of the school course. His record at St. Mark's gave him a high place in the annals of the school. For three successive years he was a "St. Mark's Scholar," and in his second form year "head of the school"; he served as a monitor; he took a prominent part in athletics; and in his fifth and sixth form years played on the football, baseball, hockey, and fives teams.

Among his letters from school — the letters of a happy boy constantly giving happiness to his family and his friends — there is one unconscious document of boyhood

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that should be preserved. It was written to his mother after a football game:

I am awful sorry I did n't see you at the game. It was wonderful we won, but I was so disappointed I did n't get in I could hardly bear to see any of you after the game. It was an awful blow to me, as I had expected to start the game in Harriman's place. Everybody told me I was going to start, and when my name was n't on the lineup I was sort of dazed, and it was much worse when I did n't get in at all. I felt so bum that I did n't go in the parade around town. You know the team is dragged around town in a wagon, with a brass band in front. But towards the end I went out to hear the cart speeches at the bonfire. (All the team are cheered, and they have to make a speech.) I hardly got out of doors when about twenty fellows pounced on me, and said Mr. Woodhead (coach) and McKinlock¹ wanted me in the wagon. I tried to escape, for I did n't see any reason why I should go in the wagon because I did n't make the team or get in the game, but they carried me to it and hoisted me in, and I had to make a speech. Then Mr. Woodhead got up, and made a speech about the eleven, and McKinlock, and then a whole lot of slushy rot about me. I'll let somebody else tell you about that. It cheered me up like anything, and made me feel wonderfully. I hope you don't think I've got a swelled head, because I have n't. With much love,

OLLIE.

His confirmation as a member of the Protestant Episcopal church while he was at St. Mark's represented the genuine response of an element in his nature to the religious influences surrounding him and lastingly affecting his life. When he graduated from the school, its headmaster, the Rev. William G. Thayer, wrote to his parents: "As

¹ Captain of the St. Mark's football team. See memoir, *ante*, pp. 519-544.

OLIVER AMES, JR.

I look back over these past years I have cause to be glad that the boy has been with us, for his influence has always been for good and the earnestness of his purpose has been an example to us all." Five years later the same friend and teacher, on hearing of his death, wrote again: "Of all the boys I have known, no one has had a larger measure of my love and admiration. From the first day he came to St. Mark's until he graduated he gave his best. He was faithful in every duty, trustworthy in every relationship, ambitious to succeed in studies and sports, always modest and unselfish, beloved by masters and boys — the School was a better place for his being here."

At college Ames played on the freshman football and baseball teams, and, in his sophomore, junior, and senior years, on the second University baseball team. He belonged to the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Stylus, S. K., Hasty Pudding, and Porcellian Clubs. He fixed and followed for himself standards of personal conduct which he did not preach to others — except through practice and the compelling influence of a peculiar personal charm. If he did not maintain to the end of his school course and through college the high scholastic standing which marked his earlier years at boarding school, it was largely because of the shifting of emphasis in his interests — from books to friends. To be with them in Cambridge or on excursions into the surrounding country was an absorbing pleasure and satisfaction, in which they shared to the full. One of his most intimate classmates, also a kinsman, Richard Harte, wrote of him, for the Triennial Report of his class, as he was in college: "We remember his qualities, the pleasure of being with him, his sunny and unaffected

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enjoyment of living, his unbounded vitality and enthusiasm, his instinct for the true things in life, and his ability to make us look from a higher point of view. An innate nobility marked him among his friends."

As a member of the Harvard Regiment, and of the 1916 Plattsburg camp, Ames had learned the rudiments of military discipline when the United States entered the war, near the end of his senior year. In May, 1917, he entered the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. Two letters to his mother, written near the beginning and the end, respectively, of the encampment contain significant passages:

I'm quite amazed at myself; in the last week I've realized suddenly that I'm becoming quite martial; our regular captain got his orders by code telegram to join his regiment abroad, and he's left. As a result my excitement and enthusiasm for the trenches is unbounded, and I'm keen to go too; and the best part of it is that it's not a morbid enthusiasm but a really constructive and happy enthusiasm; am pleased to death with myself; in fact so much so that if I don't get my commission here, at present I think I'll volunteer in the militia, if I can arrange it, because it looks as if they were going to be sent over in September or thereabouts, and will get in it long before the conscript army does.

Sunday.

I look forward with dread to the next two weeks; commissions are to be decided pretty soon, and the strain and worry is terrific and promises to be worse in the coming fortnight; rumors are flying fast, and it is all one can do to keep oneself from believing them. I shall be glad when the camp is over solely because of the strain being over; otherwise it's great up here. It is evidently correct that every one up here is going to get something, and yesterday we were given printed papers on which

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to indicate our choices (1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th choices) for the different branches, such as aviation, quartermaster department, ordnance department, etc., in case we didn't get our first choice, so it is evident that pretty nearly every one can get something if he wants it. We were asked, however, to cross out anything we would accept under no conditions. I crossed out everything except the regimental quota, the additional reserve officers, and another camp; I could n't stand being an officer in the quartermaster corps or ordnance corps, I'd much rather volunteer as a private or else be conscripted, and I wish now I'd crossed out another camp. . . .

Last week our captain made us all have our pictures taken so as to help him in his efficiency report, and I am sending you your son frowning in an effort to convince his captain that he is very much in earnest, and tough enough to "break in" conscripts.

At the conclusion of the Plattsburg camp, Ames was commissioned second lieutenant of infantry and assigned to the 151st Depot Brigade at Camp Devens. From this he was transferred in September to Company A, 165th Infantry, 42d ("Rainbow") Division, then in training at Camp Mills, near Mineola, Long Island. The 165th was formerly the New York 69th, a regiment that cherished with pride its traditions of Irish valor in the Civil War, and of recent admirable service on the Mexican border. In "Father Duffy's Story," the spirited "Tale of Humor and Heroism, of Life and Death with the Fighting Sixty-Ninth," its historian and chaplain alludes to his regiment as having been "selected to put the green in the Rainbow," the division so called because its component parts contributed so varied a representation of states. Its own composition was indeed preponderantly Irish, and

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the resulting enthusiasm and belligerency were such that an officer with eagerness and courage of his own found himself working with the most responsive material. In "Father Duffy's Story" the inspiriting quality of the regiment stands manifest. The "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" had its poet — the true poet to which such a band of men was entitled — in Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, and his comrades knew him as such. It had its valiant officers, among them Major Donovan,¹ commanding the 1st Battalion, with whom Ames was to come into such intimate personal relations as battalion adjutant that Father Duffy's picture of him before the regiment went overseas may well be given here:

Donovan is a man in the middle thirties, very attractive in face and manner, an athlete who always keeps himself in perfect condition. As a football player at Niagara and Columbia, he gained the sobriquet of "Wild Bill." But that is tribute gained by his prowess rather than his demeanor. He is cool, untiring, strenuous, a man that always uses his head. He is preparing his men for the fatigues of open warfare by all kinds of wearying stunts. They too call him "Wild Bill" with malicious unction, after he has led them over a cross-country run for four miles. But they admire him all the same, for he is the freshest man in the crowd when the run is over. He is a lawyer by profession, and a successful one, I am told. I like him for his agreeable disposition, his fine character, his alert and eager intelligence. But I certainly would not want to be in his Battalion.

With Company A of this battalion, Ames continued his training for the front until the regiment received its orders to sail overseas. The 1st Battalion left Montreal on the

¹ Nominated, as this volume goes to press, as Republican candidate for the lieutenant-governorship of New York.

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Tunisian, October 27, landed at Liverpool, and proceeded to Southampton, from which port it sailed for Le Havre on the night of November 11. On October 6 Ames had been married to Caroline Lee Fessenden, a daughter of Sewall Henry Fessenden, of the Harvard Class of 1886. The happiness and sense of responsibility that were thus added to his joyful and serious outlook upon life may only be suggested in this place.

For about three months after reaching France the 165th Infantry was in training in and about Naives-en-Blois, Grand, and, after a four days' march in the bitter weather of late December, at Longeau, in the foothills of the Vosges. From the fragment of an "Historical Appendix," begun by Joyce Kilmer and printed in "Father Duffy's Story," it appears that at the end of this march the men of the regiment, "as they stood in the deep snow, the ice-crusted packs still on their bruised shoulders," broke into the singing of "The Good Old Summer Time." This was not one of the instances which gave Kilmer such good reason to quote elsewhere in his Appendix the lines of Chesterton:

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry
And all their songs are sad.

The service at the front to which the spirited preparation of the 165th led up was, for the remainder of Ames's life, in the Lunéville sector, from February 21 to March 23, 1918; in the Baccarat sector, from April 1 to June 21; in the Espérance-Souain sector, from July 4 to July 14; in the Champagne-Marne defensive, from July 15 to

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July 18; and in the Aisne-Marne offensive, through the days beginning July 25. From passages from his own letters home — not the most intimate passages, too poignantly personal for print — and from the letters of others, the nature and quality of his work as a soldier, and the personal characteristics which made him so distinctive a figure in the eyes of those with whom he came in contact, may readily be inferred.

On the day before reaching Liverpool he wrote, in a letter to his parents:

If you ever want to appreciate your family and friends, just try a three-thousand-mile trip across the ocean in a rotten little tub, a huge life preserver with you every minute, and a feeling every minute that you may have to swim for it, and the water looking oh! so cold, to say nothing of the glorious future of participating in an Allied drive in the spring which may bring you glory and martyrdom; I wonder how I like to be a martyr; my chief occupation on the trip has been one long attempt to persuade myself I'll like it.

Landed in France, he wrote cheerfully from an officers' club, where one of his friends was "trying out his French (and it's awful, too)" on a French officer: "I'm going over in a minute to join him, and I've got a speech all planned. I shall start out with '*Je parle le français aussi, mon vieux; je parlais autrefois un peu quand je fus jeune.*'"

In less than two weeks he was writing again:

Sunday, November 25.

I'm now in a different town, about 12 miles away from my old one, in command of a fatigue detail of 62 men; Major Donovan was darn nice to let me have it, and if I don't manage it well I shall never be able to look him in the face again. It is hard work but wonderfully interesting for me because at last I'm on

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my [own] hook, and have a lot of responsibility in comparison with what I had before. So far things are working out pretty well, but I don't dare preach till I'm out of the woods. You'd laugh to see your son sitting in his room before a table covered with official papers (most of them for effect), with his four corporals and sergeant standing stiffly at attention before him, while every night at 5.30 he gives them hell, or encouragement, and his orders for the morrow. It is great fun having an independent command, and I feel as proud as a general. Perhaps you may not believe it, that your son is sanitary, but the very first thing he did on actively taking command was to march his men with soap and towel in hands down to the French shower baths, and personally see that every man took a shower, the first they had had since leaving Mineola four weeks before.

My French is getting excellent; I'm getting so self-confident in it that I've got to the stage of addressing young ladies with "*Mais vous êtes charmante, Mademoiselle,*" with such astounding results that I've found it necessary to retrace my steps for safety's sake; I always knew I had a charming accent, the French girls all fall for it; to-morrow I shall try out a couple of "r's" with a rolling accent. I like the French, they've been very nice to us over here; the tiny little kids are wonderfully cunning; the trouble is they (the French) talk a little too much without saying much, and always when you're in a hurry, and they're so polite about it that you've got to be polite while all the time you're boiling within yourself.

Thursday, November 29.

Do you realize that to-day is the first Thanksgiving but one that I have not had at home for the past twenty-one years; it does n't seem like Thanksgiving at all; to-night, however, we're (three officers and myself) going to have a turkey for supper, but it won't taste half as good as the one at home, and there'll be no plum pudding, lobster salad, or pies. . . .

My detail here is getting along satisfactorily. The men are still working like Trojans and are doing 122 men's work instead

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of 62 men's work. We are still sloughing around in the mud, unloading freight cars, assembling wagons, and taking care of mules; how long the detail will last I don't know, perhaps four days, perhaps a month; in the meanwhile I have these 62 men to take care of, and I hope and pray I'm doing it well. To-day I heard indirectly that Colonel —— said my men were doing great work, and I feel proud as a peacock at present. I can't resist telling it, though; I'm afraid I'm not a very noble character; I like singing or rather hinting my own praises too much.

This town I'm in is just like the ones I've read about in Dumas, and always been crazy to visit; from my bedroom window I can see a remnant of an old tower and of the old fortified town wall, and the irony of it is that I have n't possibly the time to explore it, which I'm crazy to do. I breakfast at 7.15; work till 11.30; 11.45–12.30 lunch; 12.30 I inspect the men's quarters; 1–4 work; 4–4.45 visit the sick men in my detachment in the hospital; 5–5.30 wash for supper; 6–7 supper; 7–7.30 help the man in the post office sort the mail in hopes for a letter from home; 8–8.30 return to room where my sergeant meets me and go over to-morrow's work and make out the various reports that have to be made out; 8.30–9.30 censor the men's letters which come in in perfect floods and absolutely swamp me with work; 9.30 bed, dead to the world. . . .

A lot of officers from my battalion have gone away to officers' school, and when they return all the others will go, so I expect I'll be with the last bunch: I'm rather looking forward to it as it ought to be wonderfully interesting, and rather a change in the routine.

Writing to his wife on December 5, Ames described a Canadian major's talk at the Officers' School about the fight at Vimy Ridge, making him "wild to get into it at once. . . . I feel so enthusiastically young and inexperienced. It's the first time since I left home that I've felt really enthusiastic about anything."

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Sunday, December 9.

My detail at —— finished yesterday, and I hiked my men back over the road, and thank the Lord I was able to turn all sixty-two of them over to their company commanders without one missing; now I've had a relapse, all responsibility ceasing and nothing but company duty to attend to. To-morrow we're moving out of here, and to-night I was detailed to go ahead of the battalion on the march and arrange for billets for the night; I shall have sole responsibility for procuring billets for one thousand men and thirty officers, and I foresee a lot of work. . . .

I drove over in a buggy to see Archie R. to-day and had lunch with him, and drove back this afternoon in time for retreat; we talked over old times, and got quite homesick. I did n't tell you that after hiking back yesterday, I found a whole batch of letters waiting¹ for me. . . . I was so excited I actually trembled all over.

The letters to his mother go on:

Monday, December 24.

It does n't seem possible that a year ago to-day at about this time we were starting out to go up Beacon Hill and listen to the carols, and see the candles in the windows; it makes me homesick to think of it; and here I am in a little town in France writing home by candlelight. Just through the walls of my room (very thin walls) is the barn where about forty of the men are billeted. They seem to be homesick, too, because I can hear them singing, and the most mournfully sentimental songs; and I don't blame them, Ma, because no matter how hardened to it, no man will ever become hardened to spending Christmas Eve in a cold barn with nothing but straw to sleep on and no lights to see by, and thousands of miles from home. I speak warmly chiefly because we officers have so comparatively a luxurious time compared with the enlisted man: we have an open fireplace to keep us warm, we have warm kitchens to eat in, we

¹ Including one from "Mike, the ground-keeper at Soldiers Field."

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have our "strikers" and orderlies to take care of us, and all the time we're not one iota better men than the enlisted men, only we were lucky to be able to go to an officers' training camp and get commissions. The enlisted man is the man to be admired in this war; the infantrymen bear the brunt of all the hardships, and, Ma, you don't know what wonderful letters they write home; I've been censoring them all day, and honestly I've had tears in my eyes more than once.

I'm beginning to think more and more that we should have entered this war at the very beginning; over here the war is brought home to you so strongly; the sufferings France has gone through, the absence of men of my age from the towns, everything points out that it was our duty to step in and strike while the iron was hot, and untold sufferings and slaughter would have been averted, and the war would be at an end by now. However, it is n't too late, though God knows we're just in time. Our influence so far has been but a drop in a bucket, we're of no assistance save morally just now; it will be a long, long pull, lots and lots of us will be killed, but if we stick to it and stick to it, we're going to win in the end even though it takes twelve years.

On Christmas morning he wrote again, "looking forward to a delightfully lazy day with nothing to do except sit in front of the fire. I've planned out my day: read 'The Talisman' till 1.30, then wonderful turkey lunch, then read again till 6, supper, and read over old letters till bed-time. Is n't that a lazy programme?" Christmas Days past and to come filled his mind; but he went on:

We move again to-morrow on a long hike to our final destination; we are all glad because we have been here now two weeks with nothing but the clothes we have on our backs, and perhaps when we get to our final destination we can have a bath and new clothes. It's funny how used you get to being dirty. I'm

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positively filthy except for outward appearances, but I'm so much better off than most even though I have n't had a bath now for five weeks. I can hear you groan, but if I'm dirty, Ma, three-quarters of the French people in France are positively disgusting; I'll bet you three-quarters of them don't take more than one bath a year, and at that I'm judging them leniently. I've been searching ever since I've been here for a bathtub, but so far have neither found one nor heard of one save at the Ritz in Paris.

After the long winter "hike" to which reference has already been made, Ames wrote:

Sunday, January 6, 1918.

. . . Do you know, Ma, I'm just beginning to realize why officers on coming home on leave want to raise so much Cain; it does n't appeal to me very much, but I can appreciate their viewpoint: it's being cut off for so long from civilization and from amusements, from news from the outside world. You get sick to death of getting up at 6.30, working all day till 4.30, then supper at 5, officers' school from 6 to 7, then bed, and the same thing over day in and day out with no relaxation except when, once a month or so, the mail comes in, but then it is so wonderful and every one is happy. I know that if I drank at all, and that if I did n't have a wife and family at home to keep me on the level, there would be nothing on earth that would keep me from raising h—— if I ever got into a big town. I would n't tell you that if I thought it would worry you, but I thought it might interest you as a viewpoint coming from a disinterested person. Of course I deplore the tendency of officers to celebrate publicly, it is in very bad taste indeed, but I *can* sympathize with the desire of relaxation if properly "camouflaged" and if they have no ideals to live for. I can't help smiling when I think how wonderfully and awfully applicable to all of us over here is the motto, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*"; what a loophole it is, and what a chance to live up to these ideals. I'm getting to be a cynic,

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are n't I, Ma? Forgive me, because I'm really just as impressionable as ever, just as healthy, just as fresh, and just as homesick; my only relaxation consists of reading over old letters from home, and I'm afraid I don't live up to my principles because I can't "camouflage" my emotions. . . .

On January 27 he wrote of his promotion to the adjutancy of his battalion, proud of his advancement by the leader under whom he was to serve, and soberly conscious, for those he loved, that with greater responsibility came greater peril.

Since I wrote last a lot of things have happened. In the first place, one day I was transferred to the Supply Co., as the colonel said, because the Supply Co. needed a good officer to run the Co. end of it, but which your son interpreted as a lot of "bull." For four days I spent a most miserable time, I hated my job, my ambitions were so set to be in the line, in the infantry with handling of troops, that I thought I would commit suicide even though I did run the Co. end with 180 men under my personal direction. (You see, the other two officers of a Supply Co. are always off on the search for provisions, etc.) Two days afterwards, however, I was transferred back to the 1st Battalion because Captain McAdie and Major Donovan had kicked to the colonel till he finally gave in; and what do you think the major then did, he made me his adjutant, which is the greatest honor I've ever had; it could n't be so great with any other major but Bill Donovan, but *he*, to my mind and in fact to every officer who really knows him, is the "liveliest" officer in the American Ex. Forces, and some day when people at home begin to hear about him you ought to be proud that your son was once his adjutant.

The occurrences that led to the enlargement of Ames's opportunity for service under the officer he so greatly

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admired are related in a recent letter from Colonel Donovan himself, describing the circumstances of the young lieutenant's detachment to Vaucouleurs and ending with the words:

He had done a really fine job. He had obtained new clothing and equipment for his detachment. The men's billets were in good order and well cleaned. There was a good spirit among the men. He was getting food for them, and all of the divisional staff officers with whom I spoke were most commendatory of the way in which the work was being handled.

It was as a result of his work there that I selected him then as battalion adjutant.

After Ames had been serving in this position for about two months, Major Donovan wrote to Ames's wife:

Please accept an abrupt but sincere word about your husband. He has endeared himself to the battalion officers and men. His work is done well, conscientiously, and tactfully. He is enthusiastic, full of energy and spirit.

We have been together in stress. There is no doubt of his courage and more — his good sense. He has been recommended for promotion both to regimental and division Headquarters. He is known and respected in both places.

Be proud of him. One day we shall send him to you full of health and honor.

There is plenty of evidence that the men who served under Lieutenant Ames realized their good fortune and warmly reciprocated his concern for their interests. One of his letters has already revealed his feeling about the enlisted man. It is well illustrated by an incident related by one of his dearest friends at school and college, also a young officer in France. Only once they met there, to

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lunch together. The friend had been looking forward eagerly to the meeting, and was in high spirits. Ames was preoccupied, talked of the unfairness that officers should be lunching in comfortable inns while their men were left standing about, and at the end of twenty minutes left the friend, for whose companionship his hunger must have been quite unpeased, to join his platoon at a chilly railway station.

When the war was over, a mechanic in his company talked about him in terms that bespoke a feeling which any officer might have been proud to excite:

There are white men in war, but they don't come whiter than the lieutenant that was of our platoon. His name was Ames and he was a Boston millionaire.

He was such a young kid. . . . But one thing about him, he was able to make us fellows of Co. A stand to attention with a snap, and march and drill like our life depended on it.

I don't know how he did it, but that kid made the whole company love him and follow him. We did n't need to swear it. Every man knew we'd go to hell for Lieutenant Ames. And we knew he would n't want us to do anything he would n't do himself. We went on march one day, with hardly a whole pair of shoes in the company. The lieutenant wore only the uppers of his pair. The soles were gone a long time. He could have got others. He did n't have to march. But he said he would go with the company, and the company went with him.

Merit gets its reward, I guess, but the members of Co. A were sure sorry when Amesie got promoted to adjutant under Major "Wild Bill" Donovan (now Colonel). . . .

Of course, being a millionaire, he was always flush. Us doughboys was almost always broke. But we never sponged on him. He used to come to us and ask if we were going into town. Some of the fellows had no money. He told them if they

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could strike him out, in no matter how many pitched balls, they could earn ten francs. There used to be a long line of fellows waiting to strike out Lieutenant Ames.

He got "struck out" later. It was at Château-Thierry, I think. The boys of Co. A did n't like to think over his death. He was a good scout, white as a white man should be and we were all sorry — well, sorry don't tell it.

A letter written by Ames, after he had acquired some experience as a battalion adjutant, to a friend holding a corresponding position at Camp Devens not only explains his hold upon the men under him, but also illustrates his thorough and serious application to the work in hand. The recipient of this letter showed it to his major, who was so impressed with its practical value that he caused copies of it to be placed in the hands of other adjutants as a guide to the best performance of their duties. It cannot be abridged, for its value lies in its detail, and the limitations of space forbid its reproduction here in its entirety. The spirit in which it was written is clearly suggested in the following paragraph from a letter of February 10:

I love my new job, Ma; it has stimulated my energy and ambition tremendously. There is a real tendency in military life to "let down," to take the path of least resistance; but an adjutant with a "live" major has n't the opportunity or time to consider himself at all; his work is never finished, and to me it is absorbingly interesting and the most wonderful chance I'll ever get to learn the tactical and administrative side of the game thoroughly.

On April 1, the date of the letter from which the following passages are taken, the 165th, having finished its serv-

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ice in the Lunéville sector a week before, moved into the Baccarat sector.

We're in a rather nice town now, all shot to pieces in some parts, but on the whole quite modern. The major, Captain Mercier, and I are living in a very nice house. Kayes¹ has the room next to mine, which also has a small stove, so last night your son had a delightful cup of hot tea in bed propped up with pillows. "War is h——," is n't it? . . .

I see General Pershing has offered the whole A. E. F. to stem the drive. Your son is extremely dubious whether he is going to like being a "stem," but for the sake of "heroics" he is saying, "Bully for General Pershing."

April 25.

Last night you almost lost your son: about 12.30 he decided he'd like to know just where the cannonading which was lively at that time¹ was coming from, so decided to walk where he could get a better view. On the way, however, he started to dream, and the first thing he knew, there was a bayonet at his throat. Naturally enough he decided to halt, and mighty abruptly, too; but for the life of me I could n't think of the countersign. The sentry was very much "on the job," but aggravatingly so. It took me about ten minutes to convince him that I was n't a Boche: he was one of the new draft men. The darn fool never challenged, but was going to run me right through. To-night, believe me, I'm going to do some careful "scouting" before venturing forth: it would be h——, would n't it, Ma, to be killed by one of your own men?

May 10.

Here I am down at the front. Colonel McCoy called for the major to-night to take him down, so I jumped in with him. The major and colonel have gone into the company Headquarters, so I thought I'd better stay behind tactfully. I'm in the guard-house now. This is the most fascinating place you've

¹ Major Donovan's "striker."

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ever seen, a deserted town right on the front lines. When our division first took over this sector, the first regiment here lost two men right in town from German snipers hiding in the houses and picking them off. Furthermore, the Germans had the audacity to run off with a hind of beef from one of our company kitchens.

When our battalion was here the colonel instituted a search every day of the houses, and never found a trace of a German. I must say, though, at night-time I'd never come down here without a pistol. About two weeks ago Elmer and I went on a patrol coming back to our lines about 12 midnight. Coming back through the town on our way to battalion Headquarters, at the very same moment we both thought we saw a figure in a doorway with a leveled rifle. Both of us jumped a mile and put our hands on our revolvers, but at the same time discovered it was —a bag of wood. Needless to say we were very much ashamed of ourselves, but it really is surprising how lifelike inanimate objects become in some surroundings. There is a cemetery out in No Man's Land in front of one platoon sector: Lieutenant Newton, the platoon leader, told me that at night-time his men had the gravestones riding horses and jumping fences.

At this time Colonel Frank R. McCoy, later promoted Brigadier-General, was in command of the 165th Infantry. Writing to Ames's widow after his death, he told of dropping frequently into the P. C. of his old friend, Major Donovan, where, he said, "I found such interest and such keen soldierly spirit that I quickly knew all the men about him. During absences of my own staff officers I borrowed Lieutenant Ames as my assistant adjutant, and can vouch for his professional ability as well as his attractive personality. He showed this also at the Corps Centre of Instruction, where he stood at the head of his class." In the same letter Colonel McCoy declared that he would have

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attached Ames permanently to his regimental staff but for the loss to Major Donovan, and that it was nevertheless his intention to make him one of his aides when the promotion which he knew to be at hand should be an accomplished fact. It was during one of the periods of service with Colonel McCoy that Ames wrote the following letter:

May 23.

A German aeroplane caused the only excitement, flying over the barracks for quite a while. Of course every one beat it for cover, but no bombs were dropped: think he was trying to take photographs. He was the bravest fellow I've ever seen; the aeroplane guns were shooting all around, but nothing seemed to phase him as he just zigzagged around, flying quite low and for quite a long time. I honestly was glad to see him get away safely, he was so nervy.

To his mother he wrote, July 6:

A few days ago the results of the five final examinations here were announced. I got three "Excellent" and two "Very goods," which pleases me an awful lot. The only trouble is that there is a rumor that I may be an instructor at the next school, which I attribute to my marks. However, you bet your life they won't be able to get me. I should hate it, and I'm sure I can "worm" out of it: if I can't, I can raise the "Old Nick" till they let me go!! However, I'm hoping it's just a rumor, because they have too darn many instructors here already.

In the passages from Ames's letters that have been quoted, the ardent, effective soldier, the lovable, loving member of that generation of young men who experienced as much of life in a single year as older generations have known in three score, has spoken for himself — but only in part. His life was so deeply rooted in the affections that the urgency of his longing to return to the existence from

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which he had been torn by war, to his own people and cherished friends, to his wife, to the infant daughter of whose birth he had now learned, is something to be imagined rather than described.

The soundest loyalty finds many outlets of expression. In "Father Duffy's Story" one phase of it is suggested in a few words of the chaplain's about the relations between Major Donovan and Ames. Father Duffy says that he never had a dull moment with Donovan, and goes on, "His two lieutenants, Ames and Waller, are of a similar type; and as both are utterly devoted to him, it is a happy family. Ames takes me aside periodically to tell me in his boyish, earnest way that I am the only man who can boss the Major into taking care of himself, and that I must tell him that he is doing entirely too much work and taking too great risks, and must mend his evil ways. I always deliver the message, though it never does any good." This was written in June, while the regiment was still in the Baccarat sector. Many weeks of hard fighting were ahead, especially in the Champagne-Marne defensive, for its part in which the *fourragère* was bestowed upon the regiment by General Gouraud, and the Aisne-Marne offensive, on the fourth day of which, at the crossing of the Ourcq, in the series of bitter engagements which definitely marked the turning of the tide against the Germans, Ames lost his life, July 29, 1918.

It has been said at the beginning of this memoir that he lost it in the volunteered personal service of his superior officer. A letter from Major Donovan himself describes the circumstances in terms which would make any restatement of them superfluous. But portions of two letters

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from Ames in his final days at the front should first be read. On July 24 he wrote to his wife:

I keep wondering if you got my last letter, written on the 14th of July.¹ I'm worrying about it because I sent it forward the very night the Germans tried their big push at Champagne, in which our division fought. Consequently, in the rush and confusion of the next few days, I'm awfully afraid it was lost. . . .

I feel terribly about not writing for so long, but we've been through a whirlwind programme, first pushing back the Germans at Champagne, in which our battalion did n't have such an active part as the other two battalions, as we were supporting them and did n't get the actual fighting but only the shelling which kept us busy enough; secondly, we were taken out of the line suddenly there and shipped up here by train. Going through the outskirts of Paris we got a wonderful reception from the people; from the train we disembarked and hiked 21 kilometres here. The next move, to-morrow, looks as if we were moving to relieve Willis's outfit, which has been in the thick of it up in this region. There, in a nutshell, is what I have been doing lately.

To-day has been such a bully day, the sort of day it's wonderful to be alive, bright and sunny and every one in a good mood. . . .

P. S. Did I tell you that Colonel MacArthur (now General MacArthur) about a week ago wanted me to be his aide — or rather, Captain Wolfe of Div. Hqs. came to see the major, and wanted me to be MacArthur's aide (you see I knew Wolfe before and he evidently recommended me); but I don't think I'd like it.

On July 25 he wrote, on sheets of "U. S. Army Field Message" paper, to his parents:

I'm grabbing a second to write while waiting for the camions to come. We're off this time for some real fun, as we hope to

¹ This and other letters written near the end were never received.

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continue pushing the Germans back. Our division arrived here from Champagne day before yesterday, and had a good rest yesterday, so you see we're seeing all the action. Champagne was fine: they could n't gain an inch against us. We got a wonderful compliment from General Gouraud, and now if we can only do the same thing, it will be perfect. The men are fine, full of enthusiasm and keen for another scrap; they're wonderful! . . .

Incidentally they say there is some mail in at Division Hqs. I do hope they'll shoot it up to us quick. . . . I'm the proudest father you've ever seen, and the happiest. . . .

I've got to run now, as I hear the camions coming. Will write again soon.

The letter from Major Donovan describing these days and the last of all was dated September 4, 1918:

I have no desire to intrude upon your grief. I have refrained from writing until you should be in receipt of the citation for the Distinguished Service Cross. It was the one thing that I could do to very inadequately obtain some recognition of the magnificent work done by your husband. I had hoped all along that I might have a quiet moment to write you carefully and fully of the last few days of your husband. The hours, however, are still very crowded and now I must hasten to get you word, because one cannot tell when one's own day is coming.

It is difficult to express all that I feel. I cannot hope to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you. Your husband was a most devoted and loyal adjutant. I know that in no battalion here was there the spirit and comradeship that we had, and there can be no question but that his unstinted loyalty served as the real example for all the officers in the command. But more than the feeling of respect and admiration for his qualities as a soldier and a gentleman, there was between us an even deeper relation. To me he was like a younger brother. I should like if I could,

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to send you some picture of his last few days, so that you could truly visualize the real nobility of his leaving us.

I remember very well, on the night of July 24th, we walked from our little town on the Marne to a place called La Ferté where I waited while he finished writing to you. He was full of eagerness for the fight, but was very determined that that letter should be sent to you. I am glad now, because that was probably your last word from him. We missed our automobile ride and had to walk home. We knew that it was going to be a hard fight that we were going into, and that our battalion would be picked for the most difficult job. I told him that we both had to consider that we might finish there. . . .

On the 25th we went by camion to Epieds. The road was crammed with all kinds of marching troops, huge artillery, and supply trains, and the air was filled with airplanes and balloons. It was like a country circus and Oliver was like a youngster at it; enjoying every minute. That night he and I crawled in under the bare boards of an ambulance and managed to get two hours' sleep. The next day, while I was at the front making a reconnaissance, he marched up the entire battalion to the regulating station and handled everything like an old soldier. That night we made relief, finishing about three o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and at eight o'clock we found the Germans retiring. Of course there was a great scramble and very much to do, and a general pushing forward of the line. With all the demands upon him, in spite of my insistence, he performed his duties with tact and precision, with unfailing good nature and courtesy for every one. This in spite of the fact that he had no sleep for the entire night. After a day of pursuit, we came in front of Sergy about seven o'clock that night. We sustained a heavy bombardment and some losses, yet he was all over the field, spreading cheerfulness wherever he went, and brave—very brave. That night, on the edge of a wood, we managed to lean against a tree together and get an hour or two of sleep. Before dawn he was up again. When I wanted to be certain of

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anything being done, I called upon him. I wish I could tell you the tremendous amount of work he did; how always he was able to get things done with higher commanders, that other officers would only antagonize.

On the morning of the 28th, we advanced our whole battalion of a thousand men two kilometres across the Oureq on a narrow plank and took a position on the hill. I shall never forget how he looked that morning. I left him in command of the Headquarters detachment, which marched at the head of our support. I was ahead waiting at the river. I can see him now, charging down the slope at the head of his group, like a young football captain bringing his team on the field.

All that day he was cool, resourceful, and unsparing of himself. We held the hill all that day and night, although we had nothing on either of our flanks, and Oliver and I managed to get one hour's refreshing sleep in a hole that he and my orderly, Kayes, dug out. Oliver, by the way, had no overcoat, but had, as always, the sweater that you knitted for him. Early again the next morning we started out to advance. The elements on our right and left failed to move forward and we pushed on, driving the Germans back slowly. I shall always be glad for one thing that I did. Our forward lines were held up and I called to your husband, who was a little behind me, and had him lie down behind a little mound of earth. I then told him what fine work he had been doing and that he had saved a good many lives for the battalion, and that I was not going to forget it. We were together from that time on until I heard that an officer in charge of the first group of troops had been wounded. I told your husband to take charge of Headquarters, that I was going forward. I went forward alone. As I ran through machine gun fire, I heard a running behind me and turned, and saw Oliver coming. I told him to go back. He said, "No," that he was going to take care of me. I lay down by a little creek and he came over beside me. A sniper, undoubtedly trying for me, hit him in the right ear. He died at once, painlessly.

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I would gladly that I had been the one and he had been spared to you. Not only did I feel it then, but each day more strongly. I regret his death — deeply regret it. But after all it is a very proud regret. . . . To all his friends, and they were from the commanding general to our newest private, he has left a rich and loving memory.

The picture is completed by a brief passage from “Father Duffy’s Story”:

Major Donovan, never happy unless in the middle of things, had gone up the bed of the brook so as to keep ahead of the advance of C on the left and A on the right. Lieutenant Ames, his adjutant, was with him, led by devotion as well as duty, for the major was his ideal leader. They lay half in the brook, resting on the bank, when a sniper’s bullet from the farmyard whizzed past Donovan’s ear and struck Ames in the head, liberating for larger purposes a singularly attractive and chivalrous soul.

Lieutenant Connelly tells of coming up with Sergeant Tom O’Malley and Corporal Gribbon to receive orders from the major about taking over the line from Company C. He did not know just where to find him until he met Bootz going down the brook bed with his faithful attendants. Following up the stream he found Donovan still in the water with Ames’s body by his side. The major also had received a bullet wound in the hand. Nearby, Pete Gillespie, whose machine gun was out of order, was absorbed in the game of getting the sniper who had killed the lieutenant. All stopped to watch him and his rifle. Pete settled down, intent on a dead horse near the farm. Suddenly he saw something had moved behind it. He cuddled his rifle, waited, and fired. They could see the sniper behind the horse half rise, then drop. The beloved lieutenant was avenged.

In addition to these narrations a letter from Brigadier-General McCoy (colonel of the 165th when the Battle of the Ourcq was fought) brought to Lieutenant Ames’s

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widow some points of significant detail, and contained this paragraph:

Lieutenant Ames had just been promoted to 1st lieutenant on the recommendations of all three battalion commanders, and since his death has been awarded the D. S. C. by the Commander-in-Chief, also on the decided recommendations of his immediate commanders.

The Distinguished Service Cross, in which Ames's ultimate act of valor received its formal recognition, was awarded in the following terms:

During the fighting at Meurey Farm, near Villers-sur-Fère, France, July 27-28, 1918, his heroic leadership was an inspiration to his command. He fought gallantly until on the last day he was killed while going forward voluntarily through machine gun and snipers' fire to the assistance of his battalion commander.

In his native city of Boston, the open space at the intersection of Commonwealth Avenue with the Fenway has received the name of "Oliver Ames, Jr., Square."

His friends continue to speak of him as a being apart from all the other young men they have known — a symbol of unfolding manhood at its best, an ideal of what might have seemed the unattainable had he not so simply, so without any assumption of superiority, attained it. They write of him, they lead another to write of him, in a vein that would appear extravagant but that every token, every document, supports their testimony. Their words — and there are many that might be quoted — all tell the same story. Two expressions of this common feeling may speak for many. The first came from a contemporary.

He was clean and upright as a young god; he was without a single "manly" vice; no wonder his major wrote so gloriously

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of him. No one ever caught Ollie in an unfair trick — he played every game and every moment true and square and to the end.

The second is in a letter already drawn upon — from the headmaster of St. Mark's School:

When the war came he never doubted that the call was for him. He answered in the full strength of his ideals, ready to give up all he loved best, no matter what the sacrifice might cost. We knew that he would acquit himself just as he did, and would be in the front of the charge, he could not do otherwise.

I think of Ollie as the valiant knight of old, with unsullied shield, without fear and without reproach, leaving all for service in a great cause and giving his life in a great sacrifice. In spite of our sorrow, we can be glad that his life was complete. Such a life as his cannot die.



ALAN CAMPBELL CLARK

CLASS OF 1917

ALAN CAMPBELL CLARK was born at Bangor, Maine, September 11, 1895, a son of Donald Campbell Clark and Elizabeth (Prentiss) Clark and younger brother of Kenneth McR. Clark (Harvard, '11). "Early in his life," according to the memoir of him in the Triennial Report of the Class of 1917, "came the great Bangor fire, which had much to do with the subsequent premature death of his father." To this event is ascribed "a realization of the darker side of things which was quite beyond his years." A strong sense of responsibility also characterized him at an earlier age than that at which it comes to many youths.

At Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts, which he attended from 1907 to 1913, he turned his capacities to

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excellent account. Besides standing well in his studies, "he was for three years a member of the football and baseball teams, and during his last year was acting captain of the football team and captain of the baseball team. He was a charter member and president of the Dramatic Club and also belonged to the Debating and Glee Clubs, being president of the latter. He was associate editor of the *Anvil*, and president of the Middlesex Athletic Association."¹

Such a school record was a natural preliminary to what is counted a successful career in college. Clark began such a career by playing on the freshman football and baseball teams and becoming a member of the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., S. K., and Delphic Clubs. Many other opportunities for satisfying work and play lay ahead, but in the middle of his sophomore year he reached the decision that the continuance of his college course would not justify itself, left Cambridge and a few months later took a position with the Fidelity Trust Company, Kansas City, Missouri. Here he won the confidence and admiration of his associates, and here he remained until the United States entered the war.

On May 9, 1917, he entered the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Riley, Kansas. On August 15 he was commissioned second lieutenant, infantry. On September 8 he sailed for France, on the *Orduna*, as a casual. Through October and November he attended the British Infantry Training School at Auxi-le-Château, near Amiens. In November he received his assignment to the Machine Gun Company of the 26th Infantry, First Division. In

¹ *Middlesex School in the War*, pp. 19-20.

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"Middlesex School in the War," his brother has summarized the remainder of his military record as follows:

From December, 1917, to February, 1918, he was with his division at Menancourt and Gondrecourt; from February to March in the Toul sector. From there the division went to Montdidier and then, after a few days' rest, entered the Soissons offensive, which was to be the turning point of the war.

The details of this engagement, which was to be Alan's last, are difficult to follow. From a brother-officer of his company we learned the company left the little village of Cutry on the morning of July 18 and that Alan was wounded on the afternoon of July 20, probably on the Chendon Plateau extending from the valley in which Cutry lies to Soissons. At the time he was wounded he was acting as second in command of his company and was apparently caught between the fires of two German machine gun companies while looking after his gun.

He was evacuated immediately to Paris to Base Hospital No. 2, suffering with a dangerous wound in the forehead and another in the shoulder. Although very seriously wounded, it seemed for a time as though he had some chance to pull through, but the head wound became infected and he died July 31, 1918, and was buried at Suresnes, grave No. 519.

From the few opportunities we have had to talk with his companions in France, especially Lieutenant Hilgarde Tilman, who was himself wounded on the same day as Alan, and Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who was in command of Alan's battalion, Alan is described as being absolutely fearless and of tremendous energy and endurance. He was among the first to offer himself for service and all along had the feeling that he would not return from France.

In General Orders No. 2 issued from 2d Brigade Headquarters, France, August 2, 1918, a list of officers and men cited "for conspicuous gallantry in action during the operations, 18-23 July, 1918, near Soissons," contained the

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name of 2d Lieutenant Alan C. Clark, U. S. R., 26th Infantry, who "until wounded, fearlessly exposed himself throughout the attacks the better to direct and consolidate the guns of his platoon."

A tablet in his memory was afterwards placed in the Fidelity Trust Company of Kansas City. Another in Eliot Hall at Middlesex School lovingly associates his name with the school flag that hangs above it.

"A born crusader," wrote his classmate, James P. Warburg, "he died the death he would have chosen."



JASON SOLON HUNT

LAW SCHOOL 1915-17

JASON HUNT, born in Johnson, Vermont, January 24, 1894, was of a type, as an older friend has suggested, more common in Vermont sixty years ago than it is anywhere today. "He had the same interest in doing any work that he got," writes this friend, "as anyone has in tending a cherished garden, and he always seemed to be doing it from his interest and not just because he had to get through college. Quite free from false pride, he would accept assistance as naturally as anyone would accept a cigar; but he would n't stand for any attempt to pay him more than the current money rate or more than was due for the precise time he had put in."

His parents were Bertron A. Hunt, a lawyer of Johnson,

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Vermont, with whom he hoped to join in practising the profession for which he was preparing, and Nettie B. Hunt, a devoted mother, who did not long survive him. After attending the high school of his native place he entered the University of Vermont, from which he graduated, with the degree of Ph.B., in 1915. Thereupon he entered the Harvard Law School, and had nearly finished the second year of his law studies when the United States joined in the war.

In testimony to what he was when he came to Harvard a letter from still another older friend, Arthur B. Myrick (Harvard, '00), professor of romance languages at the University of Vermont, speaks in no uncertain terms:

I hardly know how to begin, for his character, apparently so simple, had its complexities. I think I shall limit myself to a series of impressions made upon me at various times during his college career.

In his freshman year I noticed him at once in the sole section of freshmen that I handled at the time. One could hardly help noticing the tall, slender, and handsome young fellow who looked the aristocrat in all the best senses of the word. I took a good deal of pleasure — a selfish one, to be sure — in watching the instant kindling of intelligence and appreciation at every remark off the beaten path of instruction of freshmen in intermediate French. I soon discovered that he had a very highly developed acquisitive faculty, but the capacity for clear thinking and careful reasoning that finally brought him to the Harvard Law School made itself quickly apparent even in his first term.

During his sophomore and junior years at the University of Vermont he lived in my family and there I saw a quite different side of him. Jason endeared himself to every one in my household by a sweetness and gentleness of disposition that was

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irresistible. I would not have you feel from that he was in any sense soft, for I don't believe I ever saw or knew a young fellow of his age more manly in action, speech and thought than Jason Hunt. It seemed to me so much the more remarkable as he had to face during his four years very considerable difficulties which I need not describe here. He was an admirable companion on a tramp because he intuitively sensed the mood of his companion and easily adapted himself to it. If anything went wrong, Jason never accused fate or circumstances or his friends; it was very difficult to get him to talk of such things; he preferred to maintain a stoical silence.

As a student he struck me as being one of the best all-round men in his class. I believe he stood at or near the top of nearly all the classes he followed. He had a true taste and an excellent appreciation in literature, and his judgments were just and sound, but it was evident all along that his real interest lay in the courses in economics and history that looked more directly toward the law school. I don't mean that he was gradually narrowing; his general interests were very wide, he was exceedingly well read and a good conversationalist.

I have tried not to exaggerate. I was about as fond of Jason Hunt as I might have been of a son of my own.

Beyond the usual reasons that led young men of Hunt's type to offer themselves for service when their country went to war were the considerations that at the time of his graduation from the University of Vermont he was captain of the University Battalion and in the following November was commissioned first lieutenant in the State Guard of Vermont. It was therefore most natural for him, in May, 1917, to enter the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. Before his course there was completed he turned to aviation, in which his record is thus described in "New England Aviators":

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In July, 1917, he was one of twenty-five men sent from Plattsburg to Toronto to take up aviation. From Canada he was sent to Texas to continue his training, where he was commissioned first lieutenant in February, 1918, and sent overseas attached to the 27th Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group.

With this squadron he did excellent work, and on August 1, while in the Château-Thierry sector, he was sent out on a mission with five other planes to protect an observation machine. When the formation was well within the enemy territory they were attacked by some twenty German planes; the protection planes did their best to shield the observation machine, which started for home with the photographs that had been taken. In the fight that followed, all but one of the American machines were shot down. Two of the aviators, although wounded, afterwards recovered in German hospitals, but Lieutenant Hunt was probably instantly killed, although his family have been unable to obtain the exact details regarding his death, or to ascertain the place of his burial.

The observation machine which Lieutenant Hunt was helping to protect was able to reach its own side of the line, carrying the photographs, which proved to be of great value, although the pilot, who was fatally wounded, lost control of his plane before he could make a landing and it fell, killing him and his observer.

While his precise fate was still uncertain, for at first it was thought he might be a prisoner within the German lines, his commanding officer, Major H. E. Hartney, wrote as follows to Hunt's mother:

Since Jason has been missing I have spent two days scouring the country up there just evacuated by the enemy in the hopes of finding some trace of the machine or of some of my other missing officers but it is absolutely impossible, the units of infantry, cavalry, and artillery are changing constantly. No

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one knows what went on two hours before and although I found wrecks of German machines, no trace could be obtained of any of ours. This makes me all the more hopeful that possibly Jason's engine gave out or his gasoline ran short and he was compelled to land. In which case they would hurry him and his machine to the rear to avoid recapture by our advancing troops.

On the unfortunate morning when the boys were lost, they all went out escorting a photographic machine. This machine was very slow in getting off the ground and our boys had to wait a very long time for them using up a good deal of their gasoline. This of course may be the secret of the whole thing and the reason they did not get back. The photographs in question were of an area that has become famous since, in that the American troops on the very day in question had made a wonderful show there in driving back the Hun. In my search up there I saw many unburied Germans and Americans bearing testimony to the terrible engagement that took place the day before. Our whole formation was attacked by superior numbers of Huns, but why they should be unable to get back to our side of the lines is hard to understand.

Jason was one of our old "stand-bys" in the squadron, one of the old-timers, because he had been with us all along, and it is like losing a brother to have to part with him. I felt always that in him I had a careful but skilful pilot, one in whom I could place the most explicit trust at all times. He was in line for promotion and I have no doubt whatever that, had he not been unfortunate this way, he would very soon himself have commanded a squadron. He was extremely thorough in all his work and I feel that if he did get into a bad fix that morning he made some Huns pay for it before he landed.

The post of the American Legion, in Johnson, Vermont, was named for Jason Hunt. One of his friends in that place, Mr. R. S. Fuller, has recently written of him:

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The truly outstanding impression of the personality of this man was unyielding integrity. It penetrated home to the consciousness of every one who came into appreciable degree of contact with him.

It is not wise to be too lavish with praise, and where it is well deserved it is not required. Let me but quote a little from Herbert Asquith's "The Volunteer." I knew Jason's particular feeling about the high justice of America's entry upon the course of war, and his sentiment regarding moral aims.

"His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt."



RICHARD NORTON

CLASS OF 1892

THROUGH the volunteer ambulance service which came to be known as the "Norton-Harjes" service, the name of Richard Norton acquired an extraordinarily significant personal identification with the war. There is, moreover, no name on the Harvard Roll of Honor more closely identified, through inheritance and association, with Harvard itself. The first Norton of his ilk to appear in the Quin-

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quennial Catalogue was a seventeenth-century graduate, John Norton, of the Class of 1671. In the first half of the nineteenth century his grandfather, Andrews Norton, of the Class of 1804, and in the second half his father, Charles Eliot Norton, of the Class of 1846, were correspondingly notable figures in the community of Harvard scholars and teachers. He was the youngest of his father's six children. His mother, Susan Ridley (Sedgwick) Norton, died at the time of his birth at Dresden, Germany, February 9, 1872. When called upon for some biographical items about himself after the United States entered the war, Richard Norton wrote, in parenthesis after "Dresden" as the place of his birth, the words "Ye Gods!" The irony of this circumstance of his first encounter with the world must often have impressed him.

In 1874 the Norton family returned from a long sojourn in Europe to Cambridge, where Richard Norton, living in his father's house, "Shady Hill," attended the Browne and Nichols School, and graduated at Harvard with the Class of 1892. In college he was a member of the Institute of 1770 and the Hasty Pudding Club. It was a part of the fitness of things that a son of his father, the chief founder of the Archaeological Institute of America, should devote himself, upon his graduation, to the study of archaeology. His career in this field of scholarship was summarized as follows in a brief memoir printed soon after his death in the *American Journal of Archaeology*:

He . . . graduated from Harvard College in 1892, and spent the next three years in Europe, studying at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and, for a short time, at the University at Munich. While at Athens he took part in the exca-

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vation of the Argive Heraeum, and contributed a chapter on Engraved Stones, Gems, and Ivories to the final publication. In 1895 he was appointed Lecturer in Classical Archaeology and the History of the Fine Arts at Bryn Mawr College. In 1897 he went to Rome as Assistant Director of the American School of Classical Studies, and in 1899 was promoted to Director, remaining in this position until 1907. During this time he visited Central Asia in 1903 as a member of the Pumperly archaeological expedition, and the Cyrenaica in 1904. He returned to the latter region in 1909 for further exploration, and in the following year began excavations at Cyrene as leader of the expedition sent out by the Archaeological Institute of America and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts,—excavations which were brought to an unexpected end by the war between Italy and Turkey.

In addition to archaeological articles in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and elsewhere, Mr. Norton published "A Catalogue of the Casts in the Museum of Fine Arts in Portland, Oregon," and "Bernini and Other Essays" (1915). As an archaeologist he possessed a wide acquaintance with the monuments, a good visual memory, keen powers of observation, and especially a fine feeling for style and high appreciation of the beauty and significance of the works he studied. These qualities, natural in one brought up in his environment, were noticeable in his lectures in the Roman museums and appear also in his latest essays.

While Norton held his Bryn Mawr lectureship he was married, June 16, 1896, to a daughter, Edith, of Professor John Williams White, of Harvard. Of this marriage one daughter, Susan, was born.

Writing more personally in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December, 1918, William Fenwick Harris, '91, said of Richard Norton: "He had a scholar's equip-

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ment; had he the temperament? He was, I think, essentially a man of action. That is why he had left so little behind him in an academic way, little if one considers his ability and his knowledge." Then, after enumerating the writings named above, Mr. Harris proceeds:

The enthusiasm of his students and his fellow-excavators will remain his chief academic monument. He could not fetter himself to a book; he must be up and doing. In addition, he had an extraordinary capacity for exciting the most fervent loyalty among all the men who ever worked under him; this showed itself when he was in the field excavating as well as when he was directing ambulance work in France. His quality as leader was greatly aided by his unselfishness and his consideration for all those with whom he came in contact. . . .

He was exceedingly hardy and admirably equipped to fend for himself in difficult expeditions, as he proved in Central Asia with the Pumperly Expedition in 1903, and as leader of the excavations at Cyrene. [On this expedition, Mr. Harris has written elsewhere, "one of Norton's ablest assistants was shot; the bullet was undoubtedly intended for Norton himself."] He frequently said that if he had had large private means he would have given himself to exploring the ancient trade routes between the East and Italy. This power of roughing it and endurance of hardship, his knowledge of ways and means in travel, stood him in good stead during the years of his service at the front.

A thorough cosmopolitan, an experienced administrator, accustomed to life in the open, Richard Norton stood, at the very outbreak of the war in Europe, in a position of rare potential usefulness. Though his forty-two years had not included the special education of a soldier, they had trained him, quite uncommonly, in the initiative and resource so essential in war. The very promptness of his entrance upon an active relation with the war was char-

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acteristic of one who had received his preparation for it. His sister, Miss Sara Norton, had the kindness, more than a year before her death in the summer of 1922, to provide for the purpose of this memoir some notes, under the heading, "Richard Norton's Ambulance Corps," which tell the story of its organization and conduct. Her narrative, proceeding even to the end of her brother's life, read, substantially, as follows:

In the spring of 1914, Richard Norton had been with his old friend, Alison Armour, yachting in "Eastern waters." At Corfu, where Mr. Armour's yacht lay in harbor for a week, the Kaiser's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, was also in harbor. Mr. Armour (an old yachting friend of the Kaiser's) and Richard dined more than once on the *Hohenzollern*, and on another day he went to the place where excavations were in progress, with the Kaiser and his party,— "elderly chamberlains greatly bored," as Richard said afterward to us. The Kaiser's friendliness to Richard, whom he had seen on several occasions before, was extreme and before they parted he gave Richard a jewelled scarf pin, the imperial "W" in red stones surmounted by the imperial crown in brilliants: a strange gift in the light of rapidly approaching events.

Meantime, I was in London, with my uncle, W. E. Darwin. In May Richard returned to London where he had two or three years before established himself, and where he expected to spend the summer. In late June we heard of my brother Rupert's death in Baltimore, and Richard and I determined to return home almost at once. We were detained a week or two, but sailed on July 22 from Liverpool. No danger threatened the world, as far as the public knew. We landed in Boston on August 2, and the pilot brought newspapers on board, with the bewildering rumors of war. War? We had left a world at peace — how could there be a European war? I remember the

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feeling of confusion as I answered the custom-officer's question. What was he saying? What did those papers say? *War!* — but war in Europe was unthinkable.

The next two days were all *waiting*, for on August 4 England declared war. A few days later, on the 7th or 8th it must have been, Richard said: "I'm going back, I'm going to see what I can do." To us all his course seemed the only one possible; our hearts were with the Allies. There was a delay about his getting the necessary passport, and about some arrangements which had to be made, but less than three weeks after our return he sailed for England. I remember now only our entire gladness that he could go. He left with immediate plans on landing uncertain; though Belgium was agonizing, and France desperately resisting the horrible onslaught, while England was silently speeding her "*contemptible little army*" across the channel, yet everyone said "the war will be over in six weeks or three months at longest"; little, therefore, did we dream Richard was never to return, and what the years ahead were to mean to the world. We were not at war, and our farewells were not of war, but how different the point of view and tide of feeling were soon to become!

After a week or two in London, Richard left for Paris, hoping to get a job as a "*war correspondent*" — but war correspondents, some well-known, were swarming there. The battle of the Marne was over — Joffre's victory, which grew in importance as the war progressed — and Richard saw the return of the Marne wounded to Paris. A terrible revelation! There were no adequate preparations then in the armies of the Allies for that flood-tide of suffering which had begun to flow in from the front. Hospital trains and hospitals, ambulance service, supplies for the wounded, etc., etc. — all these things were lacking. The desperate need was clear to everyone who saw those wounded.

One day — it was September then — came a cable from Richard to us in Ashfield: "I am going to organize an Ambu-

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lance Corps. See if you can raise funds." So we set to work—and in less than six weeks we raised, without any actual public appeal, \$17,000. Meantime he had left Paris and gone to London to organize the intended "Corps." Mr. Henry James and a number of old friends warmly took up the project. The volunteers were found easily—Americans and Englishmen joined, but later, when England needed all her men, the English who were in Richard's corps were transferred to other services in the British Army.

On October 15 my brother left Paris for the front with the first ears. The corps in those first years was known as the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, Inc., but later on, in 1917, when the Harjes ears were added to the A.V.M.-A.C., it was called the Norton-Harjes Corps. (There was in the first year or two of the war confusion between the American Ambulance Corps and the American Hospital in Paris—known there as the *Ambulance Américaine*, and by Americans often ignorantly translated into American Ambulance. Hence the confusion between the "Ambulance," i. e., Military Hospital, and the corps. Richard's ears were called by the French at the front "*les voitures Américaines*," and the wounded *poilu* often asked for those *voitures* in which he knew he might find as much comfort and care as could be given him.) How the work grew, how devotedly Richard carried it on, and with what ability, how on the Somme, how later at Verdun, the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, working with the French armies, was always near the front, is common knowledge. "I've seen 'our chief,'" said one of the corps, "jump into a trench to help lift out the wounded, when a bombardment was going on fit to shake the buttons off your coat—as cool as if he was in a drawing-room." Another man whose nerves gave way, and who had to return home because he could not stand the ambulance work, said to my brother Eliot, "I guess it might have been all right, if I had been with your brother—why, his men would follow him to hell." It was the same story from all who were

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with him. His gentleness and tenderness with the wounded were perfect—his steadfast courage unchanged even after three years of strain.

So through those long three years before we entered the war, Richard's work continued, at high pressure. He took no real holidays, but occasionally he got away from the front to Paris or London, to attend to some of the business of the corps, which was carried on by interested and devoted helpers there and here. The larger portion of the funds by which the corps was maintained came from America, but some money was raised in London, and large gifts from Americans in Paris were added. My brother Eliot in New York did an immense amount of work, as the size of the corps grew, in finding and sending over volunteers from here to join it.

When the corps was organized, it was a part of the British Army, and technically under the *aegis* of the British Red Cross (Richard and the men he commanded all wore the British ambulance service uniform), but was at once "lent" to the French Army, which lacked such ambulance service, even more than the British. With the French armies Richard, commanding his corps, continued. He was one of the first Americans to whom the French awarded the Legion of Honor Cross:¹ and later he received the *Croix de Guerre*, with palms, and the Mons Medal of the British Army. The Ambulance Corps itself was also decorated, and the cars had the coveted little *Croix de Guerre* painted on them.

When America went into the war, the Norton-Harjes Corps — after some months of uncertainty as to its fate — was taken over by the Red Cross service of our army, and the organization came under military control. Richard was offered a major's commission, but was not to be allowed to command the corps any longer, as he was not "an army man." So he retired, leaving the organization he had built up, leaving the men who had

¹ This was conferred on the battle field at Verdun, six French soldiers being decorated at the same time.

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so loyally worked with him, with keen regret. But he continued to be actively useful, in the Intelligence Department of the Navy, in which he found a post and occupation. His work carried him often to Brest and to other ports as our armies were pouring into France—a cheering sight to those who had been living with the French armies, and seen those heroic ranks grow thinner, while the struggle still was so intense. But Richard had been overworking for many months—the photographs of him of this time show him aged and with a sombre gravity in the face that tells its own story. Toward the end of July, 1918, he was in Paris; there on the last day of the month he dined with an old friend: the following morning he was seized with symptoms of alarming illness, and there, in the Hospital Pasteur on August 2, he died of spinal meningitis.

A few days later there was an impressive service at the American Church in Paris, and shoulder high the coffin, under the Stars and Stripes, was borne up the aisle by men he had commanded. The touching words of one of them show what their feeling for him was. When a year after, his ashes were laid—one beautiful May day—beside his father's at Mount Auburn, about that open grave stood other young men who had served in the corps, and with them an American mechanic who had been attached to the corps in France. After the service, I saw this man, the tears rolling down his face, walking up and down near where we had been; he had come from New York, he explained, he “had to come,” when he “saw the notice in the paper”; and then, referring to “our chief,” he said, “Oh, he was a whale, a whale, the bravest man you could find—my best friend . . . ,” his voice broke, he turned away.

There reached us in 1919 a memorial got up by friends in England to my brother's memory, and signed by Lady Ritchie and others; the words run as follows:

“LONDON, October, 1918.

“We friends in England wish to express to Richard Norton's family and countrymen, our admiration for the great work of

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mercy he accomplished in France, and handed over to his countrymen to carry on. He has been thanked and distinguished officially. From us, his friends, comes the affectionate remembrance in which we shall ever hold the memory of this noble and generous gentleman."

A detailed history of the Norton-Harjes ambulance service, of which Richard Norton was the organizer, director, and field commander, would constitute a memorable chapter in the annals of American participation in the World War. Appearing at the front in October, 1914, with a single fleet of ten ambulances, it had grown by October, 1917, when it was turned over to the American Red Cross, and many of its younger members, at Norton's advice, entered the fighting force of the United States, to proportions indicated by the operation of over a dozen sections, with about two hundred ambulances and seven hundred volunteers, with a roll of as many more who had previously gone out and returned to America or entered military service. This growth had come to pass in part by the addition of a section of cars presented by Mr. H. H. Harjes, of the Paris firm of Morgan, Harjes & Co., and of two sections furnished by Mr. Robert W. Goelet (Harvard, '02), of New York, and through financial aid from the American Red Cross. It was a guiding principle in the selection of volunteers that the mere ardor of youth was not a sufficient qualification for service. In one of Norton's letters, about to be quoted, this point is clearly made. From "A Letter to the Editor of an American Journal," written by Henry James, the first chairman of the Council of the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps — under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance

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Association (the modern successor of a knightly organization dating from the Crusades) and the British Red Cross Society — a few sentences applicable both to Norton's associates and to the volunteer war service of college men in general may well be quoted:

I find it difficult to express to you the sense of practical humanity, as well as the image of general helpful energy, applied in innumerable chance ways, that we get from the report of what the corps has done, and holds itself in readiness to do, thanks to the admirable spirit of devotion without stint, of really passionate work, animating its individual members. These have been found beneficently and inexhaustibly active, it is interesting to be able to note, in proportion as they possess the general *educated* intelligence, the cultivated tradition of tact, and I may perhaps be allowed to confess that, for myself, I find a positive added beauty in the fact that the unpaid chauffeur, the wise amateur driver and ready lifter, helper, healer, and, so far as may be, consoler, is apt to be an university man and acquainted with other pursuits. One gets the sense that the labor, with its multiplied incidents and opportunities, is just unlimitedly inspiring to the keen spirit or the sympathetic soul, the recruit with energies and resources on hand that plead with him for the beauty of the vivid and palpable social result.

In letters from Norton himself, the nature and value of his work in the war are most clearly indicated. Though some of them have already been quoted in "The Harvard Volunteers in Europe," published in 1916, when his work had been in progress for two years, they may surely be used again in this more substantial record of the contribution of Harvard men to the waging of the war. In the nature of the case his letters, in a handwriting so like his father's as to prove that much besides a resemblance of

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face and figure may be inherited, were designed, more than most letters from the front, to report upon the work of an organization. This does not diminish their value for the present purpose. They were addressed to his brother Eliot, of New York, and to Mr. H. D. Morrison, the London representative of the Corps.

June 7, 1915.

The biggest battle I've yet seen is under way, and we are in the thick of it. It is now 8 A.M., and I've been here since 4. The French are pounding the bottom out of the world in front, and the Boches are doing their best to reply. I write at the dugout at the entrance to the trenches where the wounded wait for us. Batteries are around us and along the road we follow to the hospital. One is some fifty yards from the dugout, and the Boches are trying to find it — not entirely unsuccessfully, for about fifty yards from us there has just fallen a shell.

We have three groups of four cars out on this work today; the others are doing the regular evacuations and *service de garde* — so we are furiously occupied. Back again from the hospital and waiting for the car to be loaded. It is a wonderful, brilliant summer day, but a strange haze from the bursting shells and torn earth hangs heavily over the fields. The roads are hidden in the clouds of dust raised by the constant tramp of thousands of men and by the shells of the ammunition wagons. There are some mules, too, bringing up the *mitrailleuses*.

Later. Things are going well. We have taken three trenches and there are *pas mal de prisonniers*. The poor wounded men we carry are amazingly patient and uncomplaining. In fact, almost the only ones who even murmur are those who have gone out of their minds, and there are but few of these. The prisoners look a bit cast down, but otherwise bear themselves like men and are treated absolutely well. Only one seemed scared, and he was a boy, and wounded at that: he felt better when I told him nobody wanted to scalp him.

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We are under a tree now surrounded by a group of some twenty women of the village, stretcher-bearers, and the doctor who manages our dugout. The bombardment is lessening and there are no wounded for the moment.

A couple of batteries of big guns (220) are booming, and their shells shudder over our heads. It's curious to note the different sounds different sized shells make. These "220's" sound exactly like a big Catherine wheel when it begins to revolve — the same jerky whirr. If you are sufficiently near you don't notice this, as I perceived this morning when one that was hidden not fifteen feet from the road I was travelling on went off exactly as I passed. I thought the Boches had got me. Taken all in all, it is the most tremendous and interesting and horrible spectacle one could imagine. Overhead the aeroplanes, surrounded by the beautiful, long-lasting puffs of heavy white smoke, the horizon line a few kilometres away — one long string of black or white geysers of smoke according to the sort of shell that explodes, and nearby the volleying, booming, whirring *battiers*, the ambulances, the fresh and the tired troops, the uncomplaining, pain-sick wounded, and the magnificent, cool, patient, heroic doctors. The Devil take the Boches, but I feel man is a pretty fine piece of work.

10 P.M. Back again to our home camp at Baizieux, all safe and sound, rather to my surprise, as we had a decidedly sultry time this afternoon. As a memento I have a large hunk of a shell which exploded just over the roof of the dugout while I was inside. For some hours the shells were going off all round us making us run for the dugout if near enough, and do a powerful lot of trying to shrink up if we were a few yards too far off to do the rabbit trick. One of the cars got hit by a bit of splintered wood. That was the only real casualty, though some of the ears suffered from being kept going too many hours without a stop.

I must stop now and arrange for tomorrow when we shall probably be very busy again, though doing the night work.

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Tonight we were relieved by some French cars. We are all all right, but I want some more volunteers.

P.S. Have just got our lists in, and find we carried just over six hundred today.

October, 1915.

A year ago we started from London with ten cars, and not much more than "hope" for a bank balance. We were wanderers searching for work. During this year we have grown into a corps consisting now of some sixty cars, to which the St. John Ambulance and Red Cross Societies render any assistance we ask; and instead of wondering where we were to find occupation, the French authorities have entrusted us with the whole ambulance service of the 11th Army Corps. We have carried during the year just ended 28,000 cases of sick and wounded, whilst during the days of September 25th to October 9th our cars relieved the sufferings of over 6,000 individuals. Besides all this, we have enough money in the bank to carry on the work for a short time without making a public appeal for more.

One of our "undertakings," we failed to accomplish. As you know, the Red Cross authorities asked us, last March, to rejoin them at Boulogne to serve the British Army. Instead of leaving the French we undertook to raise another corps for service with the British. Men, money, and cars were provided, but it soon became apparent that the British military authorities had no intention of using our Volunteer Corps, or even of making any more use than was absolutely necessary of the British Red Cross Society's ambulances. This being the case, it was arranged, with the consent of the British Army authorities, that we should employ our whole contingent with the French.

You have been kept fairly well informed of the general course of our work through the summer. Our last very busy time was, as you know, at Hebuterne. This was followed by some weeks of less exciting but equally necessary work. In the middle of August we were ordered from the region of Amiens to Châlons,

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where the recent fine advance has been made. The work here, owing to the nature of the country, is much more difficult than it was before. It is a chalky, deserted region, with but a few poverty-stricken villages. In large measure these were entirely or mostly destroyed during the Battle of the Marne. For this reason the housing of the volunteers and the cars is by no means easy to arrange. As a matter of fact, the cars stand in the open fields or in the pine woods where hostile airman cannot see them, and at present all our men are under canvas.

The French Army authorities keep their plans so secret that we are given only a few hours' notice before we are moved. Hence nobody could have foreseen that tents would have to be bought, or that we should go into a country which could not supply us with any food, and that we would, therefore, be forced to buy a great deal of canned "stuff," either at — or from the Army Canteen in Boulogne. I do not mention this with any desire of making it appear that the work is particularly difficult, but merely that it may be realized that it is impossible to put down in black and white what we may need at any given time.

A still greater difficulty, and a really serious one, is the question of chauffeurs. These cannot, of course, be brought from America, so we have to depend on the British Red Cross, in a large measure, to supply us. We have secured a good many through our office in London, and these last, with hardly an exception, have proved entirely satisfactory. But it is hard for a small office like ours to find enough or to find them, as is often necessary, in a hurry. . . .

It is curious that only three or four incidents of the twelve hard days' work stand out clearly in my mind. The rest is but a hazy memory of indistinguishable nights and days of cold and rain, long rows of laden stretchers waiting to be put into the cars, wavering lines of the less seriously wounded hobbling along to where we were waiting; of sleepy hospital orderlies, dark underground chambers — in which the doctors were sort-

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ing out and caring for the wounded — and an unceasing noise of rumbling wagons, whirring aeroplanes, distant guns coughing, and nearby ones crashing, shells bursting, and bullets hissing. Out of this general jumble of memory one feature shines out steadily clear. It is of the doctors — patient, indefatigable, tender, encouraging, and brave in the most perfect way — who were everywhere in the forefront, and seemingly knew not what fatigue meant. . . . If the nurses are the angels of this war, these doctors are the apostles “who lift up this world and carry it to God.” Doubtless there are others on the other side of the line, but those mentioned I have seen and known.

One of the incidents I have referred to which stands out clearly in my mind is of a nightmare drive to Herlus. I received orders late one evening to take two cars to this village at 1 A.M. Not being able to find the divisional doctor to tell him that I considered it impossible to take motor ambulances by night, without lights and in the pouring rain, over the shell-holed road which led to the village, I had to try it. Mr. Joseph Whitwell, with his car and chauffeur, accompanied me. On my car I had George Tate, a most capable man. As he is a better driver than I am, he held the wheel, while I (or so it seems now) spent my whole time wading through knee-deep mud, trying by the faint light of an electric lamp to find the way round shell holes and bogs, or pushing the car out of the gutter. It shows how difficult the journey was, that to cover the six kilometres there and back took us two hours and a half. We had the satisfaction of getting the wounded safely to the hospitals, and perhaps it was not entirely low-minded of us to be pleased when we heard next morning that some French cars had refused to make the same journey.

Another very distinct memory is of a morning spent with Mr. Joseph Phelps in a dugout at Perthes, the village where the advanced French lines were the first day. We had been sending cars to the village for two or three days, although the Germans

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still occasionally shelled it, but one evening, hearing that they had begun again, I had a strong feeling that the position we had picked out for the cars was insecure. It was all right for the men, who could "go to earth," but they could n't take the cars with them, and our service would have been hampered had the latter been blown up. So at dawn Phelps and I took the ambulance down to the village and left it a couple of hundred yards outside the ruins of the place, where the banks of a trench gave it some protection. Then we walked down to the *poste de secours* to tell the doctor in charge where the car was to be found when he needed it. There were one or two slightly wounded, and while we were waiting for others the Germans began to shell a battery which was some forty yards directly behind the *poste de secours*. For a short time they threw small shells and shrapnel at us, but as they had n't got the range everyone went on with his ordinary occupations — the most ordinary being rolling cigarettes. In fact, if the American tobacco kings had any sense of justice they would give us the best ambulance to be bought to make up for the cigarettes we smoked that morning! . . .

Still another picture that rises in my mind as I write is of a cloudy morning when, after a very tiring night, I was sitting on the roadside watching a rather heavy bombardment near by, and suddenly through the din rose the sweet clear notes of a shepherd's pipe. It was the same reed pipe I have heard so often on the hills of Greece and Asia Minor, and the same sweetly-sad, age-old shepherd music telling of Pan and the Nymphs and the asphodel meadows where youth lies buried. The piper was an ordinary *piou-piou*, a simple *fantasin*, "*Mon vieux Charles*," with knapsack on back, rifle slung over his shoulder and helmet on head, strolling down to the valley of death a few hundred yards beyond. Nor is this the only music I have heard. One night a violin sounded among the pines which shelter our tents, and I strolled over to find a blue-clad Orpheus easing the pain of the wounded and numbing the

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fatigue of the *brancardiers* with melody from Chopin and Schubert and Beethoven.

Such are some of the impressions of the battle seen from this side of the line. Others I have formed, since the main fight ceased, in the lines previously held by the Germans. I went over some of their trenches the other day and have never seen anything so horrible. Although, as prisoners have told us, they knew they were to be attacked, they had no idea that the attack would be anything like so severe as it was. Those I have talked to said it was awful, and that they were glad to be out of it. Their trenches were very elaborately constructed, many of the dugouts being fitted up with a considerable amount of furniture, for the dwellers evidently had no notion that they would be hurriedly evicted. After the bombardment there was nothing left of all this careful work. The whole earth was torn to pieces. It looked as though some drunken giant had driven his giant plough over the land. In the midst of an utterly indescribable medley of torn wire, broken wagons, and upheaved timbers, yawned here and there chasms like the craters of small volcanoes where mines had been exploded. It was an ashen-grey world — distorted by the spasms of death — like a scene in the moon. Except for the broken guns, the scattered clothing, the hasty graves, the dead horses, and other signs of human passage, no one could have believed that such a place had ever been anything but dead and desolate. The rubbish still remained when I was there, but masses of material had been already gathered up and saved.

I may mention that some very interesting gas machines were taken. These were of two kinds — one for the production of gas, the other to counteract its effects. The latter were rather elaborate and heavy but very effective instruments consisting of two main parts, one to slip over the head protecting the eyes and clipping the nose, the other an arrangement of bags and bottles containing oxygen, which the wearer inhaled through a tube held in the mouth. There were several forms of these

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apparatus, but the most interesting point to note about them is that one had stamped upon it the words: "Type of 1914, developed from type of 1912, developed from type of 1908," thus showing that six years ago the Germans had decided to fight with gas. . . .

There is little more to tell. Our *Corps d'Armée* has been withdrawn for a short time to rest and this gives us time to replace our "lost sheep" among the ears and to get the rest into good condition for the next heavy work.

February 15, 1916.¹

The letters which have been received from American applicants to join our corps since the British Red Cross refused to allow Englishmen of military age and qualification to work with us have been very numerous, and I have found them, as a mass, so interesting that I have sent most of them to the office to be filed. It is evident, however, that there are many misconceptions in the minds of our compatriots regarding our work, and it is in the hope that you may be able to clear up some of these that I now write you.

Considering the fact that our country is at present led by a man whose mind gets so self-centered that he thinks wrong can be corrected or benefits gained by the mere mouthing of high-faluting sentiments rather than by action, it is not to be wondered at that there is a great deal of mistaken idea at home concerning the various phases of the war. Such a man is not apt to be a very useful leader. So it is not surprising that we receive letters from quantities of persons who are firmly convinced that their mere desire to help in our work is all that is needed to make them of use to us. Of course, and this is natural enough—in fact, could hardly be otherwise—their ideas of the work of an ambulance corps are based on accounts of battles, as this is about all the newspapers put before them. The

¹ At the beginning and end of this letter Norton's dissatisfaction with the administration at Washington is expressed with an inherited candor and vigor.

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fact is, however, that what nowadays are considered battles occur only at long intervals, and most of the time the ambulances are performing an essential, but by no means thrilling, service among the field hospitals and along the line where, although the fighting never ceases, things are generally comparatively tranquil. Especially is this so in the winter months, during which both last year and this there has been no attempt at a great offensive, by either side, on the western front. It is n't that the armies could n't fight if they wanted to; the Russians show us well enough that they could. But for one reason or another, probably because the English have not been ready, they don't. So our work goes along quietly for the most part, and there is many a day when the men don't have enough to do to keep them from thinking of their discomforts. These are really nothing very bad, but still a volunteer from another land, one who is not fighting for his own people, has to have a strong sense of the ultimate value of the work he has chosen to do to enable him to forget them. That, I find, is the most serious trouble with any of the men who have been with me. When, as last September, there is heavy fighting, they are as keen as possible and take all the various risks and troubles in the most pleasant spirit. But when, as sometimes happens, the corps is *en repos* they get restless and don't know what to do with themselves. For this reason, among others, I don't want you to send out volunteers who are too young. It is not that they lack courage, but that is a quality we are not often called upon to show. What this work chiefly demands is resource. Our men are not like the soldiers constantly under the eye of an officer, but are generally dependent on their own intelligence for the conduct of their work. Such driving as we do was never conceived of by motorists before this war. Borghesi's ride from Pekin to Paris was a summer day's excursion through a park compared to our job. Driving a car laden with men whose lives depend on reaching the hospital as soon as possible is a considerable responsibility. When, in addition, they have to be

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carried along roads, or more likely mere trails, that are being shelled or may be swept with rifle fire, often at night with no light, and through the unending crowd of moving troops, guns, ammunition and revictualling trains, the responsibility is considerably increased. A man must keep absolutely cool and his temper unruffled, and he must be able to size things up so as to do the best he can for his load of fading lives. Experience of life is what is needed to do this successfully, and that is just what a youth has not got. Of course, there are the rare exceptions, and we are lucky in having some of these, where imagination and instinct take the place of experience. But you cannot count on a youth having these, and I have no time to test them, one by one, to see if they will take the bit; so don't send me boys unless you are dead certain of their quality.

There are really three sorts of work we have to do. One is the risky and very hard work during a battle, such as my account of the Battle of Champagne gave you some idea of. The men who can do that successfully will, when they get home after the war, be able to do anything from running a railway to managing an Art Museum.

Then there is what might be called our regular job, the post duty, the daily going and coming from certain stations just back of the line to the hospitals with the occasional casualties. During the winter months one carries more sick and sorry than one does wounded, but there is a never-ending trickle of these latter. For the last few months, as you know, we have been working along the Tahure to Mesnil front. There has been a very slight ebb and flow of the line, but on the whole it is a little more advanced than it was when the French got through pounding the Germans last September. They certainly did give it to them then, and it is an open secret that had the English attack been as well conducted as the French, the line would be further forward than it is now. However, when it was over, we sat down for the winter, and posts were arranged to which the wounded are brought. Just who picks out these posts I have

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never discovered, but the general rule is that they should be as near the actual fighting line as the condition of the roads and general safety permit the cars to go. We have served two such posts. One was all right, though, owing to the mud which prevented the close approach of our cars, the stretcher-bearers had a weary long walk with their painful burden. The other, however, was to my mind most quaintly placed, as it was on the crest of a ridge and in plain view of the enemy. Though the doctors' tents and dugouts were sheltered by a cluster of pines, the coming and going of the cars was perfectly obvious and daily drew the fire of one of the enemy batteries. Some of the gunners were excellent shots, too, and although they never scored a bull's-eye, they made several "ringers" which spattered us with mud. Their favorite projectile was what is known as a "whizz-bang," a confounded thing that goes off with a peculiarly disagreeable crash at the same instant that you hear it. Now a respectably educated shell whistles as it comes and gives you time, if you have wisely adopted the habits of the woodchuck and don't go far from your hole, to make an Annette Kellerman dive. Maybe the tune it whistles is the "Last Rose of Summer," but still you are at least on the way underground when it hits, and, such is the strange working of our minds, that gives one a great feeling of comfort. But these whizz-bangs were brought up on *Kultur* and come in without knocking. I hate them — in fact, I hate them all — I have collected many things in my life, but I was never born to be a conchologist. Some men tell me they get used to such things. I can only say I feel no symptoms of acquiring the taste.

Well, so long as the doctors could stand this post on the hill we had to. At both posts the men did duty for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and had tents pitched under the trees in which they cooked their picnic meals and took what rest they could. Most of the time it rained, and it was always cold. To my way of thinking a tent is a beastly thing. A considerable portion of my life has been passed in them, and no one can convince me

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they are anything but disgusting. I love to read about them in the summer magazines when the wily redskin is pursuing the heroic trapper, or the beauteous millionairess heroine has fled from the seething city to soothe a broken heart, catching trout and a cold in the head by the pellucid lake — all that sounds lovely, but were I ever to play redskin to the heroine I'd never be so mean as to ask her to pass the honeymoon in a tent. They are cramped in space, they leak, the wind loosens the ropes at night, they flap, they are damp in winter and hot in summer, they are harbor lights for everything that creeps or crawls within thirty miles, the oil stove explodes in them, and you spoil most of your bedding putting it out; and when anybody, whether an Arab or a Boche is trying to *straf* you, they are about as much comfort as an ice-cream soda to a polar bear. However, they are better than sitting in the mud, so at the posts we sit and get damp till the relief comes, and then hustle back to the base camp, where there are no satisfactory means of getting dry, but where you mop yourself up and steam over any form of fire you or your friends can produce. You see, there is not much in that kind of life but plain, hard uncomfortable work. So anyone who thinks he is coming out here to wander over the stricken field doing the Sir Philip Sidney act to friend and foe alike, protected from harm by the mystical light of heroism playing about his hyacinthine locks, had better stay home. This hero business will only win him the Order of the Wooden Cross. What one really does is to look like a tramp who has passed the night in a ditch and feels as though one were doing ten days "hard" for it. That is what the ordinary work is.

Then there is the third kind, which is when we are, as now, *en repos*. No corps can go on indefinitely at the front. The men get worn out and the cars get out of order. During the early part of this winter our cars stood in the open where the mud was so bad that we often had to pull them out in the morning with the lorry before we could start. There was so little

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water that sometimes there was insufficient for the radiators. Under such circumstances cleaning the cars was entirely out of the question, and any but absolutely essential repairs had to wait till we could move somewhere else. When, finally, we were relieved by a French convoy only one-third of our cars could go, and several of the men were working on their nerve.

We were sent a few miles back to the large farm where we now are. Here there is a splendid big barn with lean-to sheds round about in which most of our cars are housed. There is plenty of water, as there is a large stream just beside the house, and the cars have been washed, springs mended, the engines cleaned, and everything possible done to enable us to work many months more before there will be need of another overhaul. For this sort of work you will easily understand that we must have men who know something about motors and who are ready to work on them themselves. A man who is unwilling or unable to help in the care of his car would be nothing but a nuisance to us. For a man who knows how to work there is always plenty to do, but the life of so-called *repos* here at the farm is decidedly monotonous. We never see outsiders, and we do not often get out of sight of the farm buildings. Châlons is not many miles away, but we only send there when we hear that one of our cars which had to be repaired at the army shops is ready for us, or when there is something to buy for the upkeep of the cars, or when a new volunteer comes to join us. Of course, the government will give us anything we need for the upkeep of the cars, but one is allowed to apply only on certain given days of each month for certain things, while others are applied for on other days. This often means a delay of many days before one can begin to repair the car, because not only must the proper day of application be waited for, but several days elapse between the application and the arrival of the material. Consequently it is often best to send to Châlons and buy what is needed. We would send there oftener could we have more petrol, but while *en repos* we are allowed only 25 litres a day! As we have twenty-

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five cars, which have to be cleaned and tested in addition to routine work, every motorist will realize that we are much like interned prisoners. If this lack of essence merely meant our incapacity to get the mail or enjoy an occasional bath no one would mind, but its chief effect is to delay our work. There is no doubt that the brains running the automobile service of the army are not the most brilliant in France. French officers with whom I have spoken admit the criticisms I have made, but advance as an excuse the fact that the service is vastly more complicated than was ever imagined before the war. While this is perfectly true, it does not excuse putting persons in command of it who station a convoy such as ours where there is no water for the radiators, where the cars sink to their hubs in a swamp, and who do not realize that a considerable amount of essence is needed for keeping the cars in proper condition. We have never yet been unable to do whatever work was asked of us, but this is because we have gone ahead on our own and bought from time to time many hundreds of litres of essence when we foresaw that we would be held up for lack of it. This is all dull to write, and dull for you to read, but perhaps it will make you realize that it is aggravating for the men to have to live through it, and you will understand why a mere general readiness to do anything is not the only or the most important characteristic that volunteers must possess.

The foregoing will also make clear to you why we need neither doctors nor nurses. Our work is the transport of the wounded, and we provide no opportunities for either doctors or nurses to practise their ministrations. What we need are, first and foremost, good motorists, and it is practically essential that they should know some French. Many of the writers whose letters I have sent to you express a delightful confidence that they can learn enough of the vernacular on their voyage out to render their service effective. It is a shame to dash cold water on such pleasing beliefs, but the fact is they are hopelessly wrong. They are like the man who, when asked if he played the violin,

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replied, "I don't know; I have never tried." Still, the general spirit and tone of the letters is fine. It is certain that we can get all the men we need if we can get others to give us money to bring them over, and I have n't a doubt there are plenty of people who cannot come themselves but who will be glad to send out someone else. If the White House sheltered an eagle instead of a pouter-pigeon, there would be enough volunteers to man the whole ambulance service of the French Army, and it would be well done too.

At FIELD HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE,
January 15, 1918.

At this date it is scarcely necessary to tell you that the old American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, which was started even before you knew me in 1914, has now ceased to exist, but I will ask you to convey the substance of the following report to all those so generous Americans who have, during the last three terrible years, provided us with the means to continue our work. There will be also some few English friends to send this report to, because, although, as you remember, we never appealed openly to the English public, but always sought for the money to support our ambulance service from our own people, there were a certain number of our English cousins who gave us help, feeling that there was no question of nationality in this work of service to the wounded, and who also felt that there was immaterial, but very important gain, whenever American and English effort were brought together for one common cause.

In writing this report of the work we have done during the last year of our existence, I feel at first drawn to write, as I have done before, a summary of the actual effort in the line of caring for the wounded that we have carried out; but now that our work is ended and our Volunteer Corps is disbanded there is, perhaps, another point of view which had better be considered as being of greater value in the final estimate of the work we have accomplished. Were I to recount the days and nights

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spent rolling along the ruined roads, the watches kept by our volunteers at the advanced posts, the story of the perpetual hazards which they ran while fulfilling their unselfish task, I should be but in a large measure repeating the story I have already recounted more than once since the winter of 1914-15. I shall tell something of this in the following pages, but there is no question that a great change has come over the whole aspect of the war zone since America finally made up her slow-considered mind to join forces with the Allies; and there are things which I think both for the moment, and for after years, are of more importance to put down in black and white than the mere story of the discomfort or dangers, or any other daily happenings that we have experienced.

I have had three years of actual experience at the front and can speak with a certain unquestionable clearness about the development of the ambulance and hospital service. As I look over our records, I am struck very forcibly by the change that has been suffered by the American mind. I well remember how, in the autumn of 1914, I was thought to be more or less unreasonable and over-enthusiastic when I undertook to take ambulances manned by Americans to the French front. As I look back on it now, I feel infinitely more than repaid by the work that I know we have accomplished for the trouble that I then had in convincing those of my compatriots who desired to be neutral that the work was worthy even of their highest neutral aspirations and for the bother I had with our former leaders, and now Allies, in convincing them that the work could be accomplished by those who came from a so-called neutral race. Did one not have the documents before one, it would be difficult to believe that Americans had been willing three short but so intensely pregnant years ago to express themselves as they then did. There is in my files a letter of November, 1914, from Miss Boardman, the then head of the American Red Cross, saying, "Personally I should very much like to send Mr. Norton a small contribution, but I find our officers (of

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the Red Cross) think it dangerous to establish this precedent." It was about the same time that I received a letter from my brother in New York in answer to one of mine in which I had asked him to request the Committee of the University Club to put on their Bulletin Board a notice of the needs of the American Hospital in Paris, in which he told me that the Committee could not do this as they felt such action might throw some fog of misunderstanding upon their presumed neutrality. It was in that winter of the war, before the trenches had become almost as prominent a monument of western Europe as the Chinese Wall in the eastern — when men were being left for days unattended in the churches and school-houses where we found them, when transport of all sorts was still unorganized and difficult — that I suggested using one of our cars as a Kitchen Car to take supplies to the wounded. It must be that in my first appeal for funds to maintain this car I spoke of using it not only to give food to the wounded, but to give hot soup to the fighting men in the trenches, because I find in looking over the files a mass of correspondence from friends in America, some of whom are now wearing the American uniform, telling me that I was letting my enthusiasm run away with my common sense; that it was utterly contrary to all rules and regulations the Geneva Conference had laid down for the Red Cross for ambulance workers to provide nourishment for the fighters, and that were this done I should probably get our Volunteer Ambulance Corps into serious difficulties. We all know that hindsight is more certain than foresight, and what my critics of those days failed to realize was that I had the hindsight of a few weeks of war, which enabled me to see that all international contracts between the Germanic and the Anglo-Saxon race had achieved a Judas-like immortality.

When one thinks that last autumn, before the American Army took over our ambulance service, the Red Cross had undertaken to maintain as many convoys on the French front as I could secure recruits for and the French needed, that they

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are now maintaining canteens, to feed both fighters and wounded, as near the line of battle as is practicably possible, that they are expending their money exactly as much for the strikers as for the stricken, one cannot but be grateful for the change of mind which has come over our country. It was under this growing change in point of view that our work this last year has been carried out, while at the beginning of the year we were still limited by more or less financial stringency we saw the clouds gradually breaking and the possibility of developing our service. Whether the Red Cross would have been able to maintain and develop the ambulance service for the French Army along the lines which we amateur volunteers had first laid down once the country had come into the war will, I suppose, always be a moot question. In my own mind, there is absolutely no shadow of doubt that it could have been done and ought to have been done. There were in France at the time we declared war, and later, when the army authorities took over the service, some thousands of men who had been anywhere from three years to three months at the front. I have yet to see the reason why a system should have been devised in Washington which did away with the existing plan. This was done, however, and the Red Cross has thereby been able to save a certain amount of money and turn it into use for canteens, hospitals, and other services which have arisen since we declared war.

To go back a little to more personal events: Before leaving London a year ago, when I wrote my last report, I made another effort to persuade the British government to accept an ambulance convoy similar to the one which was working with the French. Although this idea of mine met with a sympathetic reception from many Englishmen of influence, the military authorities did not find it possible to accept. So I returned to France to take up my work there. As the winter drew on, it became more and more evident that America was soon going to enter the conflict, and one proof of this was the increasing interest shown in our ambulance service — the interest which

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made us certain that we would be able to support a constantly increasing number of convoys.

[A detailed account of the work of the corps up to the summer of 1917 must be omitted for considerations of space.]

Towards the end of August, I was called to Paris, to meet Colonel Kean, who had just arrived to take charge of the ambulance service. He very kindly offered me, Kemp, and the others, who formed what I might call my staff, commissions in his service. This, however, was of necessity to be so different from the one we had managed for the past three years that we none of us saw our way to accept his offer, and from this time till the end of October we were kept very busy trying to help the transference of our service to the army authorities. Accompanied by Major Murphy, who most generously gave us a week of his time, I visited all the sections. At each of them, I told the men that while the time for their services as volunteers has passed, I should expect every one of them to do something for our country. In my mind it made no difference whether they stayed on in the ambulance service or took up some other line of work, but work of some sort they must do; that no one could make up their minds for them, but they must use their consciences, and do their duty as they saw it. Major Murphy spoke to them, in much the same sense, but he added that the most selfish thing he had ever done was going to the Cuban War when he ought to have stayed at home.

That they did do as I asked them and obeyed their consciences I am convinced, for some seventy per cent of the men then enrolled in our ranks are now in one branch or another of the army.

At this time I was very bitterly criticized, because when it became evident that only a small number of our men were going to continue in the army ambulance service, I was accused of having attempted to dissuade them. This was a complete misunderstanding of my position. From the beginning many men had used our service as a stepping stone to reach the fighting

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branches. Before America declared war, several had gone into the British Army, and after war had been declared a very large number joined us in a belief that turned out to have no foundation that work at the front with us would enable them to get into the fighting ranks quicker than if they stayed at home. Knowing the men as intimately as I did, I was not surprised that they did not wish to continue as ambulance drivers. Practically all of them were by birth and education of the type which in England go to the Officers' Training Camps; one, for instance, had fought in a British tank; others had had charge of large undertakings or had special training, and there was not one who did not prefer, if health allowed him, to share the toil and strain of the fighting men, rather than continue the easier work of ambulance driving. Their decision, as I say, did not surprise me, but I was surprised that men who had only just arrived in France should criticize so bitterly the motives and actions of men, many of whom had been working here since the early days of the war, and all of whom had risked their lives in the cause. Much of this criticism was unquestionably due to the fact that until Colonel Kean arrived, none of us knew what the plans of the government were. As late as August 1st the Red Cross in Washington was cabling Major Murphy to ask whether volunteers for the ambulance service should continue to be sent to France, to which Major Murphy replied that he was ignorant of Colonel Kean's plans, so that the question should be left in abeyance. The matter was further complicated by the fact that our sections were not all on the same footing.

My old original section (No. 7), Mr. Harjes' section (No. 5), and Mr. Goelet's two sections, had been supported during the greater part of their existence without aid from the Red Cross, and many people thought it might be possible for these sections to continue as before and that Colonel Kean would take over only the Red Cross sections. This might have been done, but, as a matter of fact, our army authorities did not wish any volunteer sections to remain at the front.

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No matter what causes for misunderstanding existed, the bitter criticism to which the men in our service were subjected was extremely unjust. This is conclusively proved by the fact that I have mentioned above, that the great majority of them, without waiting to be drafted, at once entered one or another branch of the army.

Shortly after Colonel Kean's arrival, the army took over our camp at Sandricourt, and our sections began to be recalled. Towards the end of October I went to the front to say good-bye to General Dauvin and the officers and men with whom we had so long been associated, and on the 19th I accompanied Section 7 back to Paris. It had served exactly three years to a day and thus had had a longer and more continuous existence than any other volunteer section in France. I cannot state at this time just how many wounded we had carried, but it was several tens of thousands, and except when our division was *en repos*, the section had never been withdrawn from the line. Personally, I look back on the three years' work with unclouded satisfaction and consider myself most highly fortunate to have had such friends to help me, such men to lead, and such heroes as the French officers and *poilus* to help. My spirit is exalted at the memory of these men and my heart goes out to them in gratitude and pride.

But one bit of work remained for me to do and this was to arrange for the disposal of our cars and funds. These according to the Charity Laws of England, under which Section 7 had been organized and incorporated, could be given only to some charitable body or institution, so we gave our cars to the American Red Cross, while our funds are to be given to that part of the 21st Division of the French Army with which we served so long, to serve to alleviate the sufferings of the widows, orphans, and mutilated soldiers of the division. Thus from a very small acorn grew a tree in whose restful shade the memory of the American volunteers will be kept green long after our names are forgotten.

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The confidential nature of Richard Norton's service as a civilian employee of the Naval Intelligence Department of the United States in Paris from the ending of his ambulance work in October, 1917, till his death on August 2, 1918, places the details of that service outside the field of public record. It may be said, however, that the work he did was counted of the utmost value by his superiors. His greater work, and that of his comrades, in the ambulance service, held a large, if imponderable value in its effect upon public opinion in America. Through affording the citizens of a neutral nation whose hearts were from the beginning with the Allies a practical medium for the expression of sympathy, no less than through his own heroic personal services, Richard Norton made a name for himself which should be remembered with perpetual honor.

In the general orders of the French Army Corps to which Norton and his associates were attached, his valor and theirs, in September, 1915, and again in July, 1916, were recognized in the following citations:

Adjoint au commandant de la Section sanitaire anglo-américaine pendant les combats du 25 septembre et des jours suivants, a fait preuve du plus grand dévouement et du plus beau courage, en conduisant lui-même ses voitures de jour et de nuit dans les zones dangereuses et en donnant à toute sa section l'exemple d'une endurance poussée jusqu'à l'épuisement de ses forces.

La Section sanitaire automobile américaine No. 7, sous les ordres de son chef, M. Norton, a fait, depuis plus de vingt mois, constamment preuve de l'esprit de sacrifice le plus complet, et rendu les plus grands services à la division à laquelle elle est attachée en assurant la relève des blessés dans les meilleures conditions. Il n'est pas un seul de ses membres qui ne soit un modèle de sang-froid et d'abnégation. Plusieurs d'entre eux ont été blessés.



JOHN VINCENT KELLY

CLASS OF 1906

THE parents of John Vincent Kelly were John Patrick Kelly, Chief Engineer, Engineer Corps, U. S. Navy, and Johanna Mary (Flanagan) Kelly. He was born at Buffalo, New York, November 8, 1879, and received his preparation for college in his native city. His enrollment at Harvard from the autumn of 1899 until 1906 was at first as a member of the Lawrence Scientific School, then of Harvard College, and again of the Scientific School. In 1905 he took the degree of S.B. (General Science), and in 1906 that of S.B. (Mining and Metallurgy). Thenceforth, until 1918, he pursued the work of a mining engineer.

This took him first to Cuba as assistant engineer, from June to December, 1906, for the Guantanamo Explora-

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tion Company of New York. From Cuba he went to Virginia, as engineer for the Tenboden Coal and Coke Company, and at the end of 1907 secured a position in Utah as assistant construction engineer with the Tintic Smelting Company. Then followed work in Nevada, Arizona, Spanish Honduras, and Mexico — exploration, mine examination, and other engineering tasks. In 1916 he reported himself with the Shannon Copper Company, Metcalf, Arizona, and in the same year was reported by a relative as connected with the Compania de Minas La Blanca at Hidalgo, Mexico. He was unmarried, and his life had evidently been so full of change that military service would involve no great readjustment.

In January, 1918, still employed in Mexico as general superintendent of La Blanca mine at Pachuca, he received a commission as captain, engineers. It was late in July of that year that he was called to active duty and ordered to report at San Antonio, Texas. Here, almost immediately, he fell ill with septic poisoning, and died August 3. His body was removed to Buffalo, New York, and there interred in the family burial place at Holy Cross Cemetery.

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